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The University Magazine

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THE POETIC LITERATURE OF NORTH CAROLINA: A BIBLIOGRAPHY

Hight C. Moore

FIFTY-THREE years ago in her poetical introduction to "Wood-Notes" Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke, referring to the industrial progress of North Carolina, called on her literary comrades to see that the stranger in our State hear a sweeter melody than that of the mart and the mill:

> Come show him that Wood-Notes are sung in its bowers,
> That in its deep shadows there blossom sweet flowers,
> That bright gems lie hid in its forest of pines
> As well as rich ore in the depth of its mines.

That her summons has to some extent been heeded is shown by the fact that, in addition to unnumbered fugitive pieces in newspapers and magazines, more than ninety separate publications of verse have come from the pens of native and naturalized North Carolinians. The appearance of these volumes will fairly indicate the periods of our literature. The pioneer was the work of Thomas Godfrey, of Wilmington; it was entitled "The Prince of Parthia", was the first American drama, and was published in 1765. The work of Brown appeared in 1807; of Daniel the hymn-writer in 1812; and of Horton

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the negro slave in 1829. "Old Field Teacher" (whose identity the most persistent efforts have failed to disclose) published his book in 1839 and Lyde's posthumous volume belongs very likely to the same decade. Three volumes appeared in the forties, that by Rhodes being easily first; five during the fifties, including Mrs. Clarke's compilation; six during the sixties, among them Mrs. Clarke's second and Hill's first and second; six during the seventies, the most notable being the first editions of Fuller's masterpiece; eleven during the eighties, including Hill's last and Boner's first; thirteen during the nineties, with Sledd and Stockard most prominent; and thirty-two from 1900 to 1906 inclusive, the chief interest centering in the volumes by Sledd and John Charles McNeill (the latter being the first winner of the Patterson Cup just offered), the posthumuous works of Clingman, Boner, and Mrs. Clarke, and a few dainty volumes by younger writers.

Of the seventy-two authors listed below it is noteworthy that eighteen—one-fourth of the entire number—are women and that eighteen are ministers of the Gospel. Thirty-two are known to be deceased. About ten are included because of residence rather than nativity. Horton and McGirt are the two colored poets in the company, though there are perhaps others of the same race yet undiscovered. A few pen-names appear: thus "Tenella" was Mrs. Clarke; "O. H." is Miss Dickson; "Caxton" was Rhodes; "Winstanly" was Col. Coleman; "Frank Dashmore" and "Viola" were Mrs. Downing; while "Old Field Teacher" still remains the riddle of our literature.

Several Hymn Books compiled by North Carolinians are not included in this list since they are not thought to contain original verse. Such a volume was "A Selection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs" by Jesse Jennett, published in Wilmington in 1807. The work by Biddle and Mewborne appeared about 1825. The book by John

Purify then "pastor of the Baptist Church at the Cross Roads Meeting House, Wake Co.", was printed (second edition) by J. Gales and Son, Raleigh, 1831. "Devotional Melodies" (1842) by Charles F. Deems was probably a compilation, though it may have contained original work. And several other collections are also to be credited to our lovers of sacred hymnology.

The present bibliographical field being in the main new ground much of the material here given has been secured first hand. But valuable help has been received from biographical and critical sketches of a number of our poets as given in Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography, Macmillan's Dictionary of National Biography, Brown's Cyclopedia of American Biographies, White's National Cyclopedia of American Biography, Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, Davidson's Living Writers of the South, Ashe's Biographical History of North Carolina, Manly's Southern Literature, and similar works.

In the preparation of this bibliography the principle of selection has been to include the verse publications (from leather to leaflet) of all native and naturalized North Carolinians; that is, of those who were born in the State or as residents did their work within its borders. Though this work has cost a good deal of research at odd times during the past fifteen years, I am fully aware that it is still incomplete and incorrect. Very likely other names and titles ought to appear here; probably one or two of these should be stricken out; and certainly the data below need to be largely supplemented. This list is therefore published tentatively, the present purpose being to secure as well as to convey information. Hence corrections and additions will be not only heartily welcome, but they are especially and earnestly requested. This is by far the completest bibliography yet printed and I wish by the further aid of literary friends to approximate fullness and accuracy.

The following abbreviations are employed: A star (*) indicates that the author is deceased. SL indicates that the book is in the State Library at Raleigh; UL that it is in the University Library at Chapel Hill; TL that it is in the Trinity Library at Durham; and WL that it is in the library of Dr. S. B. Weeks, of Greensboro. I have fonnd these libraries richest in their content of our poetic literature.

ANDERSON, MRS. E. M.

Memorial Poems. 65 poems. 119 pages. Cloth. The Seeman Press, Durham. 1903. (TL, WL).

ARMFIELD, MRS. LUCILE.

Songs from the Carolina Hills. 70 pages. Cloth. Presses of Doxey, New York. 1902. (SL, UL, TL, WL).

ARRINGTON, ALFRED W.*

Poems. The poems of Mr. Arrington (native of Iredell County), written after he was fifty, were collected and published after his death, by Leora A. Arrington. The volume is reviewed in "Poets and Poetry of Texas."

BARNWELL, MRS. LILA RIPLEY.

Heart Songs. 62 pages. Paper. Hendersonville. 1903. (SL, WL).

BAYS, W. W.

The Superannuate and Other Poems. 3 poems. 8 pages. Paper. Concord. 1903. (SL, WL).

BONER, JOHN HENRY.*

Whispering Pines. 167 pages. Cloth. Brentano Bros., New York. 1883. (SL, UL, TL, WL).

Some New Poems. 14 pages. Paper. Washington, D. C. 1901. (SL).

Boner's Lyrics. 122 pages. Cloth. Neale Publishing Co., New York and Washington. 1903. (SL, UL, TL, WL).

BORDEN, MRS. MATTIE FULLER.

Song Poems. 5 poems. 12 pages. Paper. Goldsboro. 1906.

BROWN, WILLIAM HILL.*

Ira and Isabella. 1807. The author was born in 1766; died in Murfreesboro, where he was studying law, Sept. 2. 1793. Wrote a tragedy founded on the death of Major John Andre, and a comedy.

BROWNING, RAYMOND.

After-Study Meditations. 21 poems. 31 pages. Trinity College. 1906.

CLARKE, MRS. MARY BAYARD.*

Wood-Notes, or Carolina Carols. Two volumes, each 237 pages. Cloth. 182 poems by 60 writers. Warren L. Pomeroy, Raleigh. 1854. (SL, UL, TL, WL).

Mosses from a Rolling Stone. 60 poems. 168 pages. William B. Smith and Co., Raleigh. 1866. (WL).

Clytie and Zenobia, or The Lily and the Palm. 65 pages. Paper. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. 1871. (SL, UL, WL).

Poems. 193 pages. Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 1905. (1905).

CLINGMAN, NIXON POINDEXTER.*

A Poet and His Songs. Memoir, essays, and fifty poems. 153 pages. Cloth. The Arundel Press, Baltimore. 1900. (SL, TL).

COBB, NEEDHAM BRYAN.*

Poetical Geography of North Carolina. 63 pages. Cloth. Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1877. (SL, UL, TL, WL).

COLEMAN, THADDEUS.*

The Land of the Sky: An Idyl. 22 pages. Paper. Asheville. 1903. (SL).

COTTEN, MRS. SALLIE SOUTHALL.

The White Doe. 89 pages. Cloth. Lippincotts, Philadelphia. 1901. (SL, UL, WL).

DANIEL, ROBERT THOMAS.*

A Selection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs. About 80 of the hymns were original, Mrs. Hardy Mary Sanders assisting in the work. Thomas Henderson, Raleigh. 1812.

DEEMS, CHARLES FORCE.*

Triumph of Peace and Other Poems. New York. 1840.

DICK, J. M.

Legend of Light. Prof. W. E. Stone of St. Mary's, Raleigh, certifies that this is verse, but attributes authorship to Judge Robert Payne Dick.

DICKSON, MISS S. O'H.

Poems. 31 poems. 61 pages. Cloth. Whittet and Shepperson, Richmond. 1900. (SL, WL).

DIXON, THOMAS, JR,

To The Night Wind. Privately printed, five copies, 1883. One copy belongs to the Euzelian Society of Wake Forest College.

DORR, MISS LOUISE S.

Fountain Spray and Other Poems. 100 pages. Cloth. Uzzell, Raleigh. 1885. (SL, WL).

DOWD, JEROME.

Hamilton: A Tragedy. 1882.

DOWNING, MRS. FANNIE MURDAUGH.*

Pluto: The Origin of Mint Julep. 35 pages. Cloth. Nichols, Gorman, and Neathery, Raleigh. 1867. (SL, WL).

DUFFY, MISS ANNIE V.*

Glenalban and Other Poems. 153 pages. Cloth. E. J. Hale and Son, New York. 1878. (WL).

FRIES, MISS A. L.

Operetta. Words and music. 1896. (WL).

FRY, JESSE.

A Few Selections. 32 pages. Paper. Stewart Bros., Winston-Salem. 1889. (SL, WL).

FULLER, EDWIN WILEY.*

The Angel in the Cloud. Published 1871, 1875, 1878, and 1881. Fourth edition|| with biography and additional poems. 153 pages. Cloth. E. J. Hale and Son, New York. (SL, WL).

GEE, MISS PATTIE WILLIAMS.

The Palace of the Heart and Other Poems of Love. 40 poems. 63 pages. Cloth. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 1904. (SL, WL).

GILLESPIE, JOSEPH H.*

Elsinore and Other Poems. 61 poems. 133 pages. Cloth. Edwards and Broughton, Raleigh. 1888. (SL, UL, WL).

GODFREY, THOMAS.*

The Prince of Parthia. Philadelphia. 1765. First American drama. Written in Wilmington where

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||A new edition, privately printed, has just appeared, September, 1907, New York.—C. A. S.

the author is buried. He also wrote "The Court of Fancy", 1763, a poem modeled in part on the pseudo-Chaucer's "House of Fame". A volume of his poems with a biographical sketch by his friend, Nathaniel Evans, appeared in 1767.

HAMBERLIN, L. R.

Alumni Lilts and Other Lines. Cloth. The author, an alumnus of Richmond College, was at one time Instructor in Expression at Chapel Hill, and this book contains as probably its best poem "On Piney Prospect". (UL).

HARRIS, HUNTER LEE.*

Twilight Songs and Other Youthful Poems. 26 pages. Paper. 1890. (SL, WL).

HAWKS, FRANCIS L.*

Poems Hitherto Uncollected. New York. 1873. (WL).

HILL, THEOPHILUS HUNTER.*

Hesper and Other Poems. 96 pages. Cloth. Raleigh. 1861. (SL, UL, WL).

Poems. 47 poems. 155 pages. Cloth. Hurd and Houghton, New York. 1869. (SL, UL, WL).

Passion Flower and Other Poems. 43 poems. 119 pages. Cloth. P. W. Wiley, Raleigh. 1883. (SL, UL, TL, WL).

HORTON, GEORGE MOSES.*

The Hope of Liberty. Gales and Son, Raleigh. 1829. Author was a slave and lived in Chatham county.

JOSCELYN, MAJ. JEP.

Tar Heel Rhymes in Vernacular Verse. 1866. Author apparently a soldier in Sherman's army. (WL).

LEACH, MRS. LUCIE MAYNARD.*

Scattered Leaves. 66 poems. 143 pages. Cloth. E. J. Hale and Son, New York. 1877. (SL, UL, TL, WL).

LEHMAN, MISS E. A.

Poems. 21 poems. 47 pages. Cloth. The Grafton Press, New York. 1904. (SL, WL).

LEQUEX, H. D.*

Palmetto Leaves. 29 pages. Paper. Contains three or four prose selections. Hickory. 1892. (SL, WL).

LINDESAY, M. BATTERHAM.

The First Shearing. About 225 poems. 229 pages. Cloth. Whittet and Shepperson, Richmond. 1904. (SL, WL).

LYDE, AUGUSTUS FOSTER.*

Buds of Spring. Quoted in "Wood-Notes", Vol. I., p. 202. Published a few years after the death of the author—a native of Wilmington—in 1834, at the age of twenty-one.

MANGUM, ADOLPHUS W.*

Myrtle Leaves. 14 prose pieces and 19 poems. 132 pages. Branson and Farrar, Raleigh. 1858. (SL, UL, WL).

Morven and Linda. This was the verse part of "Myrtle Leaves" and was printed separately from the same type in 1864.

MCNEILL, DUNCAN.

Brief Selections of Poems and Speeches. 1853.

MCNEILL, JOHN CHARLES.

Songs Merry and Sad. 59 poems. 106 pages. Cloth. Stone and Barringer, Charlotte. 1906. (SL, UL, TL, WL).

McGIRT, JAMES EPHRAIM.

Avenging the Maine and Other Poems. 59 poems. 119 pages. Raleigh. 1900. (SL, TL, WL).

Some Simple Songs. 72 pages. Cloth. Philadelphia.

A Mystery and Other Poems. 60 pages. Cloth. Philadelphia.

For Your Sweet Sake. 79 pages. Cloth. John C. Winston Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

MOORE, HIGHT C.

Select Poetry of North Carolina. 95 poems by 41 writers (none by compiler). 210 pages. Cloth. Edwards and Broughton, Raleigh. 1894. (SL, UL, TL, WL).

MOORE, MARTIN V.*

The Rhyme of the Southern Rivers. 107 pages. Cloth. Barbee and Smith, Nashville. 1897. (SL, UL, TL).

MOORE, W. H.

Virginia Dare—A Story of Colonial Days. 67 pages. Cloth. Raleigh. 1904. (SL, TL, WL).

MOREHEAD, JOSEPH M.

Address to Battle Ground Oak. 12 pages. Paper. Greensboro. 1904.

MURPHY, JOHN ALBERT.

Cosmostoria. Author native of Davidson county, but since 1857 resident in Missouri and Texas. This book most favorably mentioned in "Poets and Poetry of Texas."

OLD FIELD TEACHER.

Attempts at Rhyming. 47 poems. 124 pages. Leather. Thomas J. Lemay, Raleigh. 1839. (SL, WL).

PEARSON, JAMES LARKIN.

Early Poems. 21 poems. 28 pages. Paper. Moravian Falls. 1903.

A Pilgrimage to Mount Vernon. 31 pages. Paper. Moravian Falls. 1903.

Pearson's Poems. 29 poems. 42 pages. Paper. Moravian Falls. 1906.

PETERSON, MISS MATTIE J.

Little Pansy, A Novel, and Miscellaneous Poetry. The novel covers 39 pages and there are 11 poems. 54 pages. Paper. Messenger Print, Wilmington. 1890. (SL, WL).

POOL, MISS BETTIE FRESHWATER.

The Eyrie and Other Southern Stories. Contains 13 poems. 108 pages. Cloth. Broadway Publishing Company, New York. 1905. (SL, WL).

RHODES, WILLIAM HENRY.*

The Indian Gallows and Other Poems. 153 pages. Sheep. Edward Walker, New York. 1846. (UL, WL).

Caxton's Book. Published after the author's death in San Francisco and embodies his essays, poems, tales, and sketches. Edited by Daniel O'Connell and published by A. L. Bancroft and Company, San Francisco. 1876.

RIDDICK, ROBERT A.

Musings of a Bachelor. 116 pages. Paper. Raleigh. 1899. (SL, WL).

ROCKWELL, JAMES CHESTER.*

Chrystella: The Echo of a Dream. 23 pages. Paper. Rockwell, Taylor and Company, Vineland. 1887. Author was seventeen. (SL).

An Idle Afternoon. A scrap-book made by Mr. Rockwell and containing his poems clipped from magazines and newspapers. 1886. (SL).

SAWYER, LEMUEL.*

The Wreck of Honor: A Tragedy. New York.

SHUCK, L. H.*

Joan of Arc, The Maid of Orleans. Delivered on author's graduation at Wake Forest College. 21 pages. Cloth. J. W. Randolph, Richmond. 1856. (WL).

SLEDD, BENJAMIN F.

From Cliff and Scaur. 40 poems. 100 pages. Cloth. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1897. (SL, UL, TL).

The Watchers of the Hearth. 43 poems. 84 pages. Cloth. Gorham Press, Boston, 1902. (UL, TL, WL).

STOCKARD, HENRY JEROME.

Fugitive Lines. 79 poems. 93 pages. Cloth. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1897. (SL, UL, TL, WL).

STOCKARD, MISS SALLIE.

The Lily of the Valleys. A dramatic arrangement of the Song of Solomon. 84 pages. Cloth. 1901. Author is now Mrs. Magness of Arkansas. (SL, UL, WL).

STRONG, GEORGE V.*

Francis Herbert: A Romance of the Revolution, and Other Poems. 100 pages. Cloth. Leavitt, Trow, and Company, New York. 1847. (SL, UL, TL, WL).

TAYLOR, CHARLES E.

Gilbert Stone. Privately printed. Paper. 1890. (WL). The whole of this book appears in "Select Poetry of North Carolina."

TERRELL, P. L.

Una Grames: A Southern Girl in War Times. 48 pages. Paper. Statesville. 1902. (SL, WL).

THOMPSON, C. C.

The Christ. One poem. 55 pages. White Cloth. Broadway Publishing Company, New York. 1903. (SL).

TUTTLE, R. M.

A Mountain Idyll, or The White Cliff Souvenir. 27 pages. Paper. 1889.

Tuttle's Poems. 396 poems. 444 pages. Cloth. W. M. Warlick, Dallas, Texas. 1905.

VANCE, ROBERT B.*

Heart Throbs from the Mountains. 80 poems. 149 pages. Cloth. Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville. 1887. (SL, TL, WL).

VAN NOPPEN, LEONARD CHARLES.

Vondel's Lucifer. Translated from the Dutch. 438 pages. Cloth. Continental Publishing Company, New York and London. 1897. (SL, UL, WL).

WADDILL, E. M.

The Song of the Soldiers' Home. 13 pages. Paper. Edwards and Broughton, Raleigh. 1895. (SL).

WHITE, S. V.

Selections from Portfolio. 4 poems. Cloth. Published by author's daughter, apparently New York and in 1893. (UL).

WHITTLESEY, MISS SARAH JOHNSON COGSWELL.

Heart Drops from Memory's Urn. New York. 1852.
Spring Buds and Summer Blossoms. 1888. The author was assisted in this work by her brother.

WILSON, THOMAS.*

Poems. Mr. Daniel Parke Custis, of Tallahassee, Florida, credits Dr. Wilson with a volume which as a boy he remembers, but which was lost in New Bern during the Civil War.

FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION.

Just here I beg to submit the following questions for further consideration: What of Mrs. Clarke's opera "Pocahontas"? Who knows more of William Hill Brown and his work? There are traces of a book by Everhart (or, Everhardt); who can locate the book and the author? Paul Henkel (1754-1825), a Lutheran clergyman, wrote German Hymns and a poem entitled "Zeitvertreib"; were they published in book form? James Hill Hutchins was a native of New Bern, graduate of Chapel Hill (1835), and then Land Agent in Texas; did he embody in book form his verse, "My Native Town, Funeral Odes, and Other Poems"? What further of Lyde's "Buds of Spring"? Mrs. Mary Ayer Miller ("Luola") wrote several Sunday School books and poems; were the latter collected? Who has a copy of Murphy's "Cosmostoria"? Who was "Old Field Teacher"? James Webb Rogers (born 1822), a lawyer, is credited by Manly with the authorship of "Arlington", "La Fitte", "Madame Surratt" (tragedy), "Poems"; what of the man and his verse? Lemuel Sawyer, according to Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography, was "author of several plays"; what were they? What of "Caxton's Book"? In Manly's Southern Literature Mrs. Maud J. Young, a descendant of

Pocahontas, native of North Carolina living in Texas, is credited with writing "Song of the Texas Rangers" and "Cordova: A Legend of Lone Lake"; were these volumes?† Who can locate the book of poems by Dr. Thomas Wilson, of New Bern, written perhaps fifty or sixty years ago? Were these volumes in verse: "Jack O'Doon"‡ by Maria Beale and "Eoneguski, or The Cherokee Chief"§ by Robert Strange (1796-1854)? Was there not a colored writer in or near Fayetteville who wrote a book of poems?

Raleigh, N. C., September, 1907.

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†*Song of the Texas Rangers* is a poem of five stanzas. It is published on page five of Miss Rutherford's *The South in History and Literature* (1907).—C. A. S.

‡*Jack O'Doon* by Maria Taylor Beale is a novel of the North Carolina coast. It is published by Henry Holt & Company, N. Y. —C. A. S.

§*Eoneguski, or The Cherokee Chief* was published in Washington, D. C., in 1839. It is a novel in two volumes, the scene of which is laid along the banks of the Homony Creek, a stream issuing "from a small range of mountains on the western side of the French Broad River, commonly called the Homony Hills." The story ends with the War of 1812.—C. A. S.

LIFE

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

Life is like a garden of flowers,
  Dew-washed and newly sprung,
And there's fragrance in the sun-kissed bowers,
  When one is young.

But the flowers all are sere and faded,
  The bowers lone and cold,
The sunny walks are dim and shaded,
  When one is old.

THE COMPLICITY OF NERO

'10

"Nellie, be reasonable and listen to me for a moment, wont you?" pleaded the young fellow. He had stopped rowing and the boat was drifting slowly with the current. In his white flannels he was looking especially handsome this morning—so thought his companion at least.

"You have repeatedly evaded my question," he continued. "Now I intend to have an answer. Tell me Nellie, do you care for me in the least?"

In his eagerness he bent toward her slightly.

The girl leaned back among the cushions and laughed merrily.

"How silly and tragical you are this morning, to be sure Bobby!" she cried lightly.

She dipped her hand carelessly into the clear water, and as lazily watched the clinging drops change to flashing, sparkling diamonds in the bright sunlight.

In her white dress, against the back-ground of shimmering, rippling, sun-tipped water, she made a pretty picture, and Harversford gazed at her longingly for a moment. Then resentment again filled his heart. After all, she had no right to treat him as a mere child, simply because he happened to be some ten months her junior.

"I am glad that the subject affords you so much amusement, Miss Burns," he said stiffly.

"Bobby, if you are going to be mean and spoil our row, we might as well go back."

Her eyes were laughing at him through half closed lids.

It was one of those rare, early autumn mornings, which are the first harbingers of the approaching end of summer's reign. The air was full of that freshness which fills the heart with the joy of mere living. From the near bank came the sweet, fresh scent of wild flowers, and in the overhanging bushes the birds were chirping noisily. In all it was just such a morning as would have appealed most strongly to Harversford under ordinary circumstances; now he saw none of its beauties.

He was thinking bitterly of the joy with which he had anticipated this morning's row; of the hope which the constant, pleasant companionship of the last few days had engendered. He remembered, too, with intense self scorn, the conceit which had led him into believing that she was not entirely indifferent, and in the rude awakening he was hurt and angered by her apparent unconcern. Immediately, therefore, he pulled the boat around in the direction from which they had just come.

She had not quite expected this. The fact was that she really liked Bobby very much, and she was chagrined that he was apparently so willing to end the interview.

"Why should he always take what I say so seriously?" she reasoned unreasonably. "Well, if he is going to be obstinate, I can be so too."

She glanced slyly at Harversford who was pulling with a long tireless stroke. His face was cold and stern. Perhaps, after all, she had been a little too hard on him. As they drew near to the landing she found herself hoping that he would recur to the conversation. But no; he was apparently quite willing to let the matter remain as it was. "Well," she told herself "if he wants to make up now he will have to come to me and ask forgiveness. If he's very nice about it I'll forgive him," she decided.

They had reached the landing now, and Harversford politely helped her ashore. Quite as politely she bade

him good-morning. Ordinarily she would have waited until he returned. Now she ran lightly up the grassy slope, to the house, leaving Harversford to put up the boat and follow at his leisure.

Robert Harversford and Nellie Burns were two of a party of young people who had been invited down to spend several weeks at one of those old Southern mansions, famed in history and story alike for their generous, ever lavish hospitality. A splendid place for a house party it was, too. The house itself was a typical product of Southern architecturel. On the front, the lawn, shaded by many giant oaks, sloped gently down to the river's edge. On the left were the tennis courts and golf links. A spot ideally suited to romanticism.

As Nellie ran lightly up the broad steps, she found the other members of the party assembled on the wide piazza, eagerly discussing a fox hunt which had been proposed for the following morning. Her appearance was welcomed by a chorus of voices.

"Come here, Nellie!" called her hostess. Let me introduce you to Miss Reeves. She was delayed, and came out on the late train last night. Miss Reeves—Miss Burns." And Nellie found herself bowing to a tall, beautiful girl, wearing a quiet gray morning gown.

Another welcoming cry annouced the arrival of Harversford. Nellie watched him as he came up the steps with a nonchalant walk and expressionless face. Then as he caught sight of the girl at her side, she saw him start. An unmistakable look of pleasure brightened his face, and he came towards them quickly, cap in one hand the other outstretched in joyful welcome.

At his approach the girl turned.

"Ruth!" he exclaimed.

"Bobby Harversford! Is it really you!" She gave him her hand in delighted recognition. "What an unexpected pleasure!"

"I assure you the surprise is mutual. When did you come? Where did you drop from?"

"Off the through express, at half past one o'clock this morning," she laughed gaily.

"Why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

He had completely ignored Nellie, who stared in surprise for a moment and walked away with her nose tilted to a disdainful angle. If Bobby Harversford thought that he could treat her like this at his pleasure, he would find that he was sadly mistaken. She would show him that she too could be indifferent.

Immediately after breakfast Bobby and Miss Reeves went out to the courts, and the other young people gradually drew off to the river or the links. Nellie found herself quite alone on the big piazza. She was indignant that she had not been asked to join any of the other couples, forgetting, as women usually do in such cases, that while she was allowing Bobby to monopolize her, the others had naturally paired off in the same manner. Reading, she decided, was the only thing left for her. She picked up the morning paper and went out to the hammock under the trees. The paper however was dull and uninteresting. In spite of herself her eyes would wander from the page off to the tennis court, from which came frequently the sound of merry laughter. She forgot her teasing of Bobby. She forgot this morning on the river. She only knew that she missed Bobby's constant, cheerful companionship very much, and that she was rapidly beginng to detest Miss Reeves. She was about to toss the paper aside when her attention was attracted by a name in the Society columns. She read the short paragraph slowly: "Cards announcing the approaching marriage of Mr. R. C. Harversford and Miss R. B. M. Reeves have reached this office."

So it had been only play on his part—just a little pleasant, summer flirtation. "Well", she tried to tell herself, "it had been play on her part also, and she did

not care." But with the sudden rush of pain came the disquieting knowledge that she did care—that it had been more than play on her part. And she hated herself for caring.

The other members of the party were returning now, and presently the dinner bell rang. Bobby and Miss Reeves came in late, flushed and hot, but apparently well satisfied with their morning's sport.

They sat together at dinner, and his marked attention drew sly nods and winks from the other members of the party. Once during the meal Harversford glanced at Nellie, and found her staring at him intently. She blushed angrily and looked away at once, but she knew that he had seen.

As soon as the meal was ended, Nellie made a nap an excuse for withdrawing to her room, and a genuine headache prevented her from coming down again that evening. She sent word however that she was to be called with the others in time for the early start of the hunt.

She had decided that she would follow the hunt by riding. She knew that some of the party who could not ride were going to follow the chase as best they could by driving along the roads, and she had learned that Miss Reeves was to be among this number. She remembered, too, having heard Bobby express his admiration of good horsewomanship, and woman like she was anxious to show him that in this respect at least she excelled Miss Reeves. Inasmuch as she had been through a very thorough course at the riding school in the city, she had no misgivings as to her ability. In fact she was rather proud of her riding than otherwise.

As she came out upon the porch the next morning in the cold gray light of the early day, she was hailed by several voices:

"Come on, Nellie! Come on, Miss Burns! We have saved you a place in one of the carriages."

"You need not have troubled," she called gaily in return. "I shall ride."

"Bravo! Hurrah for Nellie!" shouted several, but she heard only Bobby saying in a low voice:

"Don't risk it Nellie. It is for your own sake that I ask it."

Just for a moment she hesitated. Then her glance fell upon Miss Reeves, mounted upon a large black horse and apparently very much at ease. No it would never do to back out now.

"Will you please order my horse, Mr. Harversford," she said coldly.

"Certainly," he repled quite as cooly, turning upon his heel.

"James, a horse for the lady!"

"Beg pardon, sir, but there is only Nero, and he is hardly the horse for a lady, sir, I should say, begging your pardon sir."

"Will you take him?" he asked turning to her.

"Yes, he will do," she answered, and in a few minuets the groom reappeared leading a great prancing sorrel.

Goodness! Her heart almost failed her as she looked at him. As compared to the quiet, well trained horses of the "Professors" school, he seemed to the frightened girl a very elephant in size. She was heartily sorry that she had insisted on riding. It was to late now, however. Harversford was waiting to help her mount, and perforce she must accept his aid, but her chilling "Thank you" sent the blood to his ears for a moment.

She was afraid to look down. Blindly, she clasped. at the reins. The big horse stirred uneasily, and instinctively she clapped both heels into his side. Like an arrow the horse sprang forward, throwing her back upon the reins. As in a dream she heard behind her the shouts of the men. The trees and bushes seemed to stretch out into one long blur of green. A mist came

before her eyes. Then as she realized that she was still alive and unharmed, and likely to remain so as long as she managed to stick to the saddle, she began to see things clearly once more. They had left the road and were now racing across a grassy, level meadow at breakneck speed. She was really beginning to enjoy the ride. The humor of the situation appealed to her. As she recalled the self-conceit with which she had planned for this morning, she giggled suddenly. Then she felt sure that her heart stopped its beating. Right in front of her a high stone wall sprung suddenly from out the gray mist. She tugged frantically at the reins. Surely Nero would not dare! But Nero dared. She felt him gather himself for the spring, and in her terror she dropped the reins and clutched wildly at his mane. Seemingly from afar off she heard a man's hoarse voice:

"Hold on, Nellie! Hold on for God's sake!"

In the brief instant she recognized it as Bobby's voice. The next moment, like a huge rubber ball, they had bounded away from the earth; sailed easily, gracefully up and over the wall, and landed with a mighty splash in the very middle of a small duck pond.

An instant later, and another horse came flying over the wall. There was another great splash, and Nellie found herself standing in about three feet of water, and looking into the white set face of the man whom she was trying her best to detest thoroughly.

"Thank Heaven, the brute did not hurt you,!" he cried fervently.

"You will please call me Miss Burns, if you must speak to me at all," she retorted icily. Then she added inconsequently:

"Of course I would not have taken the wall if I had known the water was here. At any rate," coldly, "you should not have left Miss Reeves to follow me. She will hardly be able to get along for so long a time by herself."

"Oh, Miss Reeves is all right. My brother came down last evening. They are engaged you know," he informed her stiffly.

"Oh!" What a world of relief and comprehension was expressed in that single little word. Then doubtfully once more:

"But the paper said you."

"My brother's name is Roscoe," he told her briefly. "You are not the only one who has made the same mistake. The paper should have been more explicit." Then in a sudden rush of understandiug he turned towards her eagerly. "Tell me, Nellie, was that why you avoided me so yesterday—why you were so cruel this morning?"

Her nod was almost imperceptible.

"But after all, that doesn't explain the way you treated me yesterday morning," he added gloomily. He was quite close to her now. "I am still waiting for an answer to my question."

"Don't you think that the most sensible thing we could do, would be to get ashore as quickly as possible," she evaded lightly.

"Not one step until you answer me," firmly.

"I warn you that an answer given under compulsion is not binding," she laughed gaily.

"Nellie, please."

"Well,y-e-s then, I suppose. Now don't be foolish Bobby, someone might see."

"There is no one but the horses," he laughed triumphantly, "and they won't tell."

And Nero, watching from the shore with a wise I-told-you-so expression, blinked his eyes approvingly.

LONG AGO

O. J. Coffin

As a dream I see it dimly
  That time of long ago,
For a mist has veiled it thinly
  And the lights first come then go,
As a dream I hear the music
  Of your voice, sweet and low
And my heart at once throbs faster
  As it throbbed then long ago.

Then I think of dreams and fancies
  The times of joy and woe
When I wove you into castles
  In the air then long ago;
And the present seems far brighter
  For the dim and distant glow
Of the ray of light that enters
  From the time of long ago.

So I turn from work and dreamily
  Blue rings of smoke I blow
As I dream again the old dreams
  Of that time of long 'ago.

THE CLIMAX IN CORNEILLE'S "CID"

James D Bruner

THERE are two or three incidents in the the climax of Corneille's *Cid* that have evoked unfavorable criticisim on the part of several dramatic critics. The great Cardinal Richelieu severely criticized Rodrigue, the hero, for going to the house of his sweetheart so soon after having killed her father. There is no doubt that the author had a real difficulty to overcome in allowing Rodrigue to visit his betrothed in her home while the body of her father still lay in the house. Such a visit violates the law of probability as well as that of propriety. Voltaire, however, thinks that the real impropriety is to be found in the young nobleman's speaking only to a confidant. The purpose of this paper is to show how Corneille tries to overcome these inherent difficulties.

The story of Rodrigue and Chimene is briefly as follows: Don Diegue, the father of Rodrigue, engages in a quarrel with the Count de Gormas, the father of Chimene, and the old Diegue is boxed on the ears by the Count. Immediately the offended general goes in search of his son and urges the latter to avenge the insult offered to his family. For a moment the young man hesitates to avenge his father's insult, because the offender is the father of Chimene, his betrothed. Family honor, however, finally prevails over love for his sweetheart, and the young man challenges the Count to a duel and kills his distinguished antagonist. Chimene, hearing of the result of the duel, goes at once to the king and pleads for the punishment of her lover. On returning from her mission to the king, she finds Rodrigue in her

house. In the beautiful and touching interview between the two lovers we have the subjective climax or the turning-point of the psychological action in which filial duty wins over love of sweetheart.

The preparation for the great interview between Rodrigue and Chimene has been skilfully made. By the use of careful gradation in the preceding three scenes the dramatist has succeeded in exciting our interest in the prospective meeting of the agitated lovers. Rodrigue's first speaking with the confidant is a part of the author's preparation for the meeting. Such a precaution removes the possibility of surprise and thereby lessens the shock of such a painful interview. The curiosity of the spectators is now aroused as to what the lovers could possibly have to say to each other under such sad and trying circumstances. The improbability or the immorality of the scene is for the moment forgotten, the suspense of the spectators being heightened and held by the genuine conflict between love and duty in the heart of the heroine and the pathos of the situation following the dismissal of the hero as a lover.

This stirring scene, with its alternation of emotional waves of various lengths and tones, is one of the most artistic in all dramatic literature. It is the climax of the drama, in which the complicating and resolving forces meet and in which the turning-point in the struggle between love and duty, is reached. The decisive turn of fortune is Chimene's dismissal of Rodrigue. Here duty gains the supremacy. From now on the efforts of the counteraction will be directed towards forcing the heroine to withdraw her opposition to the marriage. New forces and new methods will be introduced in order to effect a reconciliation. Soon a distinct reaction will be felt to have set in. Then the resolution will have begun.

This powerful scene, however, possesses an inherent difficulty that must be solved or removed to the satis-

faction of the average spectator. The difficulty Corneille had to contend with in the present case is peculiarly great and his triumph is therefore all the more remarkable. The laws of dramatic construction do not require the absolute removal of the difficulty, but the reduction of the difficulty to a minimum is imperative.

That the difficulty to be overcome is apparently insuperable is seen in the opinion of some of the best critics. Sourian, for example, contends that the convention of the unity of time renders the situation impossible, immoral even. Chimene is accused of being immodest, parricidal in receiving Rodrigue in the house of her father while his body still lies warm in an adjoining room. To some the scene is extravagant and horrible. The scene therefore contains an irrational element which Aristotles claims is a greater stumbling block than a material impossibility.

Then how does Corneille justify this irrational element? how does he reduce the difficulty so as to make his scene acceptable to his spectators? In the first place he removes the element of surprise that would shock his audience by carefully preparing for the painful interview. Next, he arouses the curiosity of the spectators as to what the lovers could possibly say to each other in the present state of their minds and under such extraordinary and heart-rending circumstances. Again, he diverts the attention of the hearers from the tragic interest by a formal and courteous encounter in the subtleties involved in various points of honor—a dialogue particularly interesting to the courtiers of the seventeenth century. Furthermore, the fitness of things is emphasized by Chimene's dignified but determined dismissal of her lover, and their genuinely pathetic exclamations of sorrow on account of the inevitability of their fate. These reasons are further assisted by minuteness of detail, by brilliant poetical and emotional ornaments, and by splendid rhetorical effects.

Thus by masterly hedging the dramatist reconciles us to the inherent improbability and impropriety of the meeting of the lovers, and before the close of the interview he succeeds in evoking our admiration for their conduct and our pity for their fate. To succeed thus in winning the approbation of contemporary and many subsequent generations shows the consummate art of the dramatist. The world is ever pleased with the artist who surmounts difficulties. At least in this scene the wings of Corneille's genius were not clipped by classical conventions

The reduction of inherent difficulties of plot and characterization has been practiced in various ways by the greatest dramatists. Preparation and gradation have made love at first sight seem natural; unseemly conduct, glaring absurdities, and deeds of violence and bloodshed have been enacted behind the scenes and narrated by witnesses and messengers; impossibilities and improbabilities have been made to take place in the antecedent action of the drama; the violation of the minor unities is overlooked by failure to allude to time and place;—these and similar irrational elements are often veiled by minuteness of detail, by poetic charm and beautiful imagery, by the glamor of rhetoric, by novel, humorous and spectacular elements, by suspense, surprise and reversal of fortune, and by the skilful use of methods and means of diverting the attention of the audience from the main issue to minor interests of the play. The characters of Aeschylus's Prometheus and Shakespeare's Shylock, for example, were beset with difficulties. Shakespere was confronted with almost insuperable difficulties in handling the story of the pound of flesh in *The Merchant of Venice* and in treating the supernatural element in his *Tempest.* Hugo had to contend with a tremendous problem in his attempt to make the love of Maria de Neuberg, the queen, for Ruy Blas, the lackey seem at all probable. In all these the diffi-

culties were all but eliminated by remarkable dramatic hedging. These examples well illustrate Voltaire's dictum—though exposed to attack from other points of view—that "art consists in triumphing over difficulties." At any rate, the justification of such hedging is successfully accomplished when the scene containing the difficulty has been well received by the spectators.

THE RETROSPECTIVE HOUR

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

It seems the fire is brighter than its wont
To-night, and in the street the sounds are gay,
Just as they were in other days, old friend:
Come sit with me awhile and we will talk
Of former times, those times when you and I
Vied with the gayest of them all. Ah, those
Indeed were careless days, and we drained life's
Red wine e'en to the dregs. But after all
I wonder if the drink were worth the price
We paid. Perhaps you think not of it as
I do, for you lost not so much as I;
Your youth you squandered for a whim, and yet
I think you were not ill-pleased with the price.
But I lost more, just how much more not you
Nor any other than myself can know.
Somehow of late my thoughts turn oft to her,
The beauteous, pensive, dark-haired Anne I loved
So dearly in those other days. She was
So pure I think the angels must have wished
Her in her proper place in Heaven; that
Is why she died. 'Tis strange that I should think
Of her so often now that all these years
Have passed; perhaps it is a warning that
I, too, shall go ere long. I would it were,
For life has grown a weary thing with all
This dreary sameness. We have left now but
The shattered dreams of things that were and
things
That might have been, and these but sadden more
The heart. This world I fear has changed a deal
Since you and I were young, and we knew not
The things that now are known. Sometimes I
think

'Twere best we'd never lived the years from then
To now, and I had gone with Anne that day
She left me for a better world. The time
I feel draws near; that forms my solace now.—
The fire dies out, and I, perhaps, have kept
You from some business that calls you hence.
You have, perchance, some work to do elsewhere?
You have. I ask your pardon for the hour
I've kept you here. But you will come again?
I thank you from my heart. These hours now
form
The only joys my life can know. Good-by,
Old friend, and may God keep you on your way.

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. RAFFLES

C. W. Tillett, Jr.

CATCH RAFFLES FOR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

To the first one identifying the Mysterious Mr. Raffles on Saturday night week the Bluff City Skating Rink will pay $25.00 in Gold. Hear particulars tonight at the Rink.

It was in response to this ad. that the large crowd had assembled and it was in compliance with this ad. that Mr. Foard, the manager, was now addressing them.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," he said, pointing to a figure beside him, "is the Mysterious Mr. Raffles. At present, as you see, his face and shape are entirely hid and disguised, but on next Saturday night, one week from tomorrow, he will be turned loose on this floor. We will pay twenty-five dollars in gold to the first one identifying him and, with his right hand on Raffles' left shoulder, repeating this formula: 'Ha, ha, I have you now! You are the Mysterious Mr. Raffles of the Bluff City Rink.' In several issues of the paper between now and then different pictures of him will be printed. On next Friday night Mr. Raffles will again appear as he is now, and we may have some further announcements to make. Let everybody come and try for the twenty-five."

"Sam," I said to my chum, "it 's up to us to get that money."

"Sure," he answered. "You know I am pretty well in with Mr. Foard. He gave me a free annual pass with the understanding that I was to boost up his place

a little among the girls and I believe I can pump him and make him tell me who Raffles is."

But the pumping was of no avail. Sam did everything he could but Mr. Foard was as mum as an oyster. So this was one source of information that failed.

The pictures, too, from which we had expected some little hint were apparently useless. One time a view of the crown of the noted Gentleman-Criminal's head appeared. Another time his head was shown. They also satisfied our curiosity by enlightening us as to the shape of his ear. Such were no doubt of great phrenological interest, but from them we didn't gain much of an idea as to who Raffles was. So everything went on unsuccessfully until Friday night, the last appearance of Mr. Raffles in his disguise.

I have often guyed my friend because he believed that Sherlock Holmes' methods were really methods and not instinct. He had often said that any one with practice could cultivate this habit and ability of observing and deducing; and I had often dared him to show me. So on this night he read over Conan Doyle's "Red-headed League" before he went out to the rink. And when he arrived there he was fully convinced that he was going to make some wonderful discovery which would plainly show who Raffles was.

He and I were standing together in the crowd, while Mr. Foard repeated the former announcements and made several other minor statements. All during this speech my friend paid no attention to Mr. Foard at all. He was carefully examining the crowd.

"That 's not Sherlock Holmes at all," I ventured. "Why aren't you deducing the color of his hair from the size of his shoes or finding his street address from the weight of those cotton robes that are covering him?"

"I've got it," he whispered.

"What, a clue?"

"Yes. What do you notice about Mamie Hutchison?"

I looked at her, but could see nothing especially striking.

"What 's the connection?" I asked.

"Why, don't you see she is going off without an escort? Come on, let 's follow her."

We made our way out of the dense crowd as quickly as possible but she was well away before we reached the door. We hurried on after her as fast as we could.

"Well don't preserve that Holmseian silence so well," I said. "Out with it."

"I have no precedent for it, but I shall thus much depart from the methods of my distinguished example, and satisfy that curiosity of yours. Even you have probably noticed that Mamie is usually accompanied here by Johnson, who has some stock in the rink. Well, tonight I remembered that I was the one who escorted her from the rink last Friday night when Raffles made his first appearance. Then I noticed that tonight also, she was unaccompanied by Johnson."

"Nothing but a coincidence," I put in.

"Very possible so, but here you unconsciously came to my rescue with your observation that Raffles' garments are made of cotton. Why was it then that Johnson, who joined Mamie a short time after we came home last Friday night, had some lint on his coat? Call that a coincidence, too?"

"Certainly not," I answered, believing in his deductions fully as soon as it appeared that I had helped a little. "Really, you are wonderful, sir."

"No, not wonderful," he said proudly, "only observant. By the way, we must buy Mamie a box of candy with some of our money, for it wouldn't have been so easy without her."

"Holy smoke!" he cried, as, a minute or two later, we came up on the Hutchison's porch. "Hurry and see if he is breathing hard."

"What do you mean?"

"Nut, don't you see there he is in the parlor with Mamie. How could he have beaten us without running. We left just before Mr. Foard stopped talking, and therefore before Raffles had time to change clothes and beat us up here unless he did some noble sprinting. Go on in there."

We entered and found him breathing as quietly as if he had been there all night.

"You spoiled everything by your confounded questioning," cried Sam. "Sherlock Holmes' deductions never proved true when he told anything to his colleagues. Just my luck."

"Where in the world have you been tonight, Johnson?" I asked. "Why weren't you at the rink?"

"What's the matter with you freaks anyway? I've been at the Cotton Mill working like I do every night before pay-day," he answered.

"Behold Sherlock Holmes number two," I shouted. "The next time you deduce anything old man, be sure your subject can't prove an alibi."

"So that's where the lint came from," he answered as joyfully as most men do when they see twenty-five dollars vanishing into thin air.

The papers of the next evening, Saturday, came out in big headlines announcing that at 9:30 sharp the Mysterious Mr. Raffles would be turned loose on the floor of the Bluff City Skating Rink. The whole town was stirred up over it. Everyone had picked out a different man for Raffles and each one was sure he would get the prize. Besides this announcement the papers printed two pictures. One was remarkably good for a newspaper cut, and presented to the public the likeness of Mr. Foard. The other was a most tantalizing picture of Mr. Raffles. He was presented holding his hand before his face, with the fingers extended. Like all the other pictures that had been printed of this mystic mortal, it was dim but not blurred at all. I examined this

picture very closely indeed; for without the dimness one could almost have recognized him, and without the hand his identity would have been plain. But the two together made the most successful and irritating concealment I have ever seen. About this time Sam came up and began looking at the pictures. All of a sudden he gave a young war-whoop.

"Mack," he said, "I have a clue from those pictures, and I'll bet ten dollars that by nine o'clock I shall be able to name Raffles."

"You don't mean that you can make out who he is from that cussed picture, do you?" I asked.

"No, I can't," he answeree, "but in looking at those pictures I have noticed something which makes me believe that I shall find him out. Good-bye."

With that I started to work again, determined not to let anything escape my notice. But all was of no avail. The more I looked and examined, the less I saw in the pictures, and when Sam returned I was willing to bet, swear, do anything that denied absolutely the existence of any clue to anything in those pictures.

"What luck," I asked, when Sam came back a short time later.

"Nothing doing yet," he answered.

"By the way, is it another Sherlock Holmes clue you have?"

"It is," he replied, "and I've enough faith in it to back my judgment to the extent of ten dollars." He was getting a little riled now.

"I'd like mighty well to take your money, but you know I'm no betting man. You have certainly made some glorious successes before in this matter. First you would pump Mr. Foard; then you would recognize Raffles from those pictures they were going to print; after that you played the detective with such accuracy that you are going to try it again. I would make ten dollars mighty easy."

"Well, I am going out again, and won't see you again before tonight. I shall meet you at the rink and give you the name of the fellow whom I think to be Raffles. My bet will remain open until the disclosure."

That night I reached the rink about half past eight. The minute I entered I saw Sam coming toward me.

"Well, how's tricks?" I asked.

"Oh, fine, and with your help I'll land Raffles," he answered.

"Who is he, then?"

"Peter Fisher. And while we have nothing to do I might tell you how it was that I found him out. You remember, of course, how badly I failed last night in my deductions. Well, that kind of made me mad. I began to think how easily the real Sherlock seemed to deduce the most absolute truths from things apparently very slightly connected with them. I was thinking of this when I looked at the paper. 'For instance,' I thought, 'he might be able to deduce who the fellow is from that absurd picture.' Then it dawned upon me that there was something to be noticed after all. It looked very peculiar to me that the picture of Mr. Foard should be so very good and the picture of Raffles so bad. Then I noticed that they both had this printed in the lower left hand corner: 'Made by the New York Engraving Co.' After you think of it, it is rather singular that the same company should turn out such a good cut and such a sorry one at the same time. Then, after closer examination, I saw that the picture of Raffles was not blurred at all; only dim. I tried to explain this but could think of nothing that would cause it. However, I have a very good friend who works the press of this paper, and I decided to ask him. I went out in search of him, but couldn't find him at first. It was then that I saw you. After looking a good while I finally ran across him. He, too, on examining the pictures, thought it funny that they should be as they were. He said nothing

could cause it that he knew of unless for some reason or other it hadn't received the full pressure of the press. After looking at the cut a short while, he said he had found it. 'Very ingenious, too, I must say,' he said. 'They have made this cut just a little bit thinner than the usual one, so it would not get the full power.' He took it to a little hand press and ran off a copy, putting all the power on it. This is what was turned out."

As he said this he handed me a copy of the picture that had appeared in the evening's paper. It was an exceedingly clear picture, and in spite of the fingers one could easily distinguish that it was Peter Fisher.

"Well," I said, "you would certainly have worked me, if I had taken your bet."

"Fifteen or twenty minutes ago," said Sam, "Sadie Carnie called my attention to the fact that the ladies' cloak room is closed. She said she believed that Raffles was in there. We went over to investigate, but just as we skated up, Mr. Foard tacked a notice on the door announcing that it was closed for repairs. When I asked him what sort of repairs, he seemed a little frustrated at first, but answered something about a wash-basin being put in. I said yes, to distract Sadie's attention from that particular place, but set my wheels going. I remembered to have heard Mr. Foard only a night or two ago speak of how vexed he was that it would be impossible to fix up the cloak room like he wanted to, before the last part of next week. You yourself know that there is nothing in the world in there now to be repaired unless it is a coat hook or two. So the reason given by Mr. Foard is evidently false and Raffles must be concealed in there. Let's make it our business that one of us be in front of the door all night until Raffles comes out. You skate backwards and forwards before it while I go around a time or two, and I'll do the same while you skate."

This we began to do. Everybody who tried to talk to us about Raffles we put on somebody else, and we had great fun setting a bunch of little kids on first one man and then another. If they had the slightest suspicion that a certain fellow was Raffles, the whole swarm would fly at him, jumping at his shoulders and yelling "Mysterious Raffles" in his ear until he had to knock about a dozen of them down to get free. While this was going on, Sam and I always had one eye cut toward the door.

At exactly nine-thirty, Sam was in front of the cloak room door and I was directly across the floor. The biggest crowd in the history of the rink had assembled, all bent on finding Raffles. Just as the clock struck, the lights went out. Sam made a jump for the door and stood there with his hands and feet propped against the sides. Somebody came out and landed right in his arms. I made a dive and in two strokes was across the room. I struck somebody and fell. When the lights came back on, I found myself holding a fellow by the legs while Sam was holding him around the neck.

"Say the piece, Sam, say the piece," I shouted. "I have forgotten it."

"Mysterious Raffles I have got the Bluff City Rink by the left shoulder. Ha, ha!" he yelled.

"'That 's not it" I shrieked, "you will have to call him Mr. Raffles."

We were creating such a commotion that everybody in the building gathered around us, and two million little kids were swarming over all three of us. I began to fight them, yelling something about Mr. Mysterious Raffles all the time. Sam was doing his best to get the thing straight, while poor Fisher, for it was he, was flat of his back crying for mercy and vowing that he would give us fifty dollars apiece if we would get up and give him air. About this time two or three more men came up, all trying to get at Fisher's shoulders and each

shouting a different charm. Sam was lying stretched out all over Raffles, attempting to make both of his hands cover both of Fisher's shoulders, while I took a seat on top of Sam. Here I methodically proceeded to apply my scant knowledge of boxing to the problem of knocking "three babies and a big boy" down at every lick. And things were painfully near the free-for-all scrap point, when some crank playfully, and mercifully for us three who were the center of action, turned out the lights and yelled fire. This turned the attention of the crowd away from us for the moment and gave Mr. Foard the chance to fight his way to the middle of the brawl. Here, with the same manner, and the same feeling of security I have no doubt, of an official penalizing a team on the three yard line, he announced that Sam and I had won the prize.

THEN

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

Dim lights will burn about you then,
At your feet and at your head,
    And I
With softened step will come again,
When they have told me you are dead.

Those others then will yield me space,
And she who was your love
    Will cry,
And find no comfort and no grace
In all the power of God above.

A moment will I take the place
Held in distant other days;
    A sigh,
And tears that smart upon my face
Will name the price that treason pays.

THE MAID OF HONOR

Kemp D. Battle

"Dr. and Mrs. William G. Clarke request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Irene, to Mr. Walter L. Hobart on the seventeenth day of July, 1904 in St. George's Episcopal Church, Williamsville, Va. Eight o'clock in the evening."

Such was the very interesting epistle that I extracted from Box 95 on the afternoon of May 6, 1904. So old Walter was going to be married. Dear old fellow! I had never thought of him in that predicament. What sort of a girl was this Miss Clarke? How sorry I felt for him! This was the very disconnected trend of my thoughts as I stood in the post office with the invitation in my hand. Be it known that Walter and I had been room-mates during my first three years in college. I was now a Senior and awfully busy with my Senior thesis, but I was late in getting to work that night. To be suddenly informed that one's best friend is on the verge of falling off the free and exalted cliff of bachelorhood into the fiery furnace of matrimony is interesting, to say the least. Well I didn't see how it could be helped. So with philosophical resignation, I turned my thoughts to "Milling Industries".

Of course the foregoing incident was a very trival one, but its importance was largely increased the next week by a letter from Walter himself. He informed me in a matter-of-fact way that I was to be his "best man." Well this was a stunner! The fates seemed determined that I should be a witness, nay even a *particeps criminis*, in the downfall of my best friend. But I couldn't see any way out of it! Walter was very sensitive and I knew

that any improvised excuse would anger him. So with philosophical resignation, I again turned my thoughts to "Milling Industries."

I was ushered into the parlor of the Clarke house and found myself in the midst of the whole family. Walter rushed forward to greet me, and his hearty welcome made me glad that I had come. I was introduced to Miss Clarke, then to another Miss Clarke, her sister, and then to the father and mother. It was just before supper and they were all sitting in the parlor waiting for the bell. We seated ourselves and began to talk of the rehearsal, which was to come off immediately after supper. As I was not called upon to say anything, I had time to form my opinion of the bride. Well to speak plainly, she was the ugliest woman that I had ever seen. I will not undertake to descibe her, for that would be impossible. Suffice it to say that she was so ugly that she made the room feel close and stuffy and made one want to get to the fresh air. But her sister! She was a queen. It made me feel light-headed to look at her. And her voice was the softest, sweetest, little tinkling-of-a-silver-bell, that I had ever heard. Now I have always prided myself on being quite independent of women, but as I sat there, I suffered partial paralysis of the brain, for I couldn't think about anything but that girl. This was very mortifying to me, but I just couldn't help it. Like the flash of a cannon, the horrible truth pierced my brain and I knew that I was in love. And then the supper-bell rang.

After the meal was over, I rushed off to my room upstairs to change my clothes, and when I came down, they were all ready to go to the church for the rehearsal. Walter murmured something in my ear about Miss Clarke having a headache and said that the girls would have to shift around somehow and get someone to take

her place. I have never been quite able to decide whether I was disappointed or relieved when I found out that she was not going to be there. Well, some girl acted as maid of honor and every thing went off in good style.

When we got back to the house, I urged weariness from travelling and went off to my room. And there I sat and thought. Here was I, woman-hater as I fondly thought myself, falling in love with a brides-maid at my friends wedding. I was heartily ashamed of myself, but the stubborn way in which her picture kept framing itself in my mind convinced me that there was no mistake about it. Even after I went to bed, I lay and thought of her an hour before I finally dropped off to sleep to dream of her all night long. It was very evident that my condition was serious. As I was dressing, I went over the whole situation carefully and I was forced to admit that I was hopelessly and helplessly in love. But this admission seemed to steady my nerves, and I went down to breakfast firmly resolved to corner my lady and tell her all about it.

She appeared at the table prettier than ever and I wondered whether the bride-to-be did not feel jealous of the amonnt of attention she received, even from the groom. Well, to save my life, I couldn't get a chance to speak a word to her the whole morning. She was in her room most of the time, but when she did come out! How I hated that hideous girl who really seemed to think it her duty to talk to me! But truly "all things come to him who waits." Right after dinner, I went into the parlor and found her in the window-seat—absolutely alone. Here was my chance, and I took it.

"Sit down," she said as I entered. We talked for about half an hour on proper and impersonal subjects and then I exploded. "My dear Miss Clarke," I stammered out, "I know what a fool I am making of myself and heaven knows what you may think af me, but I can't restrain myself any longer. I am just dead in love

with you. In fact, I have arrived at that stage where I want to commit suicide whenever I am out of your sight." Her eyes twinkled and I went on. (Verily, "fools rush in where angles fear to tread.") "It would be so nice to have a double wedding tonight when your sister is married. As a rule, I don't believe in love at first sight, but in this case it is different. As soon as I saw you, I knew that you were meant for me in the wonderful plan of the Creator. Aeons back, it was incorporated in that plan that you and I were to be one. Our personalites have been gradually drawing nearer, and now they must merge into one magnificent destiny and gloriously burst into the light of another and brighter day." Her face clouded, and in fear I rushed on. "Think of the awful responsibility you assume when you undertake to hurl your meagre strength against the divine will. I tell you, God means for us to be one. And I will always love you as I do now. My nature is not one that will turn against its own. We can be marrid tonight and go off on our bridal trip tomorrow. Dearest say you will be mine, for I cannot live without you."

That's what I call a fitting climax of a magnificent proposal. She heard me through to the end without saying a word, and then, "Mr. Harris, I am sure that a simple explanation will be all that is necessary. My sister Jennie was introduced to you first last night and she took the place of the bride in the rehearsal. Your mistake was a very natural one, but *I* am the bride-to-be and she is my maid of honor. I am very sorry that this has happened and I will never breathe a word of it to a soul, but please say it's all right and that you don't care."

And with a sheepish grin, I said that I didn't.

HORACE. ODE IX, BOOK III

H—As long as you wuz stuck on me,
En' d' want no yuther nigger always sportin' you,
I wuz as gay as I could be—
Felt bigger'n any king when I wuz courtin' you.

L—As long as you wuz only mine,
Ner Lindy, in you love stood after Judy Lee
Den I, Miss Lindy sho' did shine
Grand as de queen ob Sheby ever dared to be.

H—Now Judy 's got me gwine, she is,
She sings en plays de orgin sweet as e'er wuz heared.
If Judy needs me in her biz,
I'm her'n. I'd die fer her; I wouldn't be afeared.

L—Well, I'm jest crazy over Jim
(Ol' man Abe Johnson's Jim); he's pow'ful gone on me.
Ef need be, I would die fer him—
Why sutteny! I'd die twice to save him. You would see!

H—Whut if our ol' time love come back
En bind me'n you together lak we wuz befo'
En I give Judy Lee de drap
En fer my little Lindy open wide de do'?

L—Tho Jim 's jest lak a shinin' stair
En you 's mo' fickle dan a cork upon de sea
Light en fickle as you air
I will be yo'n through life en death—en glad to be!

THE PEDDLER'S DILEMMA

'09

IT WAS in advanced afternoon of a hot summer's day. The air was listless and the stretch of sandy roadway radiated the blistering heat with a lingering intensity. Vegetation showed unmistakably the effects of the withering temperature of mid-day, and the dry-flies droned their accompaniments to the heat.

Along the road on foot traveled a Peddler. He was one of that class now relegated to the past by the modern department stores and transportation facilities. With his "pack" strapped on his shoulders he traversed miles of territory, disposing of his wares from house to house. His back was bent by the heavy burden which he bore, and he looked tired and jaded as he plodded along the hot, sandy highway. His steps were slow and unsteady and great beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead—he was the personification of fatigue.

As the Peddler made his way along the road a Preacher riding in a spacious buggy overtook him. This Preacher was a fine specimen of physical manhood. He was tall, well-built, muscular, and had hands unusually large and sinewy. His countenance was stern and his voice was gruff, emphatic, and impressive. But withal he had a big, sympathetic heart; though a person unacquainted with him would not correctly interpret his manner.

So when the Preacher came upon the Peddler he saw how great a load the tired man was carrying, and his sympathy went out to him. He viewed his own goodly horse and vehicle and then the poor man with the "pack."

"Whoa!" and the Preacher drew rein.

Then addressing the Peddler in his gruff imperative tone, said,

"Get into my buggy."

The Peddler was somewhat taken back by the Preacher's manner and tone. He had no idea who this was who had so abruptly drawn rein and commanded him to get into his buggy. He looked at the Preacher's stern countenance and momentarily hesitated. But the manner of the driver was that of a person who would brook no refusal, and the Peddler was weary from his long hot walk, so casting a glance of suspicion towards the Preacher he deposited his pack in the back of the vehicle and slowly climbed in.

Together the pair thus rode for quite a distance. The Peddler was concerned for the safety of his "pack" and the Preacher was absorbed in his own thoughts, so scarcely a word was exchanged between the two.

Meanwhile the horse jogged along at a smart gait, and before long the party had left the open country behind and entered a stretch of woodland. Afternoon began to give way to evening; the sun was tangent to the horizon and the trees cast their shadows narrow and far out-stretched. The thrush and the cat-bird assumed their most plaintive notes and the tree-frogs began to croak of the approaching night.

Just after the sun had sunk from sight the Preacher and the Peddler came to the heart of the wood, a swampy district thick with undergrowth, where, near the road, flowed a dark and silent creek. As the men in silence approached this locality their thoughts were upon far different subjects. The Peddler was thinking of his earthly possessions, his "pack," while the Preacher had his mind on Heavenly possessions. He was in thought about the sinful in the world and their punishment in the world to come. He reflected upon the mortality of man and the terrible consequences of his meeting his God unprepared.

Thus as the Preacher pondered upon the questions of life and death, of time and eternity, the question of the future of the man sitting beside him loomed before his mind. He reflected upon the checkered life of the Peddler and of the sins with which he might be beset. The Preacher felt constrained to speak to his nomadic fellow man, and if he was not at peace with his Maker, attempt to bring him to a sense of sinfulness and to repentance.

Soothed by the refreshing coolness of the place and the late hour of the day, the Preacher's horse suddenly came to a halt. Brought to a determination to speak to the Peddler, and with love in his soul, the Preacher broke the silence. Abruptly he turned to the Peddler and in awful accents said,

"My friend, are you prepared to die?"

The effect of the interrogation was electrical. At one leap the Peddler cleared the buggy wheels and without casting one look behind, from the presence of the Preacher, fled in mortal fear. A second Jean val Jean, the Preacher pursued the fleeing, terrified stranger, calling to him to return to his own; but the Peddler, unmindful of his deserted pack, put safety (!) between himself and the stern-countenanced Preacher.

WHY ABE SWORE OFF

J. B. Reeves

Dar is a mighty good old sayin' what sez dat triberlation ain't never come single handed. I don't know whar it am in de Scriptur er not. I disremember. Anyhow it sho' am de truf. I has seed it 'zemplified time en ergin. Las yeah Sam Blivins ain't no mo'n drug off dat fifty dollar mule of his'n 'fo' dey done sent his oldes' boy ter de chain gang fer stealin'; en dat right at layin-by-co'n-time. En Pete Martin hadn't no mo'n had his baccer crap tore up wid a hail storm 'fo' dey turned 'im out'n de church fer back bitin' one of de bruddern. Jes' so it wuz wid Cindy Jinkins. She hadn't no mo'n married dat drunken no'count Abe Nations 'fo' her mammy wuz tuk down wid a turrible bad 'tack ob Rheumatiz.

Abe wuz a good ernuf nigger if he'd let liker erlone. But when he wuz full er licker, which wuz mighty nigh all de time, dey warn't no match fer him dis side ob de ole boy himself. Cindy 'lowed' when she married 'im dat she'd 'form him ob his meanness, but laws-a-massy! How many gals, white en black, hez 'lowed dat very same thing, en den got deyselves fooled. As de ole sayin' is, dey marries in has'e and 'pents at leisure.

As I has befo' 'sposterlated, Cindy hadn't no mo'n got inter one tribulation 'fo' heah come ernuther one. Her mammy wuz tuck sick. De ailment, es I has also tole you, wuz Rheumatiz—flammti Rheumatiz. Befo' dis time it wuz bad ernuf but now it wuz fo' times wuss. Befo', it wuz all dat her en her mammy could do ter keep Abe in licker, en outn jail. Now she had not only de wash-tubs all ter herself, but she had medercine en docter's bills ter pay fer let erlone rashuns en Abe's licker.

Look lak de docter's medercine didn't do de ole woman no good 'tall, so Cindy put out one day fer ole Miss Tompkin's, whut dey say can cunjure folks. She 'vised Cindy ter git er big turkey buzzard, bile it, git the ile en rub it on her mammy's jints. She said she would insho' it ter kyo ennybody's Rheumatiz.

Nex' day Cindy come ter git me ter kill de buzzard fer her. I 'fused at fust, kase I allus heared it wuz bad luck ter kill dem birds, but she 'sisted so dat I finally at las' tuck down my ole shot gun, en fetched de fust buzzard to me, dat I seed. En he wuz er whopper; as big a one es ever run his shadder cross de co'nfield.

Well, Cindy tuk 'im en picked 'im, en put 'im en de pot, she did, same es ef he wuz er chicken. She biled 'im tell bed-time, but he wuzn't tender yit. So she makes up er big fire, hangs de pot over it en goes to bed. 'Twant long 'fo' Abe comes in, drunk, es common. Cindy heard 'im, she did, but she let on lak she sleep. He called her, but she des lay dar.

"Cindy! Cindy!" he sez, "git up en fix me sump'n t'eat."

Cindy make lak she never heared 'im 'tall. He sot down by the fire en pulled off one of his brogan shoes. (He is dat flatfooted dat he wahs number 'leben en a half.)

"You don't 'pear ter 'spond ter my call" sez he, en wid dat he up en fling dot brogan at her haid.

"Cose dey ain't no doubt but dat you is 'sleep" he sez, "but you better wake up lak I done tole you."

De brogan missed her haid, en he sot down to pull off t'other. Cindy wuz 'bout ter roll out, when she heared 'im laff all of er sudden.

"What's dat in dat pot, nigger?" he sez es he spied de pot en takes off de led. "Chicken! pon my word. Bless yo' heart, chile! Whose chick'n roost is you bin to nigger gal?"

Cindy started ter holler at 'im, but all t'wunst she got ter studyin', en de mo' she study, de madder she gits. Whar'pon she 'cluded ter let 'im eat der ole buzzard ef he wanted to. It mout kill him dead fer all she kered. So stead of hollerin' she turned ober en 'gun ter snore.

Nex' mornin' fo' day she got up en built a fire. Den she 'gun ter rake en charge at her mammy fer thowin' de ole buzzary away 'fo' all de ile done biled outn 'im. Her mammy low she know nuthin' tall 'bout de ole buzzard. She say she 'spec de cat done got it, en hit don't matter nohow, cose dey 'nuff ile in de pot ter grease all her jints ennyway.

You has heared de ole sayin 'bout ki llin two birds wid one stone ain't you? Well, dat's jest 'zactly what Cindy done. Only de weepin happened to be a bird hisself stid ob a stene. Abe heared em a kyarin' on 'bout de buzzard, en when he comes ter a full onderstandin' ob de sitcheration, he landed outn dat bed a sober nigger. En he bin a sober nigger eber since. By de agency, den, ob dat bird de ole 'oman's Rheumatiz wuz plumb kyored en Abe's tas' fer licker waz plumb kyored. He ain't tetched a drap since. He been 'pinted elder in de church now, en de buzzard kyo' sho' is stayin' wid him yit.

SKETCHES

THE BATTLE

The battle had just begun. The roar of cannon came rushing up the valley. The enemy opened fire upon our lines. Our infantry answered. Volley on volley rent the air. A troop of cavalry swept by. The regimental bugle was sounding a charge. Our lines began to advance. The enemy's fire grew more rapid and violent as we charged up the valley. Men were falling on every side. The soldier by my side uttered a low groan and fell wounded in the shoulder. On we rushed. Suddenly I felt a stinging sensation about my throat, and a total blindness came over me.

And I never would have believed that a mosquito bite could swell as that one did!—*B. E. W.*

THE HEART OF THE AUDIENCE

The audience had become become settled. The paper darts no longer winged their way from the galleries to the auditorium. Baldheaded men were no longer alert. That amused twitter, so manifest in large audiences at the slightest provocation, had hushed. Mr. Foote was rendering "Good-Bye" in his rich baritone.

A little child in the galleries—a mere tot of a boy, fair and with yellow curls—began clapping his small hands.

The audience and the baritone glanced at the youngster. The audience and the baritone smiled. The child continued clapping.

To philosophers and evolutionists the child's actions were significant. Doubtless the lad had never before

witnessed a performance in which applause plays so conspicuous a part. From his actions conclusions could be drawn by the logical. But the audience, with its great human heart, thought not of these; it thought:

"The little dear. God bless him."—*S. H. F.*

A CHARACTER — WHICH?

"A bartender has many curious experiences," said a well-to-do saloon keeper recently.

"I was standing behind the counter the other evening, when a well-dressed, good-looking young man entered. In fact he was in appearance, a good bit above the general class of my trade, and I thought he had come in for some champagne or something of the kind.

" 'My friend,' he said, 'will you do me a favor?'

" 'That's what I'm here for sir, I replied, what is it?'

" 'I'm down and out,' he answered, 'and won't you kindly give me a drink?'

"I was used to the expression and was not surprised by his effrontery. After looking him over from head to foot, I said:

" 'Well, my friend, you seem to be pretty well dressed; a good deal better in fact than myself. Now if you can go around sporting a gold-headed cane, and a frock-tailed coat, you surely ought to be able to pay ten cents for a drink.'

" 'Yes, that's right,' he said, 'but I'm down and out; haven't got a cent, and if you could give me a drink I would certainly appreciate it.'

" 'Let me tell you,' I said, pointing to a pawn shop across the street, 'Go over there; get rid of some of your superfluous clothing, and come back and buy a drink. Or if you'll wait till I can make enough out of your class of trade to buy a high standing collar like the one you have on, I will give you a drink with my compliments.'

" 'Well I'm sure I'm much obliged,' he said smiling. And taking up his gold headed cane, he went out to try his luck at the next place."—*T. P. Nash*

A DELICATE QUESTION

Beneath the powerful arc light the vender of the much celebrated cone ice cream stood crying the deliciousness of his goods. Around him were men and boys, their clothes speaking loudly of their low estate. Presently two girls, rather neatly dressed, and alone, drew near and each began nibbling on a cone.

From the shadow of a telephone post a young fellow emerged, looked hard at the girls, then at two men seated on the steps of the city hall. Bending over he inquired in a mysterious tone:

"Who are they?"

"Who are who?" the man replied.

"Why, those—ah—girls!"

The man addressed rose to his feet and answered in a clear voice:

"They are my sisters."

For a minute all was silent. Then from an open window in the city hall, the clack-clack of a typewriter floated out.

"I must see Mr. James," mumbled the inquisitive youth, as he fled up the stairs.—*S. H. F.*

TRIALS OF A HOTEL CLERK

The hotel clerk was busily engaged in completing some correspondence when a seedy individual leaned confidentially on the desk, and the following conversation ensued:

"Are you the clerk?"

"I'll wait on you, sir."

"How many people have you got?"

"Why, I don't know how many people we have."

"Don't know how many people you have?"

"No, sir, not exactly, but I can find out for you."

"Oh, it doesn't matter. What time does the train leave in the morning?"

"Going South, at 7:00, 9:00 and 10:45, North 9:05 and 11:35."

"Why don't you run a car line to Aberdeen."

"Trains make all necessary connection."

At this time a man came up and bought a cigar—

"How many cigars do you sell per day?"

"Anywhere from $8.00 to $20.00 worth."

"Why don't you sell 'El Principe De Gales'?"

"We haven't any."

"Why don't you get them?"

"I don't do the buying."

"What are your rates?"

"$2.00 and $2.50 per day."

"What is this water good for?"

"It cures Indigestion, Dispepsia, is good for Rheumatism, and most anything else."

"I think I'll come back and spend a while here."

"Good, we'll be glad to have you."

"It's a little hot down here, though, isn't it?"

"No, not much if you get a cool room."

"Where do most of your people come from?"

"From the Southern part of this State and S. C."

"Keep open all the winter?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time do you have breakfast?"

"From 7:30 to 9:00."

"Send me up some water, please."

"All right—good night."

"*Thank the Lord.*"—*W. L. C.*

POKER VS. TACITUS

The class was reading Tacitus. The lesson assigned had been completed, and the professor was assisting the students in sight reading. Those students needed all the assistance possible, too, for not one of them was any too wide awake—Tacitus is not famed for writing thrilling narratives.

But one was not awake at all. His head rested upon his arm, his book lay on his knee. His hair looked as if the witches had been at work on it, and he had all the other requisites of personal appearance which pertain to a man who has not been in bed since night before last. His regular wheezings, as his body swayed with short, jerky motions, seemed to disturb the equilibrium of the class, for a titter spread over the room—and Tacitus is no laughing matter. A ripple of amusement swept over the face of the professor, and he stopped his translation.

"Mr. V—, won't you please wake up Mr. J—?"

Every neck "rubbered" toward the owner of the wheeze. The gentleman spoken to gently shook him, when the class was electrified by the question:

"Wot cher got?" And Tacitus had to admit that he was antiquated.

THE WAY THEY DO IT IN SAMPSON

"Well, what sort of a time did you have this summer?" said Big Rankin to a long, lank, country-looking Freshman from Sampson the other day. "Did you play any baseball?"

"Naw, but lem'me tell you how Swamp Holler beat Huckleberry Cross Roads. With the score nothin' nothin' in the ninth and two men down, Si McMallister come up. The empire yelled two strikes and three balls. Thar's whar Buck Mackin, the tuther side's pitcher,

thought he'd act fine and saw Si out; so he put one right over the plate. Well what did Si want besides that? He jist laid back and pasted that ball so hard that I never thought it were gwine to quit goin'. And it didn't 'twell it hit right smack on top of the fence. And what you reckon it done? It split right half in two, and one half bounced on tuther side and tuther half bounced on this side. Well, all this time the center was runnin' some and the time the ball hit the fence and bounced in two, he wus right there and ketched the half that bounced on his side. He tuk and thowed that ball with all his might so it come sailin' right to the plate the same time Si got there. The ketcher teched Si with this half and everybody jis' yelled and hollered. But the empire 'bout that time yelled out that Swamp Holler done beat us a half to nothin'. They didn' beat us fightin' though."—*C. W. Tillett.*

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

A Word of Preamble

The new Magazine board announces no radical changes in either the policy or the aims of the Magazine. Our ideal is that of our predecessors—to embody in this publication the best and the most representative of our University's creative literary product. The donation of one hundred and fifty dollars by the board of trustees of the University has given us an advantage over our predecessors. Still, it depends, as it has always depended before, upon the interest of the student body whether or not we raise or even reach the previous high standard of the Magazine. If the student body gives us its support, we believe we can make good. If not, we are conscious of failure at the start.

It is with a feeling of bitter disappointment that we have to announce one failure already. It was the intention of the board to keep up the department inaugurated last year, called "Things Talked About." We made strenuous efforts to get contributions for this, but not a

single one was handed in. As a result, the Magazine had to go to press without this department. The board could have written enough for it—talk is cheap—but that would not have been carrying out the purpose of the department. There is a corner labeled "Editorial" which exists solely for the airing of editorial opinion. The department of "Things Talked About" solicits the opinion of the entire student body on current college topics. We will be glad to publish the views of any man in College on any subject of interest to the student body, provided his views are expressed in reasonably intelligible English. But we do not intend to run this department by ourselves. In other words, we do not propose to attempt to be the whole show in matters of student opinion.

"The Poetic Literature of North Carolina"

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the article by Rev. Hight C. Moore which appears in this issue. From any point of view, and judged in the light of research work in particular, the article is a scholarly one and deserves the attention of all who are or are not interested in North Carolina literature. But students of the University will find an added interest in the work when it is remembered that the author was for some time pastor of the Baptist church here a few years ago. In connection with his church and Sunday school work, at which he is now actively engaged, he has always been interested in North Carolina literature. A few years ago he published a volume entitled: "Selections From North Carolina Poetry," and has contributed in various other ways to the State's literature.

The Short Story Contest

In outlining the plans for the year, the new board has decided to inaugurate if possible, the Inter-collegiate short-story contest proposed by the board of last year. We believe that a plan of this sort will contribute more than anything else toward raising the standard of college journalism. We believe the plan a feasible one, and outline it below just as it was submitted last year. We intend to submit the plan to twenty-five Southern colleges in the near future, and hope that it will meet with more success than it did last year. Nine colleges signified their intention of coming in last year, but owing to a misunderstanding about judges the plan was dropped. We hope to have more success with the plan this year because it has already been submitted to most of the colleges.

The plan is as follows:

Each college or university entering the contest shall contribute ten dollars as its share of the prize money.

Only undergraduate academic students shall be allowed to enter for a prize.

Stories to be eligible for a prize must not be over 5,000 words in length.

Each college shall be allowed to submit three stories, to be chosen in any way desired from those submitted to the college magazine.

The prize money shall be divided into a first and second prize, two thirds of the whole amount to be given as first prize and the remainder as second.

The contest shall be decided by a committee of three judges, to be chosen by the colleges entering the contest.

The magazines of the colleges entering the contest shall be allowed to publish the two winning stories.

When ten colleges have signified their intention of entering the contest, a committee of three shall be appointed by the presidents of the colleges to arrange final details.

The beginning, as well as the end of a college year, marks an epoch in college life. At the end comes the reckoning—the balancing of the sheet. On one side of the sheet we put what we have gained. One or more of the many goals toward which we have been working, has been reached or partially so, and with its realization comes the joy of fitness—the sense of restfulness that follows the completion of a good piece of work. Yet the other side must have its entries. On this side come the disappointments. In some particulars we have failed. The end toward which we were working, has not been attained. The high ideals with which we began, have in some way been lost sight of in the mad rnsh of other things. Opportunities have been presented to which we neither saw nor heeded. They file past us now, spectre-like and mocking. They are things worth while, things that we might have grasped had our purpose been steadfast. The sheet is full. How small seem the credits!

But at the beginning of the year there are no haunting spectres. The failures do not loom up so large, our ideals are re-born, wasted opportunities are replaced by others just as glowing. The disappointment of the past is forgotten in the flaming brightness of future promise. Failures may be retrieved, unfinished work may be completed, new and nobler aims may present themselves. The path of duty lies straight ahead. It and the path of pleasure are merged into one. The sheet is virgin white.

EXCHANGES

This being the first issue of the Magazine for this collegiate year it has required the energies of the entire editorial staff to get it out, and the new exchange editor pleads guilty to the charge of not having been sufficiently diligent in his special field. However, I am sure that I have no small number of companions in my crime, for unless my colaborers in the field of criticism have been sufficiently energetic to go back into the college literature of last spring, there has been no material for this issue. In some of the old magazines I note that it has been the custom to review the last magazine of the spring in the new magazine, but being a new laborer in the field of criticism I prefer to wait to begin my career with a review of new material. In the meantime, however, I would like to have a foreword with my readers in order to point out, if possible, what shall be the policy and the purpose of this department.

Right here let me state that I recognize full well the excellency of the standard which my predecessor has set for me and that it shall be my endeavor to keep this standard up to its present level. If I can conduct my exchanges upon as constructive and as useful lines as did my predecessors, I shall be satisfied with my work.

As I see it, the value of an exchange department rests entirely upon whether the criticism of its editor is helpful or not. Destructive criticism may be useful but it is likewise dangerous, and must be cautiously conducted. It is not my policy to grind on a new writer and stamp him out of existence, but rather to say, "hands up", and give him a fair showing. The policy of this department shall be to make the criticism constructive rather than destructive; and its purpose is above all else usefulness. And further I pledge myself to be severe—not to criticise to fill up space.

Just one more word and I have done. We of the exchange department ought not to try others and ourselves be ansewerable to no tribunal. Even as we examine with the critics eye all other parts of a magazine, so let us examine the exchange department and touch it up now and then.

ALUMNI NOTES

Roby Day, '07, is General Secretary for the Young Men's Christian Association of the A. and M. College of Mississippi.

Stanley Winborne, '07, is back at the University taking law.

H. H, Hughes, '07, is an instructor in English at the University.

J. M. Grainger, A.M. '06, is back at the University as an instructor in English.

L. T. Johnson, '01, is practicing Law in Oklahoma City, Okla.

W. D. McLean, '07, is city editor of the *Greensboro Telegram*.

Z. H. Rose, ex-'05, who left college during his Senior year on account of the death of his father, will graduate with '08 this year.

G. V. Cowper, '01, is practicing Law at Kinston.

S. H. Farabee, ex-'07, is on the staff of the *Raleigh Evening Times*.

Hampden Hill, '07, has a position in the State Chemist's office at Raleigh.

Hubert Hill, '07, is back at the University as an assistant in Geology.

J. B. James, '07, is back at the University taking Law.

T. C. Kerns, '07, has entered the Medical Department of the University.

J. B. Palmer, ex-'07, is instructor in Latin at the University.

A. T. Morrison, '07, is taking Law at the University.

L. W. Parker, '07, is instructor in French at the University.

J. K. Hall, '01, is assistant surgeon at the Insane Asylum at Morganton.

Miss Daisy Allen, '07, has a position in the State Chemist's office at Raleigh.

W. J. Barker, '07, is farming at his home near Burlington.

M. A. Bowers, '07, is back at the University taking a course in Medicine.

F. P. Drane, '06, is with the U. S. Geological Survey and is stationed at Vergilina, Va., at present.

Z. V. Judd, '03, is Superintendent of Schools in Wake county.

Claude McIver, '01, is superintendent of a farm for the Spray Cotton Mill Company, at Spray.

C. L. Weill, '07, is teaching French at the North Carolina Military Academy, Red Springs.

N. R. Claytor, '07, is teaching at Stanly. He has some ministerial duties in addition to his duties as teacher.

Dorman Thompson, '01, is practicing Law at Statesville.

R. M. Harper, '02, who has for several years been one of the traveling secretaries for the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association is taking a course in Theology at Harvard.

T. H. Haywood, '07, is taking work at the Philadelphia Textile School.

M. P. Cummings, '07, is back at the University taking Medicine.

J. H. D'Alemberte, '07, is a member of a drug firm in Penascola, Fla.

C. V. Cannon, '07, is at his home at Ayden.

W. S. Dickson, '07, is with the U. S. Geological Surey with headquarters at Chapel Hill.

J. K. Wilson, '05, is practicing Law at Elizabeth City.

Frank McLean, '04, is back at Chapel Hill taking Medicine.

C. H. Keel, '07, is working with the General Electric Company of Schenectady, N. Y.

N. Hughes, '07, is taking graduate work at Cornell University.

W. A. Jenkins, '07, is taking Theology at Yale.

L. R. Hoffman, '07, is back at the University as Assistant Librarian.

J. J. Parker, '07, is back at the University as instructor in Greek.

B. E. Washburn, '06, is back at the University taking Medicine.

W. H. Duls, '07, is back at the University as instructor in Mathematics.

J. H. Winston, '04, who graduated at Oxford University in July and who received his license in February is practicing Law at Norfolk, Va.

E. S. W. Dameron, '04, is practicing Law at Burlington.

W. H. M. Pittman, '07, is teaching at the Bingham School at Asheville.

J. D. Pemberton, '07, is taking Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

F. M. Crawford, '06, is instructor in Manual Training at William and Mary College.

R. M. Bryant, ex-'09, is in the insurance business at ort Mill, S. C.

R. S. Hutchinson, '02, is practicing Law at Charlotte.

E. S. Burwell, '06, is at Harvard University taking a course in Medicine.

J. E. Giddings, ex-'08, is at work with the A. C. L. at Rocky Mount.

E. C. Herring, '07, is studying Law at Mercer University.

E. M. Highsmith, '07, has charge of the graded school at Burgaw.

J. D. Kerr, ex-'06, will graduate this year at the University of Maryland.

J. E. Pogue, '06, won a scholarship to Yale aud will pursue his scientific studies there during the coming year.

A. C. Dalton, '06, will graduate in Law at Harvard this year.

T. W. Dickson, '07, is teaching Greek in the Warrenton High School.

F. B. Johnson, '97, former third baseman on the 'Varsity team, is operating a crate factory at Clinton.

A. W. Graham, '01, who graduated in Medicine at the University of Maryland in 1905, is practicing Medicine at Scranton, Penn.

R. B. Hardison, '07, is taking graduate work at the University and is also an assistant in Chemistry.

R. T. Allen, '06, is an assistant in Chemistry at the University.

F. B. Stem, '07, is back at the University as assistan in Chemistry.

W. T. McGowan, '07, is taking graduate work at the University.

T. G. Miller, '05, is taking Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

D. D. Withers, ex-'08, whose health prevented his return to college, is at work in Charlotte.

G. A. Johnston, '04, is at work in the Government Iron Works at Youngstown, Ohio.

C. H. Johnston, '98, is Professor of Psychology in the University of Michigan.

Q. S. Mills, '07, is on the reportorial staff of the *New York Sun.*

J. F. Spruill, '07, is traveling for Underwood and Underwood of New York.

W. M. Upchurch, '06, is Principal of one of the Graded Schools at Durham.

W. H. Kibler, '06, is teaching in the Durham Graded Schools.

H. L. Sloan, '07, is studying Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

J. S. Kerr, '06, is working with the Bell Telephone Company with headquarters at Atlanta, Ga.

I. C. Wright, '05, is practicing Law at Greensboro under the firm name of Murphy and Wright.

C. C. Barnhardt, '05, is teaching at Oak Ridge Institute.

P. E. Seagle, '06, is Principal of one of the Graded Schools in Raleigh.

I. C. Arledge, ex-'09, is at his home at Columbus.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved friend and fellow-student, Romy Story, be it therefore resolved;—

First, That the Dialectic Society loses in him a faithful member and the University a loyal son.

Second, That although we are deeply conscious of our loss, we rejoice in the memory of a life nobly spent and a manhood of strength and purity.

Third, That we extend to his bereaved family our sincere sympathy and express to them our appreciation of his character and manly conduct while in our midst.

Fourth, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Society and a copy sent to the Tar Heel and the University Magazine

J. J. Parker,
Jas. A. Gray, Jr.,
Kemp D. Battle,

Committee of the Di Society.

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The University Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1907

Old Series, Vol. 38 No. 2 New Series, Vol. 25

THE FLOWER AND THE BEE

J. B. Reeves

A young man and a maiden went a-walking
One sunny afternoon in balmy May
And soon to one another fell a-talking
The queer, outlandish things that lovers say.

Quoth he, "Oh, Maiden, thou art like a flower,
A flower, dainty yet so passing sweet
That bees might kiss off honey hour by hour
Yet ne'er a mite the less of honey meet!"

The maiden smiled a bit, then gazed demurely
Across the fragrant meadows, flower-strewn,
"'Midst flowers such as these," quoth she, "ah surely
No bee that's half a bee could be a drone.

THE TRANSGRESSION OF THE FIVE

P. H. Royster.

The Five were in a state of deep depression. They were in Tommy's room—Tommy, the self appointed guardian and guiding genius of the crowd. He and Pike were smoking in the corner on a lounge, discussing affairs of state and policy, for on them fell the duty of devising the course of action for the Five. Jonsey and Toad were prosecuting a morbid game of poker on the table. And the Big One was studying,—mathematics it was, for the Big One was some few of an electrical engineer and often strayed into the path of virtue and studied.

As the shades of night outside fell with a jar, they all relapsed into silence and only the riffle of the cards and the clink of the chips was heard.

Tommy spoke,

"Life is real: life earnest,

And Gold is not the Goal—"

"Speak me not them mournful numbers," cut in Pike. "I've been broke so long, I'm positively pie-eyed. Nothing in this world is anything but money. Money's everthing, — what's everything? Nothing. Wow, Piffies! Gentlemen, life is a fluke."

Big One stirred over at the desk. "Brace up, Pike, and don't sit there with that Harvard expression. This crowd hasn't a great sadness on. I meditate not." And he sank back into his mathematical researches.

"I bid one single and solitary blue seed, and if you raise I'll stop playing," said Jonsey.

"I fade," replied Toad more solemnly. "I don't believe I could pick out a good hand if I was in a card factory and had seven eyes and holes bored for more. If I could get two cards in the same hand that matched each

each other or showed any family resemblance I would build a bonfire. The best luck I've had yet, was when I almost drew a bob-tail flush. If you'll just designate how many of my chips you want I will hand them over to save time.

Big One rose to his feet—a feat, for he was six feet and enough more for all practical purposes—and holding the book in one hand and properly gesticulating with the other he recited,

"The equation of a four cusped hypocycloid is x to the two third plus y to the two thirds is equal to a to the two thirds. Now, gentlemen, we come, at this juncture to one of the most interesting phases of our mathematical analysis, and shows us—"

"Stop him, Pike," growled Tommy, "or shall I be forced to smite the jaw bone of that ass. Heave Ho!" And he sent Browning's *Complete Poetical Works* at the Big One's head and got him just under the right eye. Under ordinary circumstances, Big One would have considered it his duty to raise rough-house on the spot, but as it was, he merely picked up the book and rubbed his eye.

"You almost got the right i-dea," he said, smiling sweetly. Jonsey and Toad threw down their cards and stared at each other fiercely.

"I was greatly impressed by the book, and contented with its contents," he continued, "It contains weighty material. The author's insight is penetrating In fact it penetrated so far in my sight, that I fear the impression, tho, in my face, can not be efaced."

Tommy, Pike, Toad and Jonsey of one accord sprang to their feet, and tried to get to the door at the same time and hurt themselves. Big One sighed, patted the *Browning* gently and followed the others out. And silently the Five passed out into the night.

Headed by Tommy, they filed down the street five blocks, when, by a flank movement, they turned into a

restaurant with a Germanic proprietor, and obtained for consideration five large separate and individual glasses of beer. Nobody spoke until the foam hit the bottom.

"Call the meeting to order, Tommy," said Pike. "Something must be done. We must do something idiotic and foolish and abnormal and new and novel and exciting, right away, pro tempo, or else we are quilloids. Which the same we are not. I repeat, it is absolutely necessary that we do something to arouse us from our subconscious lethargy, to inspire and elevate the ego, from the material and sordid worldly cares, and emancipate our spirits from submission to the enthralling bonds of conventionality and bring us to a realization of the transcendancy of subjective existence."

"Put more lather in my mug," called the Toad. "This noise Pike is making is positively sickening. I don't think they ought to let a man take so much philosophy that it clogs up his vocal organs."

"Look here, foolish freshman," responded Pike, if you've got nothing to say, do so, and don't be disrespectful to your superiors."

"Your remarks are out of order, Toad" said Tommy, "Pay for the drinks. What Pike has, I may say, so elegantly expressed, is the present subject of conversation. We must do something abnormal, picturesque and unique for the sake of our health. Here are we, five strong, simple minded youths, who haven't done anything for three weeks but eat, drink and be sad. Nothing exciting has happened since we kidnapped that motorman off his car. Of course, Toad made an ass of himself by running off with a grocery wagon and getting arrested, but you can't expect anything better of a fresh man. That wasn't really exciting—only expensive. As I said before, something must be done. The chair is open to anything in the line of a reasonable suggestion."

"We might steal a cab". This from Toad.

"The freshman's mind is weakening. Subdue him, Jonsey. Cab-stealing is no longer legitimate. It's as

blase as whipping a cop. Everybody in college has stole at least two cabs. I repeat, the chair is open to reasonable suggestions."

"Get on a street car, and commence ringing up fares, and if the conductor tries to make a nuisance of himself, sit on his neck."

"Vulgar," objected the chair.

"Get tickets for the show and go up on the stage and do a bob-tail sextette," suggested Jonsey, who thought he could sing tenor.

"Too old," objected the chair.

"Turn on the fire alarm," from the Big One.

"Not refined enough." The chair called for more beer.

"Motion we adjourn," said Pike, "in search of opportunities of a magnitude commensurable with our capacities. If Mohamed won't go to the mountain, the mountain will have to drop in a Mohamed's office, if it wants to negotiate a deal.—Toad has the money for the drinks".

"The chair rules that the freshman pay for the suds," proclaimed Tommy.

"Objection by the defendant," squealed Toad. "It's confiscatory. You can't deprive me of my property without due process of law."

"Objections overruled, and defendant accepts judgement. — Cough up you pie-eyed freshman, you make my interlect weary."

As they were about to pass out of the restaurant a newcomer appeared on the scene. He was large and broad and frowsy-headed. He wore a cap, and was dragging a dog collar by the end of a chain. He wore a red sweater, loud pants and socks, smelled loudly of beer and was talking in a loud tone of voice.

"Here, boys," he called, "don't leave. Have a couple of dozen beers on me. I'm the Lalapatoopa, the Real Hot Stuff. I'm a Tangerine, a Peachalorumissimus. If you ever heard of J. Pierrpont Astoria Rockabilt, that's mama's little Willie boy, who is going to be very happy in a minute.

"Check," said Tommy. "Put a fuse on the track and come in on the siding. What's all this noise about?"

"Wherefore is this thisness?" asked the Loud Youth bracing himself against the wall. "Why cheese it, man, the gloom is so thick in here I can't see thru it. What's troubling Gwendolyn anyway?"

"Life is real, life is earnest," began Tommy.

"Drop it! Turn it loose! Let go, I say. Down that noise. Drink ten glasses of beer simultaneously and tell your troubles to the policeman, and the pain will be relieved." The loud Youth was getting wobbly in the knees and slid down onto the floor with his back against the wall.

"Listen," he began with his eyes closed tight. "The beginning of this merry tale was yesterday, when I got a check from the governor for four hundred. I dropped two hundred in a bucket shop, and last night I went into a poker game with my other two hundred iron dollars and came out one hundred and thirty six dollars and fourteen cents above par. Then I visited a shop where the little ball spins around the wheel and laid all my capital on the red. The ball stopped on the red and a man with a rake shoved five hundred of them at me. I came around by the bucket shop this morning and got three hundred to the good there, and just at present I've got more of the government's green promises than the Lord intended man to count. So if any of you want anything to eat, drink, or smoke, or want a steam launch, an automobile or a diamond-studded airship, or a bucket full of railroad bonds, just mention your desires." The Loud Boy turntd out his pockets and piled up a stack of V's and X's in front of him.

"Here take this," he said, "and if it ain't enough, come back for more." The Five looked at each other sadly, shook their heads and started out.

"Hey, you men," called the boy on the floor "where are you going? You men there, wait."

"We are going," Tommy was spokesman, "to find something doing. We're in for anything from highway-robbery to manslaughter."

"Friends, do you mean that?"

"We are right smart mean, pard."

"Friend, if you really mean that you are looking for excitement, please let me come along. I'm excited. I've had an exciting time this evening. I can't just remember what it was we did, it was — " he paused — "thrilling." He jerked the chain with the dog collar on the end. "I had a dog on there this evening," he said apologetically, "but, dog-gonit, the dog-on dog is gone. Will one of you get behind me and push me far enough forward and another get in front and see that I don't go too far forward, and — " his voice broke — "I — think I — can regain my e-qui-librium."

"Bring him along," growled Tommy, so they passed out of the restaurant, Pike on one side, Toad on the other, holding the Loud Youth to his feet. Nothing of moment happened as they went along, except they had to keep J. Pierpont from climbing every other telegraph pole they came across. As they passed a low brick building the Loud Boy stopped.

"What's that?" he asked.

"The fire house. Come on."

"Let's go in, I'm cold."

"Come on, you pestiferous idiot." Pike pulled him.

"Oh no," he persisted. "Let's go in fire house. Fire house, fire on house, house on fire, fire — "

"Oh close his mug, Pike," growled Tommy, "He's worse than a sick graphophone running backwards, after baby's got thru using the record for a tack-hammer. He's talking thru his nose. Put cotton in his smeller."

"Let's see the fire. Listen! Don't you see? Fire! Fire!" yelled the Loud Youth in a whisper. "Let's go to fire. Hurry. Bang, bang! Git up!"

"Sit on his neck" said Tommy.

"Hold! Check! Remain seated," said Pike, "An idea—" and he began dancing the war dance. "A be-autiful idea, great, splendiferous, picturesque, fascinating, novel, new, unique, refined in a high degree, and legitimate. We will go to the fire."

"It's catching," said Tommy. "Pike's got it now. Does it hurt much?"

"Oh wake up," responded Pike. "Can't you comprehend? There's a fire on Franklin and Webster. We'll turn out. 'Hero's noble work. Our Fire Boys gallantly attack the blazing building, and amid flashing flames and crashing timbers' — it'll sound great in the paper."

"But there ain't any fire," Toad began an objection.

"Wake up," cut in Tommy who had by this time come in contact with the third rail of Pike idea. "You must be narcotic. There might be a fire on Franklin street, you don't know. There's lkiely to be a fire somewhere in the city tonight, ain't there? And the peculiar locality," continued Tommy, "is non-essential. Gather up close and we will lay a plan of action."

After a parley of about ten minutes, the Five sneaked into the fire house. All was quiet inside for a few moments when suddenly, the bell struck, the gong rang, horses stomped about, the doors flew open and out came the two engines, the hose-wagon driven by Pike, the steamer by Tommy. Big One was firing the boiler on the steamer, his mechanical knowledge giving him precedence in this important office. Down the street they flew, the two wagons abreast, Pike and Tommy, trying to see which could make the most noise with the gongs. Five blocks they made it and turned into Main Street going south. Down Main they ran until they passed 14th street, and came abreast the City Hall, one of the busiest spots in the city. The regular Saturday night traffic was at its highest, the late shoppers crowded the sidewalks, armed with domestic bundles. The engines coming down the street attracted no attention, for the

city people were immune to trifles like fires. But as the steamer drew up to the side walk, and the hose-wagon dumped out two lines of hose, one pointing up Main and the other down, the people began to take notice.

Big One was taking advantage of the opportunities that chief-engineer on the steamer placed on his shoulders, and was doing things up brown. The safety valves were popping and the flames stood ten feet above the boiler. Every time he threw in a chunk of coal in the fire box, it went out thru the stack. Big One had had considerable experience in drawing drafts on the old man, and he had the draft drawing so strong that it bent the grate bars in.

The hose was connected and the water turned on. Tommy, assisted by Toad played a duet on one nossle, Pike and Jonsey performed on the other. Both streams were directed up the side walk. People fled into stores, behind telegraph poles and out in the street. The stream of water swept a deadly circle across from one sidewalk to the other. At this instant the whole traffic of the city stopped, the overflow of people massing up behind each other, block. The surface cars were at a stand still. One closed electric car alone attempted to run the gauntlet. As it came opposite the steamer, Tommy called, "Hump yourself, Big One, and boost the pressure." He directed the stream at a window, the glass shattered, and before the car got out of range, it was to a large extent damp on the interior. No other car dared face the music.

Then the police appeared on the scene. One started up Main street, and got within fifty yards before he was noticed.

Jonsey spied him first. "Here comes an officious officer of the law."

"Lets see if we can't dampen his ardor" responded Pike and the stream knocked him off his feet. He tried to rise, but before he regained his feet, he was

down again. He crawled out of range and went off in search of aid.

As the minutes passed the crowd grew greater and the police more numerous.

"This is beautiful — the chance of a life," called Tommy to Pike. "It's a sport that money can't buy. You were a genius, Pike, when you thought of this. I want to go off and hug myself. It beats anything that ever happened in college.—It's glorious," he added as he broke up a formation play the police were trying on him. "That copper don't know whether to crawl out or swim out. This is like taking candy from the baby."

"I hate to mention any unpleasant details," spoke the Big One, "but you tell me how we are going to get out of this. I wouldn't like to speak in pessimistic tone, but I haven't the slightest doubt that those police would hang us if they caught us. While on the subject I might mention that the coal won't last more than five minutes longer."

"I hope you wont think I've got cold feet, nor that I am a quitter, but I wish I was on South Sea Island, down on the bill-a-fare of a cannibal banquet. I'd feel a little more comfortable." Toad was blue.

"The chances of our escape," said Tommy, "are about none out of the same. I reckon we'd better enjoy ourselves while the coal lasts and then pray."

"I'm glad my past life has been above recrimination." said Jonsey. "Toad, *ain't* you sorry for your wild and wicked ways."

Pike spoke. "The only chance I see for us, is to get together and charge down Main Street with the hose, if it is long enough. If we can drive the crowd back pass a cross-street we may turn off and run for it. It's our only hope. Our friends the enemy surround us and we can't fly." He looked around. "J. Willie Astoria, however, will be unable to move. We'll have to derelic him. Get his money Jonsey and we'll abandon him. A

man's safe here in the city if he hasn't any money." The Loud Youth was found under the seat in the hose-wagon, all in and out, sleeping like a night-watchman. Jonsey disannexed his roll of bills and returned to the fighting line.

"Now when I give the signal," continued Pike, "Tommy, you and Toad come over here, and all five of us will carry the hose up the street to 14th. Then when I call for a tackle back formation, drop the hose and carry the ball, around left end, down 14th street with a celerity commensurable with the demands of the occasion. Ready," he called, "Play !" And they charged up Main street.

At first the crowd held for a moment, then panicked and fled, police and all. When the charging line reached the corner, at a command from Pike, they dropped the hose, bunched for a formation play, and carried the ball right over center, down 14th street, running over everything that got in their way.

Things happened in the next several moments. They were running then — a simple question of speed. They heard the police calls behind them, and people running, and shouting. Buzzing arc lights told them when they passed corners. They turned up side streets and down cross streets, into lanes, over fences, across ditches and back into the street again still running a little bit faster than they were physically able.

As the little clock on Tommy's mantle struck one, five wet, bedragled, and muddy boys crept into the room. Tommy struck a light and called the roll. All were present in one form or another. Tommy had lost his coat and all of them had lost their breath. They fell into chairs and Pike dropped to the floor and rolled under the table, having spasms between convulsions.

"Gru-great" he finally gasped out, "be-autiful—picturesque,—Oh Lord ! man, did you see that fat cop roll over when I laid the water up in his face. I — I sho' put

the blocks to him." His emotions overcame him and he could only blow wind thru his mouth.

"An artistic piece of work thruout" said Tommy after a pause. "It will go down in the annals of the college as the greatest stunt of the century. It's history-making. Pike *you* are a great man. I take off my hat to your superior genius. Seelah."

"It wasn't me that thought of it" objected Pike. "It was Pierpont—"

"Pierpont" interrupted Tommy, Pierpont—poor fellow. *And* we left him to the tender mercy of the crowd. I hope they won't tar and feather him."

"No," said Pike, "they'll probably compromise on lynching — and we've got his money. What will we do with it?"

Said the Big One "We might send flowers to the funeral — or buy a diamond-studded airship."

Pike sat up suddenly, and hit his head against the table leg. You've got the makings in the closet, haven't you Tommy. We ought to drink a toast to — to — it's a pity we don't know his name."

Tommy got it out, and some glasses, and they gathered up to the table.

Pike raised his glass.

"Here's to Pierpont — 'He came to us from without the darkness, lingered but a while, and is gone whither man wot not of — to Pierpont, may he rest in peace."

And they set their empty glasses on the table.

THE COMING OF THE SHADOW

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

I feel it coming as a snake, this fate
Of mine. Oft in the day, when over all
The world the sun shines bright and nature seems
To sing with joy, it comes upon me, this
Grim blackness gripping close my seeing eyes,
And blotting out in swirling fire the world
Around. I stand alone and groping in
The silent night — a night to none but me,—
And wondering with dread if it will all
Come back again, the day, the light, the life
That has so swiftly gone. At last it comes,
And each time longer in the waiting than
Before. A glimmer first and then the light
Drifts slowly back to my tired eyes; yet with
A weakening of vision that is slow,
Though cruel and remorseless as the march
Of Time.

And oft I sit beside my lamp,
A book upon my knee, my mind intent
Alone upon that which I read. My eyes
Grow tired, and something seems to snap within
My brain, the pages blur and fade before
My sight, the room grows dark; I place my hand
Upon the book to feel if it may still
Be there. Sometimes it seems that hours have passed
Before again the light comes back and all
Is as it was.

The joy in life is free
And full, the sun shines warm and bright and birds
Sing merrily, when one is young. I gaze

Into the faces of those whom I love,
And wonder how this world would seem without
That sight God gave me at my birth; and now
He takes that which He gave.

There is a choice,
The swift, releasing hand of death, or else
The black and silent days of those who tread,
Forever blind, the road of life. But one
To choose, a living or a dying death!
God steel my heart to quail not at the choice.

DEMOCRACY, A NEW UNFOLDING OF HUMAN POWER

J. J. Parker

Scientists tell us that the earth is held in its orbit and all mundane life is made possible by the balancing of two migty conflicting forces; and that to suspend the action of either of them would be to destroy the entire system of the universe. Suspend, if possible, the world's centrifugal force, and all objects will be pulled toward the centre of the earth with a force that will crush to atoms every living thing on its surface. Suspend, if you can, the world's centripetal force, and all the mighty monuments of our boasted civilization will in the twinkling of an eye be hurled thousands of miles into space. And yet, so nicely are these forces balanced, the one against the other, that the tiniest fly can crawl along yonder ceiling without being disturbed by either of them.

These two forces in the physical world have their counterparts in human life. Here, too, we have two mighty conflicting forces; and here, too, life, progress, and happiness depend upon their being properly balanced. But these forces we call, not acceleration or gravity, but institutionalism and individualism. Institutionalism alone would draw the individual into the heart of the institution crushing out his initiative, his energy, and his ambition. Individualism alone would hurl him out of society, where his initiative, his energy, and his ambition would be absolutely worthless to himself and to the world. Civilization in any form depends upon the balancing in some way of these two mighty eforcs ;and the great problem in human life is to give the proper place to the individual and to the institution.

Now I wish it to be understood in the beginning that I am not fighting against institutions. Organization is a necessary element in life. Two men working together can do more than the same men working apart. Two men thinking together can arrive at saner conclusions than the same men thinking apart. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name," says Christ, "there am I in the midst of them." But we should never forget that, as important as these institutions are, they are not the whole of life—that, before you can have an organization, you must have somebody to organize—that the individual man is the great central fact in human affairs and that in promoting his welfare the institution finds its sole excuse for existence. But this fact has not been, nay it is not yet, fully recognized by the world. The institution, throughout the world's history, has been magnified at the expense of the individual. To early man, the state or the religious cult seems of such tremendous importance that its origin or its purpose can be explained by nothing in the category of the human. He looks upon it as the direct gift of the gods, and upon those who, by birth or chance, happen to have it in control as divinely appointed for its administration. Hence arises the aristocrat, the pampered child of circumstance, who gathers around himself all the pomp and splendor of the organization, while the great masses of the people, whose labor makes this splendor possible, are fated by law and custom and beyond the saving power of effort to lead lives of toil and of degradation. Such was the character of all the ancient states. The Levite was the hereditary lawmaker of the Jews. The Persian king was an absolute master of his people. The Perioci were but slaves of the dominant Spartans. And the boasted republics of Greece and of Rome were ever ruled by the Eupatrids and the Patricians.

The humble Carpenter of Nazareth saw the inherent injustice in such a system. More than any other phil-

osopher, He realized the grandeur and fathomed the vast possibilities of human nature. The Man who taught in the Synagogue and yet disdained not to dine with publicans and sinners saw that even the poorest and meanest of mankind is imbued in some degree with the spirit of the eternal God, and that it is sacrilege, therefore, for any man to affect a superiority over his fellows. "I and the Father are one," said he, "and ye all are my brethren." And yet Christ did not discount the institution. To render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's was as truly a command of His as, to render unto God the things that are God's. He was the first and the greatest democrat; for He appreciated more fully than any man, before or since has done, the reality of both man and the institution. He saw that institutions are necessary to give to man the full expression of his life; but He realized that the institution exists for man, and not man for the institution.

But the world was not yet ready to apply the truth which Christ had discovered. The man who made himself the equal of Caesar was sent to the death upon the cross; and the principle for which He gave His life was allowed to slumber for seventeen hundred years. But the fire of truth was not to be entirely quenched by its contact with Roman absolutism. Beneath the tyranny of the middle ages it still smouldered; and the Reformation fanned it into a consuming flame, which the hosts of error and oppression were powerless to stop. The Anglo-Saxon race has ever been noted for taking the ideas of other peoples and giving them a practical application; and so in this case, upon our own forefathers devolved the sacred duty of applying the democratic theory of Christ. Driven out of Europe by the persecution of an intolerant church and a bigoted aristocracy, they sought a haven beyond the ocean; and here on the shores of America, they braved the dangers of the wilderness to found a nation embodying the teachings of

Christ, a nation the chief corner-stone in whose structure should be the sacredness of the individual man. The God of nations smiled upon their labors and crowned their efforts with success. After years of determined trial they succeeded in founding a nation, which has grown into an institution more powerful than the Athens of Pericles or the Rome of Augustus, more splendid than the France of Louis or the England of Queen Elizabeth; and yet one which, with all its power and all its grandeur, recognizes the rights of all its citizens and gives a square deal to the meanest and humblest of them all.

This nation has been indeed a city set on a hill. For in little more than a century the humble beginning of '76 democracy has spread far and wide throughout the earth, shedding some rays of light into its darkest and blackest corners. And great is the unfolding of human power which has been the product of the movement. Democracy has struck from the individual the shackles placed upon him by the caste system of ancient institutions. Man has been allowed to work in any field to which his nature or his disposition led him. His ambition has been aroused and his energy has been stimulated by knowing that his lot in life is not dependent upon custom or the whim of some mighty potentate, but upon his own inherent capacity and the effort which he puts forth. And this recognition of the individual has meant the most wonderful progress for the race. "Freed from the chains of ancient thought and superstition, man has achieved most wonderful victories over the hostile forces of environment. He has robbed the earth of her secrets, and has sought to solve the mysteries of the heavens. He has descended into the bowels of the earth, and has walked in safety on the bottom of the sea. He has soared above the clouds, and has made the impalpable air his resting place. He has secured and chained to his service the elemental forces of nature; making the fire his steed, the winds his minis-

ters, the lightning his messenger. He has advanced at such an astounding pace that breathless we have reached a moment when it seems that distance has been annihilated, time made as naught, the invisible seen, the inaudible heard, the impossible accomplished." Never before has wealth been produced at so rapid a rate as in the century that has gone by. Never before have literature and the arts enjoyed so glorious an age. Never before has science achieved such notable victories. And the secret of it all is organization so managed as to give expression to the individual life; or, in other words, the principle underlying all modern progress is the principle which Jesus Christ saw and stated nineteen hundred years ago.

But not even yet have we given this principle a fair trial. As yet, we have applied it only to our political organization. If it is true, it should apply to all our organizations; and I believe that the solution of every problem in modern life consists in the application to it of the true democratic principle. I know there are those who, looking only upon the evils of American civilization, pronounce democracy a failure; but I believe that Christ was right in the principle that he laid down; and I believe that the trouble is not that we have applied this principle, but that we have not applied it widely enough. The trouble is, not that we have too much democracy, but that we have too little democracy.

Most of the problems that confront us in the world today are the products of our business life; for, as men work, so they live; and, as they live, so are their ideas formed and their type of character and civilization is developed. What, then, let us ask, is the character of our business life today? And in what way can the principle of democracy be applied to it?

That which above all else distinguishes the industry of today from the industry of the past is the presence of the industrial organization. The invention of machin-

ery, the development of the credit system, and the improvement in transportational facilities; all have combined to bring into existence great industrial combinations to which millions must look for their very life itself, but which, like the empires of old are exploited for the enrichment of a few favored individuals. The individual man has been lost from sight in the organization. Economic freedom has become a thing of the past. Great masses of the people are bound by a system of slavery—a system no less real, because it is less apparent, than the system under which the pyramids were built for the Pharaohs.

This is the source of your trust problem and your labor problem; and this, to my mind, is the secret of the popular opposition to the trust. Say what you will about popular prejudice, I believe that Franklin was right when he said that you cannot fool all the people all the time. The continued opposition of the people to trusts shows a basis deeper than campaign oratory. The people feel in a blind sort of way this very fact that I am trying to impress upon you—that they are helpless in the hands of the powerful managers of these gigantic corporations. The real evil that afflicts business is the reign of despotism in the business world; and the source of the trust problem and the labor problem and of all industrial problems is that the capitalist attempts to maintain business on a despotic basis in the midst of people whose ideas are permeated with the democratic principle.

Now it is worse than useless for us to fight industrial organizations as such. They are the natural products of industrial development. Through them, immense economies in production are possible; and it is through them, largely, that our marvelous economic progress has come. The problem is to keep industrial organization and to eradicate the evils that have grown out of it. And the solution of this problem, and the only solution, consists

in applying to it the democratic principle. When our government was cursed with despotism, we did not destroy political organization: we made it democratic. It is our industry now which is cursed with despotism; and the thing to do is, not to destroy industrial organization, but to make it democratic. And whether we like it or not, this is the way that the problem is to be solved. Things cannot long remain as they are. No people can for any length of time serve both God and Mammon. And already one-fifth of the distributive industry of England is carried on by cooperative societies. Already, in our own country, agreements between labor unions and employers' organizations are becoming matters of common occurrence. Profit sharing schemes are increasing in number day by day. Tokens all that democracy, like the leaven hid in the measure of meal, is pervading our industrial as well as our political life!

And, my friends, let us not fear its coming. Democracy does not mean the destruction of the grand and the beautiful; but it means the bringing of the grand and the beautiful into the life of the plain every-day citizen. Democracy in government has not meant the destruction of the palace of the Caesars; but it has meant the opening up of the palace of the Caesars and the making of it into a forum for the people. This has been its strength when applied to government; and this will be its strength when applied to industry. For before democratic industry, the labor problem and the trust problem will dissolve as the mist before the morning sun. The entire industrial system will be infused with new life and vigor; for the laborer even will feel that he is one of the owners of the business in which he works. His ambition will be aroused, his energy will be stimulated, and he will take a personal interest in his work. This will mean increased production; but it will mean more than increased production. It will mean increased intelligence. It will mean the development of the spirit of

independence. It will mean the development of pride of character. It will mean, in short, the development of all those higher qualities which more than anything else distinguishes man from the beasts that perish. The industrial genius, the leader of industry, will still have his place and will still receive his reward. That reward may be,—yea, I hope that it will be different from what it is today, and that, as the individual exploitation of industry becomes a thing of the past, the Rockefellers and the Harrimans, the Napoleons of finance, will give place to the George Washingtons of business—to men who will use their genius for public advantage rather than for private gain, and who, like Robert E. Lee, will prefer to be held in honor by their countrymen than to make a fortune through their exploitation. Men in the ranks of industry, as they cease to be slaves, will develop more and more the higher qualities of their nature. Greater leisure, increased opportunities for self-development, and participation in the management of business; all of these things will make of the laborer of the future a far different being from what he is today. He will no longer be surrounded by ignorance and filth and squalor. He will no longer be compelled to cheat his children of their childhood in order to supply them with daily bread. He will no longer be compelled to spend his days in slavery and his nights in a wretched attempt to recoup with drink and haunted slumber his exhausted energy for another day of hopeless toil. But as a free born American citizen, living in his own home and master of his own business, with pride in the past and with hope for the future as the shades of evening deepen he will gather his children around his fireside, and there, amid health and peace and contentment, he will tell them of the glorious history of their country and the priceless heritage which is theirs. And upon homes such as these a new morality, a new religion, a new civilization will spring up. Man will more and more come

to regard himself as a link in the chain of an historical evolution; and more and more will he place above his own temporary and selfish interests the interests of the society in which he lives. He will conceive of his God, not as a lordly monarch sitting alone in the midst of the universe, oblivious to the actions and fates of men, but as the benificent spirit that guides the planets in their pathway and yet marks the sparrow's fall.

It was the sacred principle of democracy, my friends, that inspired Jesus of Nazareth as, bending beneath the weight of the cross, He faced the ignominious death upon Calvary. It was the principle of democracy that inspired Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms, when, standing before the assembled potentates of a misguided theology, he dared declare the sovereignty of the individual soul. It was democracy that inspired our forefathers at Valley Forge, where with bare and bleeding feet they marked the winter's snow, fighting not for relief from a paltry tax, but for the recognition of the individuals who inhabited the American Colonies. And it is the vision of democratic civilization which inspires the modern hero in our industrial and political life, who, casting aside political fortune, grapples in a life and death struggle with organized greed and sordid selfishness. Democracy has been the dream of the past: it is destined to be the reality of the future. Wider and wider is to be its acceptance. Deeper and deeper is its principle to be applied. Baptized in the blood of martyrs and tried in the fire of persecution, it has survived for the regeneration of the world. The principle for which Christ suffered has been lifted up: it is drawing all men unto it.

THE BELL BUOY

James Sprunt

Alone upon a troubled sea
To rock and ring responsively,
I stand without, while others fly
To seek the friendly haven nigh.

My voice is heard by those who weep
For sailor sons upon the deep,
Who heed me not, nor breakers roar,
When wind and tide sweep on lee-shore.

Sometimes the hurrying crested swell
Engulfs and chokes this wide mouthed bell,
But in the hollow troughs I ring
And on the wind exult and sing.

Throughout the day, throughout the night,
On pinions spread in endless flight,
The bells on countless ships at sea
In answering echoes come to me.

Whene'er the moaning of the bar
Forbodes a storm or stress of war,
I toll upon the hungry sea
In muffled tones most dismally—

For those I strived in vain to save,
Who went unshriven to their grave.

And when the sea gives up its dead,
From secret caverns of its bed,
Then God's deep bells will silence me
Into a vast eternity.

A PROFITABLE COURTSHIP

D. Z. Newton

All day the rain had beat a monotone on the roof of the hotel. It had made just such music as gives me mental dyspepsia. And this added to the fact that I had not sold any goods in the town loosened my moral stamina. Finally my friend Bailey seemed to see and appreciate my condition.

"Well, you are up against it," he said, "judging from your looks."

"Yes," I replied. "I haven't sold a thing in this town; and on my commission depends my bread and butter."

"Oh," he resumed, "that's nothing. I have been in the same condition many a time. I never will forget one little town I used to have to make. It was almost impossible to sell a thing there. And, by the way, that reminds me I had one of the richest experiences of my life there. Straighten up, and I'll tell you about it."

I knocked the ashes off my cigar and prepared for what I expected to be a dry, boring story.

"You know that hustling little town, Rose Hill," he began. I nodded. "You know that was once the slowest place on earth. You couldn't give a man a piece of furniture, nor anything else worth anything. It was what you might call a den of fogyism.

"But there was one thing there that made me like to go. She was a young stenographer, about eighteen. I can see her now, flirting with those little laughing blue eyes. O, she was a peach from first to finish — smart too. In fact she was the only thing there.

"And to tell the truth I went kinder crazy over her. So much so, that I got off a month to see whether there was anything mutual about it. I got me an automobile

and went over there with the determination to do some sporting proper.

"I took her for a ride up Main Street the first evening after I got there. It was the first time she was ever in an automobile; but she wasn't one of the kind that gets scared at nothing. Instead I could see her face just bubbling with pleasure as she pushed back her little sunny curls behind her ears. She was talking me some too. Of course this was making me feel good. But what made it only the better was to see her lover standing off on one corner looking like a whipped dog, and to hear some of the old men making sulphurous remarks about the stunt.

"I guess they thought I was a devil in a devilish thing. And of course they deemed me an unfit sport for tbe idol of their most worshipped son. They considered me unhealthy to their sacred den of fogyism, and destructive to their flattering homes of permanent ownership. Consequently the next day when I was taking her to ride again I saw the old ones putting their heads together about something, and the young ones gossiping as to what was going to turn up. This gave me a feeling that something was going to be done. I didn't know what it was.

"What I was doing, or what I was going to do, I didn't know. Any way, I knew I was in the fight with a determination to find, what someone has called, 'the tragic or the joyous'. You bet your bottom dollar too I wasn't wasting time. And even if I did have to pay a hundred dollars for causing a horse to find out the weakness of his driver, I was still in the game. I didn't enter it to drop out — at least till she said so. But they thought the other way. For when that little shrivelled, fossil-like preacher had me brought up for disturbing public worship, that dead-head, her lover, had little enough sense to hollow good-bye. I thought to myself — 'all right, old boy, we'll see about that.' I hadn't

done anything more than toot the horn of my machine, which brought several of the people in the church to the windows. I knew it was their fault, not mine, as the old magistrate said, when he charged up the cost to the preacher.

"Of course these little troubles annoyed me some, but they made me work only the harder; for one never does anything unless he is forced to do it. And if ever I was up against it, it was then. She would give me two visits and that other dead-head one. Well, that was good enough as far as it went. But why did she give me two and refuse to quit him entirely? Readily you would say she was loving me for my automobile. That didn't satisfy me entirely. I had too much faith in the virtue and sincerity of a woman for that. You couldn't make me believe she would sacrifice love for temporary pleasure. I believed she had as much principle as I had. I had cut out drinking whiskey and smoking cigarettes for her. Surely she would either cut out him or me, when I was keenly opposed to him and he to me. There's where the trouble lay.

"To straighten out matters, I thought over all the fiction I had ever read for a plan. It was useless though. For no two women have the same mind. If they did, one might love two women equally at the same time, since it is the peculiar mystery of a woman and not what you know about her that makes you love her. So I concluded there were no definite plans, and that the only way was a simple, common-sense one. I would either have to sell my machine or get him to procure one. In other words give him a fair show.

"Now, to have sold mine would have put me out of commission; for she would have said at once that I was minus quantity. The only alternative then was that he must buy one.

"In order to get him to do so, I decided to write him a letter under the girl's signature, and in her handwriting

as near as I could imitate it. I wrote him something like this: 'You have my deepest affections. Nevertheless affections are not all; happiness doesn't come from affections alone. One has got to have some of the conveniences of life. I am tired of these old ways,' etc., along like that. Of course I closed it very lovingly.

"I sealed this up and was on the point of sending it to the office when I took a second thought. I concluded that that would never do, for if she loved me about as good as the other fellow I could win her with the help of the machine. But if he got one I would be put to the bad. So to see whether she loved me or not was now the strategical point. If she did, I would not send the letter; if she didn't, I would.

"Now, finding out the relation a woman stands to you is no cinch. Especially is this true if you want to do so without making her aware of it. Now this was just what I wanted to do. If I did lose, I wanted to leave matters so as I could make the other fellow pay the indemnities, so to speak. For this reason I had to have some psychological way.

"Well, as it happened, I had learned a way the year before at college. Perhaps you have heard it before. It was nothing more than telling the girl that you were going to leave for eight or ten months and at the same time keeping your eye on the movements of her under lip. If her under lip dropped, she loved you; if not, she didn't.

"The day I determined to this plan was just like today — rainy, oppressive. I was blue, dejected — don't know how I did feel, probably somewhat like you look. Everybody else seemed to be happy. People would smile and bow at me, something they hadn't been doing lately. This kinder worried me. A weird feeling crept over me. I was on the point of getting some booze before I went, when I heard her just across the street singing—

'Just a little fond affection, dearie,
Will cause the sun's bright rays again to shine.'

"She sang this so sweetly it seemed to ring the bells at the gate of Heaven. It almost completely changed my feeling — even so much that I felt that I was like the song, past all perturbations, ready to enter my haven. All I had to do was to ring.

"You bet your life I could ring. Never in my life had my expectations been greater. I was over there in five minutes. And the reception I received, O, it was beautiful, the supreme joy of my life. There she was with outstretched hands, smiling, turning those little blue eyes up at me. I could hardly resist the temptation of taking her into my arms. I couldn't think of telling her I was going to leave. Like a fool I could only gaze at her.

"As soon, however, as this halluciation passed, I began testing my plan. I was succeeding nicely, but as yet no change in her lip, when I heard the honk of an automobile. And on turning whom did I see but that dead-head, her lover, with a new one coming at a billy-goat speed. That finished everything. She threw her little white hands above her head and clapped. She was tickled all over — tickled so I became rather grave, in fact, rather serious. She noticed it and partially hushed. Then she grasped my hand tightly, looked me straight in the eye, and tenderly said: 'I like you, Frank. You have certainly been awfully kind to me.'

"By that time he had stepped in and without her saying any more I could see she was preparing to thank me for carrying out her purpose in getting him to get an automobile before they were married. In other words she was going to thank me for being a fool. But she would make me promise always to be their friend."

"That was putting you to the bad, I guess," I interrupted, "and cutting you out of your indemnity."

"Well it seemed mighty bad then," he replied, "not to get the girl nor send the letter either. But it was the best thing I ever did in my life, even if he did beat me out. I got the people stirred up. They took on new life, and from that time until now that little place has been a coming town. And now I sell more goods there than in any other place in the State, and more to that once dead-head and his wife, who are now my best friends, than to any other customer."

I shook his hand, not feeling quite so blue.

There was a fresh college yap
Who pulled at the leg of his pap
Until his gay hose
Set fire to his clothes
And in Jesus he now takes a nap.

A LA FRANCAISE

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

Ho, waiter, bring the best you have, and quick
About it too. God's blood, these early hours
Give one an appetite! No, only I;
Henceforth I take my meals alone, my friend
Will come no more. How now, gape like a fool!
Begone with you or I shall find the means
To haste your lagging steps, you lazy knave.
At last he 's gone; my breakfast should be here
Anon. Last night my friend sat there, across
From me, and we stayed long above our wine.
A boon companion he; for twenty years
We sat just so, three times a day. Close friends
Were we, no closer in this world I think
Were ever found. But now he 's gone; I shot
Him through the heart myself at dawn out in
The Bois. A game at cards, a word, a blow—
And after twenty years. He was my friend,
Another such I 'll never find. But there
I see my waiter comes. Let us forget
The past and look but to the business
At hand. This wine is good, upon my soul!

ON KNOCKING

D. Phillips

The knocker is a wonderfully useful person to be as heartily disliked as he is, surprisingly so. Did you ever stop to think how much better it is to let the other fellow do the knocking? Or how much better you feel when he does it? Stop the next time you read some good hard knock—on the other fellow of course—and ponder on how it eases your spirit without hurting your conscience. And then moderate a little your scorn and dislike for the professional user of the hammer.

Think a moment. Someone must do the knocking. Man is so constituted, that he is never totally pleased with anything the other fellow does all alone. Let him help, let him even think he helped, and the result is as near perfection as is permitted in this our faulty world. No matter what it was all about, just let Number One have a hand, or even a finger in it, and the knocker is an undiscerning fault finder, a prejudiced critic, an unfair judge. Then indeed is he to be looked down on in supreme disdain, to be shunned as one full of some malignant disease. Why, has he not presumed to find fault with what *I* have done? Has he not criticized perfection? Then out upon him, he is beyond the pale of our sympathy, then truly he is the "knocker" in all his malignity. A knocker and your lip goes up with that "holier than thou" expression so characteristic of snobs and fools.

But let the other fellow do it all, and, oh my, just see the change. Is there not some tiny defect, hid from less observing eyes than yours? Has not some defect been left for your discernment, your penetrating brain to discover and point out? "I must count that, it has been overlooked." But is it knocking? A righteous horror

fills you at the very idea. Knocking? Knocking? Why of course not. It is a very charitable effort to correct some error, some heartfelt and sincere desire to help some poor unfortunate less able than you. Knocking is finding fault and you are only helping to correct some fault. You are sure that once you have pointed out that fault, your advice will be heeded, ah, my, yes, of course—and your service will be regarded as one of wholehearted and magnaminous friendship. Knocking? Truly you never dreamed of such a thing!

And yet again pause a moment and ponder. You say, some one must correct faults, or they will go on as faults. You don't knock. Oh, of course not! You merely suggest, advise, correct. The other fellow does the knocking. Does it not help your spirit, that puny little thing you call your conscience, to be so much better than your fellow man? The knocker helps your self esteem wonderfully. When you see him hard at it with his hammer, pat yourself on the back, and say, "Poor fellow, he dosen't know any better. 'I thank Thee that I am not as other men.'" You feel better don't you? You feel sorry for him; a little contemptuous toward him. He's helped your conceit at the expense of his reputation, and you can't help being a bit grateful to him, and you come to think that possibly it is a good thing that there are knockers in the world, after all.

Yes, there's a place for knockers in this world, and I'd rather be a self confessed knocker than a smug-faced hypocrite who "advises, suggests, helps others along." The knocker is at least given credit for his convictions, while your helper is credited by one and all as one of the "holier than thou" type, a man to be avoided or at least tolerated. People may fear a knocker, but they respect him. People hate your suggester. And so, my friend, take a knocker's advice. Either put your little hammer where all can see it, or stop suggesting faults where only you can see them. "Knock, if you must, but knock openly," is the advice of "one of them."

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

C. W. Tillett, Jr.

"What time is it?"

A strikingly well dressed, good looking young fellow addressed this remark to Ed Williams and me as we were aimlessly strolling around Pine Beach a short while after dinner.

"Oh, about three o'clock," said Ed, "and that being interpreted means we will have to endure this cussed sun for four hours longer. Did you ever see it so hot?"

"Never," he answered. "I came down to the Exposition hunting a good time, but if it gets no better I think I'll go back to my home sweet home. It was dull and hot enough there, but this is the limit."

"That's just about what we had decided. This whole country is sorry enough, but Pine Beach is the worst of all. We can't even find a place to get cool."

"I disagree with you there," said our new friend. "None of it is extra, but Pine Beach is best of all. And one thing they have got here is a fine place to get cool; a fine view, a good breeze, and swell music all the time. The liquid refreshment isn't bad, either. I'm bound that way now. Will you all go with me?"

"We most assuredly will, unless you beat us off with a stick," answered Ed.

"Come on, I'll be only too glad to have company. By the way, that place yonder is the most interesting thing I've struck since I reached here," he said, pointing to a crowd gathered before one of the booths about a block down another street, "what about going there, its right on our way?"

"Suits me," said Ed. "How about you, Jack?"

"I'm in for anything that doesn't take money," I

replied. "Like a fool I forgot to get my money from the hotel clerk this morning and I'm about broke."

The attraction turned out to be one of those very entertaining and fascinating wheels of fortune. You put up a quarter and give the pointer a vigorous turn; if it stops at the right place you get a dollar. The next time you have to put up fifty cents on a chance for two dollars; the next a dollar for four dollars, and so on as far as your nerve lasts.

As we walked up a crabbed, sour-looking man of middle age was playing the wheel. He was one of those boastful fellows who rubs you the wrong way the minute you set eyes on him. The crowd was viewing with undisguised irritation his run of exceptionally good luck. Not that they hated to see the wheel lose, although several members of the crowd showed plainly that their misery would love companionship, but because of the insolent smirk of disgusting egotism that he bestowod on everybody after every turn. He was just putting up two dollars with a chance for eight when we arrived. With a pseudo-scientific flourish he essayed to give the pointer a whirl with the exact amount of feebleness to make it stop on the right spot. To our disgust what should that perverse piece of inanimate materiality do but act in perfect compliance with the offensive acidity of his wishes. He won the eight dollars. His look of exultation, and absolute disregard of our spiteful antagonism only increased the fervency of our prayers that the next time would begin the falling action of the drama. But again were our hopes disappointed. He drew in twelve more atoms of the unclean lucre. His actions were becoming more and more disgusting every time. There must be something underhanded in the game somewhere or this luck could not last. What could possibly be the profit in having a fellow win whom everybody wanted to see lose? He was undoubtedly on his own hook and if so, things must

change. The laws of choice and chance are just as inevitable as the foolhardiness of human nature. Nothing like a tempting bait to pull in an enormous sucker. This was my solution of the enigmatically encouraging look on the spieler's face. But he was mistaken in his man. For the moment, he must have been color blind to yellow. The fellow again handed over his stakes, boasting in words and actions that there was no use in monkeying with the wheel, that the spieler might just as well take four dollars out of the sixteen in his hand and give him twelve. But this worthy guessed in perfect blandness, that the rules had better be complied with even if it was, as he too was sure, absolutely unnecessary. So the fellow handed over the money, repeated the flourish and to our perfect delight was highly successful—in losing. In perfect bliss the crowd laughed joyously. But their merriment was of short existence. Angrily he stuffed his winnings in his pocket-book and turned about. "That ends me. No more of this gambling for mine," he said sourly. "I'll be d———d if I lose another cent."

"Thunderation man, going to stop now after winning all that money. Don't let one puny little loss back you down like that. I won thirty dollars yesterday after I had lost most every cent. With the luck you've had, I'd play here all day." This was from our new friend who, by the way, called himself Crosby.

"H—l fire!" said the spieler in evident consternation, "what sort of a fellow are you any way? Going to lay on your back and throw up the sponge because a flea bit you? Come on, just give me three two dollar bills and I'll hand you these twelve. You can't possibly lose all you've won. Where in the world do you come from?"

"I come from a place where they don't manufacture fools," he said, and with not another ado surlily elbowed his way out amid the hisses of the crowd.

"The —— ——— cowardly tight-wad!" exclaimed the spieler in unmistakable repugnance. "I wish I had him by the neck. Thank goodness they are not all that way."

"Hey there pardner, I know you are not," he said turning to a sportily dressed fellow who was about three sheets in the wind, but still able to navigate and be joyous. "Come on and show these people what nerve you have. I hope you won't be as lucky as that other fellow, but I sure am afraid you will."

"Now, here," said our gay friend, "you think I'm a fool, don't you? I know exactly what you want to do with me, you want to win all my money, but you are not going to do it. Let me turn the thing just once for nothing, though."

"Sure," said the spieler, "twist her just as long as you like. It won't wear out."

The fellow stepped up and gave it an amusingly delicate touch. To our surprise and his, too, it appeared, it ceased its rotation directly over the winning spot. This seemed to set fire to his prudence, and moved by a mighty zeal, quicker than the spieler could ask for it, he pitched over a quarter. He repeated the delicate touch, but this time the pointer went just a little bit too far. In an outburst of anger he pitched over fifty cents and gave the thing a mighty twist. It went whirling around and around until again it came to a stop on a blank. These losses were evidently getting on his nerves. He accompanied the next turn with a few mild and well chosen oaths. They proved effective and he graciously accepted four one dollar bills. This seemed to clinch him. We could tell he was in it for good now, big winning or big losing all the same to him. A four horse team could not have kept him off. And contrary to the usual rule in such cases, he did have luck every now and then. He would lose and lose, but all of a sudden with one turn he would bring in enough of the

verdant rags to put him even with the board with the result that when he had eighteen dollars to put up with a chance on seventy-two he was gloriously floating along with his purse neither groaning because of too much nor growling because of too little. He was on the golden mean. However he was in this golden mean by no fault of his last six or seven shots. All had been strikingly alike in that none had been successful. Prospects were squally for his pocket-book, and he was just sober enough to be conscious of it. He seemed almost decided to stop where he was, when the spieler saw that here was another victim about to slip from his clutches. It was a hard tussle and required the utmost effort of his tremendous flow of colloquial eloquence and logic. But the catch was finally netted. Bacchus and all his fellow-revellers materially aided by the fatherly advice of Crosby were all pulling at the line that had completely overcome the jolly fellow's better judgment.

Very reluctantly he was counting out the eighteen plunks when suddenly an idea seemed to strike him. He joyfully grabbed Crosby by the arm.

"You do it for me," he cried, "my luck's gone but I know you will win."

Without the slightest hesitation Crosby grasped the pointer and gave it a vigorous twist. He lost. But it seemed to "phase" the gay boy in not the slightest particular. He was burning with enthusiastic faith in his new idea. He reckoned he had gambled in a thousand different ways and had never seen this plan fail in his whole experience. No sir, it absolutely couldn't help but work the very next time. He knew positively, by an extraordinarily high sensitization of his intuitive faculties, that Ed was the person designated by the fates to be the deliverer of his meritoriously deserved reward. That Ed had never touched one of the things was no excuse. Everybody was lucky the first time. He had counted out nineteen dollars and given it to the spieler.

All Ed had to do was to give the pointer just one little twist and our acquaintance of the inebriate tendency said he would be his friend for life. This last statement almost proved too much and nearly succeeded in completely dissuading Ed; possibly it would have had he not followed it up by saying that he didn't mean to insinuate that Ed wasn't his friend now, for he had never seen a fellow to whom he took as quick a liking. There was absolutely nothing for Ed to do now but help him out of this hole. At last Ed consented, in fact I believe he had consented a good while back but hadn't felt quite like admitting so soon. Ever since he had laid eyes on the thing, he had had a sneaking desire to play it. The fellow calmly watched him as he grasped the pointer and decided to give it an easy shove rather than an ordinary whirl. But if the method of twisting was uncommon it was the only extraordinary feature about the attempt. For notwithstanding the easy feeling of success that the principle had, here was one time his intuition failed. The pointer stopped just as far away from a lucky spot as was possible; even farther than Crosby's had. This seemed about all the fellow's temper could stand. That luck should go back on him now when he was in the hole deep, but had the chance to come out with flying colors at every turn, exasperated him unspeakably. He became even more stubborn than ever in his determination to win. But it was about as much as I could stand too.

"Old fellow, now's the time for you to stop," I put in as he was preparing to hand over the third wad. This time it was twenty dollars with a chance for eighty.

"No, I'm d——d if I do. You too are going to turn for me," he replied.

"Oh, but I'm not" I answered. "You don't catch me throwing your money away for you have lost more than enough already to take you to the place you belong. So

I earnestly advise you to quit right now. Don't be a fool."

"Well, that's exactly what I'm going to be if you don't turn for me. I intend to stand right here and lose every cent I've got or win something. Now all my luck's gone so I'll certainly do this if I get started. If you'll just turn for me this once I know I'll win and then I'll stop. What do you want to be such a fool about my money for? I've got about a million dollars—more or less—at home." Then seeing I hadn't relented much "Please turn for me. You'll win for me and then I stop certain," he begged.

"Whether I win or lose, will you stop?"

"Yes, I swear I will."

I took the pointer and gave it twist enough to have sent it to Jericho and back had it been level road. I thought it would never stop. And as it went spinning round and round we couldn't keep from being excited. True, it was only the usual winning or losing chance on this very ordinary wheel, but the possibilities that lay in that chance were fascinating in the extreme. A cessation of motion by this innocent little stick on the right spot in the universe meant an enormous rake off, the same performance on the wrong spot meant more turns and more losses. The pointer still whirling rapidly, gradually, very gradually, slowed down. The fellow whose money was up stopped the circulation of blood in my arm, he grasped it so tight. The pointer would pass a lucky spot and seem to have just enough momentum to carry it to the next, but on over this one too it would go. Not one man in the crowd, the spieler included, but what had his whole attention riveted on this harmless end of a sharpened stick. The time at last came, and the question was almost decided, but for the life of me I could not think. The pointer stopped. And even before I had become conscious of the fact the fellow was all over me. By that one twist of mine he

had come into possession of eighty dollars. The congratulation of my "many admiring friends," together with this idea of having made eighty dollars in one minute nearly staggered me in mind and body. The fellow who had received the eighty dollars almost wrung my hand off with shakings and nearly smothered me to death with embraces. I thought for the minute that I would be under the painful necessity of accepting half, he was so affectionate and effusive. However, he did give us all a chance apiece, saying that as we had been so successful with his money he knew we would win much for ourselves.

I was all on fire. I gave the pointer a twist such as it had never received before, but all to no purpose. I lost. Nothing daunted, I paid fifty cents and gave the thing another whirl—with the same result. Much to the surprise of everybody in the crowd and the undisguised disgust and disappointment of the spieler, that ended me. My "busted" financial condition gave rise to woeful visions of a natatorial trip across Hampton Roads to my hotel in Newport News where I had so foolishly, and yet possibly so fortunately, too, left all my money.

Ed was more lucky, or rather for the time appeared to be. He won several times, and although he lost a good many more, he was slightly ahead of the board even when he arrived at the point of putting up fifteen dollars to make sixty.

"I reckon I had bettter stop," he said. "I've about got enough."

"Well, well, don't give up now," cried the spieler. "Just give me three fivers and take these twelve." He held twelve crisp, new five dollar bills out loose in his hand.

"Go on, old fellow, don't back down; you're sure to win. I'll see you through," Crosby urged.

"Give me fifteen dollars and these twelve wads are yours," the spieler persuaded.

"Gee whiz, don't lose your nerve. Look how easy it was for Jack to win that eighty dollars." This from Crosby.

"And also how easy it was for Jack to lose seventy-five cents," I answered drily.

"If you all must know, then," said Ed, slightly irritated, "I haven't but twelve dollars to my name and therefore could hardly put up fifteen."

"If that's the case, we make connection exactly. I have precisely three dollars in my pocket and I'll lend them to you. I'm anxious to see you get that sixty. Here, take them." Crosby offered him three silver dollars.

"I am much obliged to you, but don't think I'll run the risk. Jack is plum busted and we would be in a thunder of a fix if I should lose everything too. I don't intend to be a fool."

"Well," said Crosby, "I am so positive we will win that I'll make this proposition: Give me the twelve dollars and I will play the point. If I win, thirty dollars is mine and thirty yours; if I lose, I can get the money from my wife who is at our hotel about a block up the street."

This seemed quite fair so Ed gave up his twelve dollars. Crosby added his three to it and handed it to the man. He then seized the pointer and gave it a very scientific turn. I noticed his method of turning was entirely different from what he had used for our gay friend with the tendency toward inebriation. There was none of the heart-breaking suspense that we had had before; from the confident, matter-of-fact way of Crosby's it seemed inevitable for the pointer to do anything but what it did do—stop on the winning point.

Ed almost jumped over himself and the crowd too, he was so happy. He didn't wait for the money at all but shouted to us to come on before we were enticed into losing it, and went running on up the street. The

proprietor gave Crosby one fifty dollar bill and one ten, telling him, when he saw that I was still there, that he needed those twelve fivers for smaller payments. Crosby said it was perfectly all right.

Acting on Ed's suggestion not to risk any more, although the propositions of sixty-four for sixteen were mighty tempting, we made our way on up the street toward our original destination. And we found it a place worth hunting for, too. Cool, good music, fine beer, all that we could wish after the infernal heat outside. Ed could hardly hold himself in, he was feeling so good. He was exuberant over having "beat the devil at his own game." He was full of proofs and reasons for believing that the fellow who had made me win the eighty dollars for him was only trying to round us in and make us lose everything we had. In fact now that he thought of it he was almost positive, by the actions of both spieler and the fellow, that they were in "cahoot." All of this Crosby had noticed too, and he was mighty glad Ed had got him away from there before he lost everything he had ever owned. He had always observed that you couldn't be too careful around a place like this. It wasn't long before Ed hinted that he might hand him over his thirty dollars.

"All right, in just a minute. But let's have one more beer around. I have just enough change left."

"No, very much obliged," said Ed in spite of my protesting nudges. "We board in Newport News, so I reckon if you will give me my share, we will be going."

"Well, you all just take that glass of beer right here while I run over to my wife and get the change. The hotel is just across the street and I hate to offer a fifty dollar bill in payment for a glass of beer. Jack there will tell you that the man asked me to take this instead of his smaller change. I knew I could get it from my wife all right."

"We'll just go over there with you then and save you the trouble of coming back. I don't suppose you would object to introducing us."

"Really I would rather that you would not come with me. I used to booze quite heavily and if my wife saw me come in with some strangers and ask for money she would think I was at it again" he said frankly.

"We'll wait on the sidewalk then. I don't want to trouble you to come over here again."

"It is absolutely no trouble, I haven't a thing to do. Stay here for me," he said a little testily. "Waiter, get these gentlemen some beer." With that he started towards the door.

"No, don't waiter;" said Ed firmly, rising and following, "we're going, too."

To go from our part of the pavillion to the street we had to pass through a very short passage-way that was also the outlet for all four of the other rooms, the ball-room, bar-room, restaurant, and rathskellar. The attempt had been made to construct this passage-way so that no persons in the street could see into any of the rooms and nobody in one of the rooms could see into another. To effect this result they had put a swinging door to every room with a generous screen before each one and there was also a screen behind the swinging doors that led into the street. All these contrivances crowded into a passage way about ten by ten made a rather complicated and puzzling maze. It offered about a thousand different ways of getting out of the same place, no one of which coincided with another for any distance at all.

As I said, into this bewildering maze Crosby started with Ed and me right behind him, all of us going at a much more rapid gate than seemed necessary to me. But when we reached the sidewalk, no Crosby or sign of him was in front of us, behind us, or anywhere around us, though we heard a faint "Ha, ha," and the noise of a

slammed door wafted to us from some indistinguishable place as we emerged. But that was all. We rushed to the bar-room, ball-room, and all the others, but the whole building and street were as empty of Crosby as our pockets were of money. He was gone.

Until now Ed had held himself in admirably, but at this moment there broke out an eruption of vituperative epithets the like of which I have never heard before or since. It lasted all the way back to the fortune wheel without a repetition or falter. There it burst out again with redoubled vigor, applying everything this time to the proprietor of that noble establishment. But he, as if accustomed to such happenings every day, calmly and without a single request for explanation fished up a club from behind the counter and, with a sardonic smile, turned his attention to matters which, if not more closely connected with his business, were at least more profitable to it. As for Ed and me, we looked, hunted, examined, and worried away the rest of that day and night, but never again knowingly laid eyes on our slick, handsome, entertaining "fellow visitor" to the Jamestown exposition.

THE SAILOR LAD

B. E. W.

Oh, who'd not be a sailor lad
  And cross the sunny seas;
Be free from trouble and from care,
  And live a life of ease!

It's joy to be a sailor lad,
  And travel near and far;
To have no home but the good old ship,
  And for a guide, a star!

Then come and be a sailor lad
  And roam the earth with me,
From where the Arctic waters flow,
  To the sunny tropic sea.

THE ROAD

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

In the years that have gone I knew your step, and your footprints called to me from the sand. Oft, too, I heard a song, and sometimes with the song there was a sob, floating back through the spaces that separated us; and I knew you were there, and felt new strength for the journey. We traveled together the Road, the gray, drear Road of Life. Together, I say, yet we were ever apart, separated by the vast, impassable Spaces. And through all the struggle and the toil my supreme effort was one of striving, striving and straining to cross the distance that lay between us, and to make the journey at your side. Sometimes I think you would have waited could you have done so. In the gray evenings, when the world was growing dark and the shadows were falling over the Road, it seemed I came closest. And oft then you lingered and glanced backward, and beckoned; but my strength was gone, I sank exhausted by the way, and I saw you fade into the gathering gloom. It was at those times that I heard the song, and the sob with it, quivering through the still air.

At last, after years of toil and suffering, I overcame the barriers, vanquished the Spaces, and reached your side. You were standing by the Great Gate, and when I saw it I knew you had reached the Goal. Over the entrance in flaming letters were the words, *Truth and Knowledge.* The shadows fell about you then, and over all was deep stillness. I dragged myself forward and fell at your feet, and I thought that the toil was ended and that at last I could rest. But you raised me from the dust, and turned my face toward the weary Road we

had traveled so long. And I heard your voice speaking in the silence, soft, and low, and sad.

"You have followed me over all the Road, you have tasted all the trials and sorrows of the journey, yet you have never known the Truth. Your ideal has ever been of the hour and of the day, you have only thought of the gaining and of the reward; you have never pictured the great and vast Beyond. We have reached the Gate and I must enter; you do not possess the key. I must journey on toward the great Truth and the glorious Beyond; for you there is again the Road, and the retracing of the weary steps of the Past for the Present and for the Future."

The Gate swung on its massive hinges, and you were gone. I turned once more my weary glance to the Road, and before me I saw stretched with the blankness and dreariness of the Past the unending vista of the Future.

Above a cliff a little rose,
  So far so near;
Its beauty still in memory glows,
  Tho' it is sere.

In humble home, one pure as true,
  Unknown yet known;
Her goodness twines in living hue,
  Tho' she is gone.

In Palistine a perfect man,
  Both rich and poor;
His life suffuses all we scan,
  Tho' man no more.

—*D. Z. Newton.*

SKETCHES

"SPECIAL PRIVILEGES TO NONE"

The University Day procession is in a primitive stage of formation. The classes are segregated to themselves, and the time lends itself with peculiar ease to all manner of jokes. The Freshmen stand in dignified silence, the Sophs hurl jeers and some acorns at the Fresh, the Juniors make fun of both, the Seniors are apparently absorbed in their self-sufficiency. Two ancient professors are seen gravely approaching. They wear a Mother-Hubbard gown, a green cape, and a silly little hat. Their passing is accompanied by a respectful silence. Suddenly the whole assemblage is convulsed with laughter, for, with inimitable courage, some Sophomore yells out, "Bath robes on the campus!"—*K. D. B.*

THE FISHERMAN'S CHRISTMAS

The day before Christmas eve! With a good catch tonight, the fisherman can buy his wife a dress, and his child a doll. With this thought in his mind, he falls to sleep in his boat, heedless of the fog.

The day before Christmas eve! If the fog lifts in time, the Cunard liner will finish her run before Christmas. Her passengers will bring joy to many firesides. With this thought in mind, the pilot holds his course steadily through the fog.

It is the middle of the night. The lone fisherman sleeps soundly in his smack. The pilot is still at his post and the ship plows her way through the fog. The fisher-smack is in the path of the steamer. There is a rending crash: and the steel palace goes on,

carrying its passengers to welcome and to happiness. But in one little cottage, the Christmas stockings are empty.—*K. D. B.*

FAIR PLAY

It was the day of the Fresh-Senior championship game. The Seniors' goal was threatened. Throughout the first half there had been no scoring. The ball had been kept steadily in the centre of the field. Now there was a hush of expectancy as the Freshmen secured first down on the Seniors' fifteen yard line. The Seniors anchored themselves doggedly to the turf. The Freshman quarterback took a careful survey of his men as he called the signal. All were intensely eager, as a hound straining his leash. The quarterback barked the signal.

At this moment a small, white, bench-legged fice wormed his way between the legs of the students on the side lines. Something decidedly interesting must be going on, he reasoned, as he trotted inquiringly to the rear of the Freshman eleven. An amused titter ran along the crowded sidelines. The quarterback stooped to receive the snap. The dog took his position valiantly behind the Freshman fullback. Then a high-keyed voice shrilled from the crowd:

"Time out, Mr. Referee! Freshmen playing with twelve men!"—*Y.*

A MAN OF EXPERIENCE

Two burly fellows are running about in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, like chickens with their heads cut off. "No," answers one gateman, "I don't know anything about the North Carolina Special." And the two continue their quest. Presently they pass a group of four men, apparently Poles or some such animals. Two of the "furriners" seem to be newcomers, for their companions are covering them with kisses. "Well?" exclaims one of the "down-homers," "I've been all over

Montgomery County, and down in Anson and Richmond, and one time I spent a week at my grandfather's in Stanley, but I never see'd the like of that before."—*K. D. B.*

AN EVENING IN THE LIBRARY

The door opens and the whole crowd makes a rush for the desk.

"Give me Ward's No. 1," says the dignified Senior.

"I don't know the title of the book."

"Oh, it's that book Mr. Graham mentioned Tuesday."

"Give me something on the negative side of that question in the Di Society for two weeks from next Saturday night," broke in a Freshman.

"I don't know the question, old man."

"You ought to know. *You* posted it out there."

"That Freshman does'nt know what he wants, so give me the newest thing you have in fiction," says the impatient Sophomore.

"Find what you want in the catalogue and then I'll get it for you."

"He can't do it, for I've been trying to find Scott's *Gulliver's Travels* for the last ten minutes," broke in another Freshman.

"May I trouble you to show me how to use the catalogue," says a new Co-ed.

"Sure! in just a second."

"Do you all take the *Yellow Jacket*," says a Freshman from the West.

"I don't think we do."

"Well, you ought to take it; it's the best paper in Western North Carolina."

"All Graduate students are allowed in the stack-room, are they not?" chimes in a very wise looking individual.

"No, only the Faculty."

"Well, would you mind bringing me the books on political economy?"

"Look here, do you allow Freshmen to go upstairs?" says another Freshman.

"Why certainly."

"Look here, you sent me a card for thirty cents on a book which I returned the next day after I got it out."

"I'll look it up in a second."

"Could you tell me whether those references on History Twelve are in the tenth or twelfth volume of the Colonial Records?" says a Junior who evidently feels honored in being able to take Twelfth History.

"No, I . . ."

"Where is Dr. Wilson? He promised to play tennis with ——— and myself this afternoon, and I can't find him anywhere," says the nervous looking member of the Varsity tennis team.

"Probably you will find him . . . ."

"How about that fiction," says the Sophomore.

"All right, in a minute."

"I am compelled to have something on that debate," says the Freshman.

"Well, tell me what . . ."

"I would like to get those books on political economy," says the Graduate student.

"Well . . . "

"When you get that will you kindly show me how to use the catalogue?" says the Co-ed.

And the library assistant is thankful that a friendly desk shields him from at least, bodily harm.

DISADVANTAGES OF PLAYING POKER AT SEA

We were four days out, the wind was blowing a gale, and the sea rough for the first time. Everybody was keeping close, and hardly a soul was to be found on deck as the waves were dashing over the rails, drenching everything.

After promenading up and down for a good while, I was glad to retreat to the smoking saloon, and enjoy its

warmth and hospitality. There I was accustomed to throw myself back on one of the large sofas and listen to some of the never ceasing jokes of the jolly crowd of older men who made this their loafing place.

On entering, I penetrated with difficulty through the thick smoke. I advanced almost to the farthest corner before I recognized that the usual poker game was going on with its most interesting participants who merely played to pass away the time. There was Mr. Kinney with his bright cheerful face and sparkling eyes. He was an elderly gentleman over six feet two, with a weight of two hundred and seventy-five. By his pleasing countenance one could see that he looked on the bright side of life, and had made a success.

Opposite him sat a character entirely different; a bachelor, Mr. Sourcrout. He was a man of average size, and wore a troubled and dejected expression. He had rather a morose disposition and seemed not to care to join in the jolly conversation of his companions. His worried and anxious look, together with his fidgety ways, showed that he was mingling with friends whose extravagant ways of living were beyond his means.

On his right and left sat Messrs. Clemson and Carter who were continually joking with him about his bad luck. As they all sat at my table we had become pretty good friends, so I approached them, and was met with a hearty welcome from Mr. Kinney.

"Well, lad, how goes it?"

"Pretty well, thank you, and how goes the game?"

"O, just the same, Sours is losing as usual."

I noticed that Messrs. Kinney and Sourcrout were the only ones sticking in the pot. One bet, the other boosted until there was over forty dollars on the table when Mr. Kinney broke out:

"Look here, Sours it is becoming awful rough. You are so d—— unlucky I believe you must be our Jonah."

I noticed that Mr. Sourcrout began to look pale. Such an expression on his face! However, all merely thought

he was reflecting on his losses. Then all of a sudden he asked to be excused, and rushed for the door.

Looking out of the window we saw our friend clinging to the rail with one hand, and cards in the other. He appeared as though he was trying to give up all he ever possessed to the fish beneath. Nevertheless after a little, he returned and on showing his hand won the pot with three queens and a pair of jacks. This was too much for Mr. Kinney who broke out in a merry laugh.

"Usually you win when you win, and lose when you lose, but it seems that you have won and lost at the same time."—*C. O. Robinson.*

SAY SO

J. B. Reeves

You's sich a tantalizin' gal
Whut makes you lak to play so
Ef you don' kere a snap for me
Why don' you up en say so?

Whut makes you smile at me dat smile
Which drive my res' away so
When you thinks nothin' 't all ob me—
Leas' wise you never say so?

You knows I's dead in love wid you
You knows I's bound to stay so.
Ef you does love me, nigger gal,
Please condersend to say so.

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J. L. HATHCOCK, Dialectic, Business Manager
S. W. HODGE, Philanthropic, Assistant Business Manager

EDITORIAL

The Southern Inter-Collegiate Short-Story Contest

The present management of the Magazine began its year's work with the hope and expectation of extending its usefulness beyond our own borders. Not that we feel or have felt that we do not need all the energy that the board can favor us with, for our own development. We need the energy of the entire board and that of all the friends of the Magazine, not only to write but to persuade others to work for us. And the present staff has been active and has scraped up a good deal of material.

Yet a great deal of this material is crude. It has been almost forced from men who are either just beginning to write or who write perfunctorily when they have nothing else to do, or are persuaded by their friends.

Much of this is available and much is good. Still it does not represent the best work that a college man is able to do. We do not have to go far to find a reason for this. It is not strange that men do not take time to write for their college magazine when they get little or no reward for their work. Their serious efforts are directed toward things that they feel to be of more use to them than writing. There are a great many men in the University who could do good work for the Magazine if they tried, but the proper incentive is lacking.

Not only is this true of our University but we believe that it is true throughout the South. Our Southern colleges and universities are small, and as a rule there are not enough men in any of our colleges who are sufficiently interested in creative literary work, to maintain a magazine of the highest standard. The Northern and Western colleges and universities can do it by force of numbers if by no other means. But in the South we need more incentive than the gratification of a literary taste or college pride.

As a means of making our own publication better, and of helping other Southern college magazines, we have endeavored to submit a plan for a Southern inter-collegiate short-story contest to all the college magazines in the South. This plan was drawn up last year by Q. S. Mills and H. H. Hughes, the latter being editor-in-chief of our Magazine, and submitted to twenty-five Southern colleges. The requisite number of ten colleges agreed to enter the contest, but the plan was dropped on account of their failure to secure judges in time. This year we have submitted the plan to as many colleges as we could, and at present six colleges have entered the contest in addition to our own. These are: *The University of Texas Magazine*, *The Wofford College Journal*, *The Mercerian*, *The Furman Echo*, *Davidson College Magazine*, and *The Peabody Record*.

We have not been able to submit the plan to all the Southern college magazines because of a lack of time.

But every college or university magazine in the South is welcome to join us, and we take this opportunity of bringing the matter to the attention of our exchanges. If any are interested and will write us, we will be glad to give any information about the plans or to outline more fully its purposes. We have great faith in the plan and believe it will mean a great deal to our college magazines if it can be successfully pulled off.

This then is the plan we propose for raising the standard of Southern college magazines. We believe that such a contest will call forth more serious literary efforts from college men; that such an incentive will rid our college fiction of the greater part of its amateurishness. The plan is as follows:

PLANS

Each college or university entering the contest shall contribute ten dollars as its share of the prize money.

Only undergraduate students shall be allowed to enter for a prize.

Stories to be eligible for a prize must not be over 5,000 words in length.

Each college shall be allowed to submit three stories, to be chosen in any way from those submitted to the college magazine.

The prize money shall be divided into a first and second prize, two thirds of the whole amount to be given as first prize; and the remainder as second.

The contest shall be decided by a committee of three judges to be chosen by the colleges entering the contest.

The Magazines of the colleges entering the contest shall be allowed to publish the two winning stories.

When ten colleges shall have signified their intention of entering the contest a committee of three shall be appointed by the presidents of the colleges to arrange final details.

Concerning Our Dress Various willing or unwilling subscribers to the Magazine have criticised our opening cover rather severely. While we make no apology for our evident lack of taste, we do hope that the staid garment of respectability which we modestly clothe the second number will not jar the sensibilities of our readers. Nor are we sorry that the other cover was criticised. There never was an issue of the Magazine without the usual number of kicks. Some part of the Magazine must bear the brunt of the kicks and we are glad that it was the cover this time. Several have ventured to say that the inside of the Magazine was fairly good last time, and the thing might have done pretty well except for the cover. That is indeed a concession, and if the cover received the kicks, so much the better for the more important pages. We confess to a sort of fondness for that cover, since it has so nobly borne the burden of criticisms that otherwise would have been impartially distributed.

College Poetry There was a great deal of complaint by college magazines last year concerning the lack of college verse. The editor of our magazine came forth in his most persuasive manner and begged for poetic flights. Several other college editors struck the same note, and even then the poetic flights were slow in flighting.

This year conditions seem to have changed. In almost all of our exchanges verse plays a predominant part. On almost every page appears a flight and we have seen no kicks about the "dearth of college poetry," as one editor called it. Everywhere we see good, bad and indifferent thoughts hampered by the more or less strenous canons of rime and metre. We confess that we have a throng of budding poets at this institution. And if we may judge by the space given to verse in most of

our exchanges, the "dearth" of college poetry has went and died.

Whether this overflow of verse is a good indication or not, we shall not attempt to decide. We cannot help commenting on the fact, for the evidence is *Prima Facie*. Nor do we attempt to dig out the causes that have made the overflow. Certain it is, that whatever the cause may be, and whatever diabolical end the tendency may arrive at, we are glad of it. There is nothing that so adds to the attractiveness of a magazine as plenty of verse, and most of the poetic flights are at least readable. Therefore we say to the long haired ones in our own vicinity, and to those in the vicinity of our contemporaries, "Go ahead, and may peace be with you.

THINGS TALKED ABOUT

Judge Brockwell says that in 1819 the Schubert String Quartet failed to make its annual appearance at the University. The howls of dissatisfaction heard all over the state were so loud that the trustees held a call meeting and ruled that the president and faculty of the University should be asked to resign if the misfortune ever occured again. Since that time, every year has seen the Schubert String Quartet come and go, always with the hearty good will of the student body. This fall, however, the audience was shocked and grieved at the behavior of the children in the gallery. Those seven persons who really enjoy such music as was given that night were much disturbed by paper missiles flying through the luminiferous ether.

Far be it from us to break away from moss-grown traditions and suggest a discontinuance of the visits of our time-honored friends, the Schubert String Quartet. On the contrary, fain would we see a look of interest or at least one of polite forbearance on the faces of the students. Surely, it behooves us to handle carefully the feelings of these musicians who have bored our fathers and grandfathers from time immemorial. And so those of us who are solicitous for the traditions of the University protest against the boisterous welcome with which our ancient friends were greeted this fall. Let all resolve, now and forever more, to bear patiently the inevitable yearly appearance of the Schubert String Quartet.

Nobody has ever yet been found who could tell why the college bell is rung at seven o'clock in the morning

and not at eight. While the college servants and nine students may hear the seven o'clock bell, the other seven hundred and sixty sleep sublimely through it and depend upon their alarm clocks to wake them up. While the seven o'clock bell does almost no good, a bell rung at eight o'clock would help a great deal. Eight o'clock is a reasonable time for students to get up and seven isn't. And so we lift up our hands to Henry and the chief executive and pray, "Ring that bell at eight o'clock."

The Gymnasium has been here so long that we have almost ceased to speak of the "New Gymnasium" though it is the best in the South. Some who have seen both say that it has Harvard's outclassed. Certain it is that it is a great one and doing a great work.

One thing though it seems is not perfect yet. When we register we pay a gymnasium fee of two dollars, the two terms amounting to four dollars. But this is not all. The next thing is to pay a dollar for a locker running the gumnasium fee for the year up to five dollars. We believe that this is preventing some from getting the benefit of it. We don't mind paying for what we get, but five dollars gymnasium fee seems a little excessive.

There is ample room for seventy-five more lockers. Why not put these in and reduce the price of lockers to a more reasonable amount?

What's the matter with our star course system? When we have an entertainment at which one-third of the seats are vacant and the order is such that those who would are prevented from giving their attention to the entertainment, there is unquestionably something wrong.

Under the present system the societies make themselves responsible for a certain number of seats and leave the selection of entertainers entirely in the hands of a faculty committee. This committee is not enough in sympathy with the boys to know what they want. They give us a dry lecture or high toned musical. These are good, to those that like them, but not appropriate.

We think this is the trouble. We go to a star lecture expecting something entertaining, something to make us laugh, something that we can at least appreciate. Instead we get, if it be a lecture, three hours and a half on "The Worth of a Man," or the "Key to the Twentieth Century," or, if it be a musicale, an exhibition of running scales which not ten men in college can translate into music.

We want something entertaining. Give us Opie Read, or Bob Taylor or Loomis, or Packard, but let's let the Quartette rest awaile.

The new Library has many advantages over the old. It is much better equipped. The light is better than in the old and the facilities for reading and studying are are a great improvement.

But coupled with these advantages there are some disadvantages. It is not very pleasant to be forced to stand up to read a newspaper.

The main criticism we have to make, though, is of the hours we get. Not many of us can visit the library in the morning. The most of us have only that time from two fifteen until five. This is not enough, especially to those of us who are athletically inclined. We don't see why we can't have until six in the afternoon and three hours at night. It looks too like we might have a little more on Sundays than just one hour and no heat.

The attitude of this piece is not that of a professional kicker. It is not in that spirit. We simply hope to call the attention of those in authority to a few remediable wrongs.

Light and liberty is our motto. Was there ever such an excess of the latter or such an insufficiency of the former at and college? We admit the probable authenticity of the record which proves that formerly the campus and buildings were well lighted, and which asserts that our present deplorable condition resulted from the vandalic acts of those who were then students. But we earnestly protest, shall we be forever punished for the transgressions of our forefathers? The Scriptures, for the direst of sins, visit iniquities only to the third and fourth generations. We have experienced manifold terrors of darkness, but never anything quite so painful as the head we cracked when we missed the top step and rolled to the bottom; nothing quite so distressing as the shin we barked when walking down a college path. In In short we are enduring many frightful calamities because of our superiors' fear that we will follow the example of our forefathers, and destroy the blessed light. But we boldly maintain that in view of our present afflictions from the pestilence of darkness, this surmise is wrong. Ill indeed would fare the hand that should ever bring such misfortune again upon us.

There was a student of N. C.
Who often went walking with V—;
Then went he insane
And the reason is plain,
'Twas the force of example on he.

EXCHANGES

My exchange department in last month's issue of the magazine consisted only of a short fore-word; and yet that fore-word was so mutilated by typographical errors that I no longer claim it as mine. When I wished to be *sincere* it made me *severe* and in other instances so contorted the original that I altogether disclaim it in its printed form. And here again would try to state that it is my purpose to make my criticisms sincere and constructive.

Having received about forty exchanges this month I could not review all of them; accordingly I review only four or five of them—those which strike me as being especially good. Next month I hope to devote my entire attention to the school and college magazines published in North Carolina and would like to state here that I shall be glad to exchange with any magazine in the state.

Of all the magazines on my table "The Redwood" is the most attractive in appearance. Good form and a pretty binding are great assets, too, for they gain the favor of a reader even before he opens the magazine. The appearance of "The Redwood" is furthermore a good index of its contents. It is a common saying that the ideal college magazine is the representative magazine: and representative "The Redwood" certainly is. In my opinion it is too obviously departmental. However, the balance between poetry and prose is well preserved. "The Santa Clara Passion Play" is an exceedingly well written article, and "The Chase" is a poem of astonishing rhythm and grace—if its title is very familiar. In "An Eye for an Eye" the writer worked the element of suspense for all it was worth and with a less trite plot could have produced a story vastly more

interesting. As a whole however, "The Redwood" is well worthy of the imitation of most college magazines.

Leaving the pleasant fields of California literature and coming nearer home I find in the "University of Virginia Magazine" the most pleasing magazine among my exchanges. Perhaps it may be because I am half way an "Old Dominioner" myself, but any way it suits my taste. Plain and substantial in appearance it is decidedly original in its contents. And in college literature originality is scarce: everybody walks in somebody else's tracks. In the October issue "A Daughter of Erin" and in the November issue "Brinko Dawn" are both stories interestingly original. Both issues contain dialect tales and poems with the true Virginia flavor. Both issues are equally as good and it is a compliment to the Editors to have gotten them out so early.

Still on the trail of good magazines I abandon the pleasant haunts of Blue Ridge literature and travel on up to Massachusetts where Williams College has already issued two copies of a good magazine. The mechanical make-up of "Williams Literary Monthly" is neat and substantial. The content of the magazine is likewise neat, and since nearly all of the prose is of the Edgar Allan Poe type this neatness approaches a monotonous exactness. Of course neatness and exactness are qualities of style to be sought; but my advice to "Williams Literary Monthly" is "to loosen up a little."

Leaving the cool, classic literature of the North and going "way down South in Dixie," I find in the neat little magazine of the University of Texas a wealth of light, interesting reading. I have seen some criticism of this magazine on the ground that it was not sufficiently serious. Balance and poise are in truth worthy of consideration now and then, but surely it is no harm not to be serious always. I say, let the ladies of Texas write interesting stories, and it is my hope that their November issue will be as interesting as their last.

Leaving the sunny fields of Texas literature and coming northward I find in South Carolina two magazines, which are in appearance and content above the ordinary. The "Carolinian" is a small magazine but its cover is very pleasing and it contains several articles of interest. "The University Immediately after the Civil War" is an article of a type not often found in college magazines, but of a type which ought to be found in college magazines. We need to know more of the history of our colleges, and it is in the college magazine that this need should be met. "The House Boat on the Euphrates" is an extravaganza, which must be the product of a very weird imagination.

The Furman Echo is the other South Carolina magazine which strikes me as being above the ordinary. The "Echo" has already made its second appearance this Fall and with its cover somewhat altered and the amount of its contents about doubled it shows that the Board of Editors is determined to make of it a good magazine, and if they can "hold their own," they will succeed.

Stepping from South Carolina over into North Carolina I do not have to go far to find a good magazine. The Davidson College Magazine for November is a football number, but contains some stories all the same. It seems to me that illicit whiskey distillation and the frays it causes play too large a part in the fiction of Davidson's magazine. However, I prefer such stories to many of the love stories which so often mar college literature. The binding of this issue of the magazine was put on in such a way, that one begins to read the magazine up side down in the back. With its cover put on right, the Davidson College Magazine would have been free from serious faults. As it stands, however, The Davidson College Magazine makes me think of the little verse about the lightning bug:

"The lightning bug though brilliant has but little mind;
He rushes through the darkness with his headlight on
behind."

Neither time nor space nor anything else would permit any more criticism; and so with two quotations I have done.

DE CORNCOB PIPE

De milyun am good in de summer time
De possum's good in de fall
An' bacon's good de whole year roun'
But de pipe, hit beats dem all.

A corncob pipe in de winter time
An' a cracklin' fire o' pine
An' pickanins on' de punshun flo',
Am a niggers's rights divine.

I smokes de pipe when de baby's bo'n
An' I smokes hit Christmas day;
De cider jug dess las' awhile,
But de pipe ain't gwine away.

Dat same ol' pipe, when summer comes,
An' de days am hot an' long,
I smokes in de shade o' de elum tree
An' listens to de cat bird's song.

When lonesome years hab shut me in,
An' my weary feet am slow,
I'll smoke de pipe and dream I'm back
In de days o' long ago.

October issue of the University of Virginia Magazine.

THE CHASE

'Tis morn.
Adown the glen
The echoing horn;
And through the glade
Huntsmen and hounds
All eager bent
To bring to bay

Ere heat of day
The pride of the woodland wild.

O now lie still, thou timid fawn,
Low in the deepest dell,
For Death is in the blowing breeze
And Death lurks 'neath the shadowy trees,
Lie low thou timid fawn.

But alas for the pride of the woodland wild!
For the flash of death
Was in the rifle's breath
And stilled the heart of the timid fawn.

Eugene F. Morris in the October issue of The Redwood.

ALUMNI NOTES

G. W. Graham, '03, is in the wholesale grocery business at Charlotte.

B. F. Huske, '03, is a ministerial student at Sewanee.

B. F. Royal, '06, is a third year medical student at Jefferson.

L. Brigman, '05, is teaching at Charlotte.

F. B. Sanders, ex-'07, who last year took a course in pharmacy at Purdue University, LaFayette, Indiana, is now in the drug business with his brother at his home in Fayetteville.

H. W. McCain, '06, is a third year medical student at Jefferson.

F. A. Cox, '05, is taking law at the University of Virginia.

G. L. Jones, '03, is practicing law at Franklin.

J. S. Duncan, '05, is practicing law at Greensboro.

A. B. McMillan, ex-'06, is cashier of the National Bank of Fayetteville. Fayetteville.

J. H. McAden, '03, is secretary and treasurer of the Victor Cotton Mills, Charlotte.

H. B. Gudger, '05, is practicing law at Asheville.

E. A. Daniel, '04, is practicing law at Washington.

R. P. Noble, '05, is practicing medicine at Selma.

J. J. Tyson, '05, is with the Tennessee Iron and Coal Company, Ensley, Ala.

J. Sprunt Newton, '04, who figured so conspicuously in the 16 to 0 Virginia game in 1904, is practicing law in Fayetteville. Sprunt is city attorney and is fast making a reputation. He recently married Miss Eliza McArthur of that city.

W. A. Graham, '03, is teaching in Warrenton High School, Warrenton.

T. A. Adams, '02, is practicing law at Charlotte.

T. R. Brem, '02, is in the insurance business at Charlotte.

B. B. Williams, '02, is practicing law at Warrenton.

H. B. Haywood, '05, is a medical student at the University of Pennsylvania.

A. H. Hoyle, '06, is with the Tennesse Coal and Iron Company, Ensley, Ala.

George McKie, '07, is taking graduate work at Harvard.

J. C. Wiggins, '07, is a second year medical student at the University of North Carolina.

S. G. Noble, '07, is teaching in the Horner Military School, Oxford.

R. R. Reynolds, ex-'06, is practicing law at Asheville.

J. C. Jackson, ex-'08, is junior member of the firm of J. C. Jackson and Son, Fayetteville.

V. L. Stevenson, '06, is on the staff of the *Charlotte Observer*.

W. B. Love, '06, is practicing law at Monroe.

C. C. Barnhardt, '05, is teaching at Oak Ridge Institute.

O. B. Ross, '05, is a senior in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania.

E. P. Holt, '03, is a member of the corps of teachers at Oak Ridge.

W. P. Jacocks, '04, is back at the University taking medicine.

G. C. Singletary, '05, is principal of the graded schools at Aberdeen.

W. H. Royster, '07, is a graduate student at Johns Hopkins University.

J. L. Morehead, '03, is back at the University taking law.

J. A. Parker, '06, is in the real estate business at Statesville.

A. W. Peace, ex-'07, is assistant manager of the Southern Life Insurance Company with home offices at Fayetteville.

E. B. Jeffries, '07, is teaching in the William Bingham School at Asheville.

E. A. Abernethy, '06, is practicing medicine at Chapel Hill.

R. M. Brown, '06, is teaching in the graded schools at Raleigh.

I. T. Turlington, '88, is superintendent of schools at Smithfield.

N. A. Townsend, '05, is practicing law at Dunn.

H. L. Brothers, Law, '05, is practicing at Fayetteville.

R. W. Herring, '03, is practicing law at Wilmington.

G. F. Leonard, '07, is taking medicine at the University.

S. Linn, '07, is teaching in the Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va.

A. L. Cox, '04, is practicing law at Raleigh. He was Chief Marshall at the last State Fair.

T. F. Hickerson, '04, is instructor in Mathematics at the University.

Graham Kenan, '04, is practicing law at Wilmington.

M. H. Stacy, '02, is Associate Professor of Mathematics at the University.

Claude W. Rankin, ex-'07, is cashier of the Cumberland Savings and Trust Company, at Fayetteville.

D. P. Stern, '02, is practicing law at Greensboro.

T. C. Worth, '02, is secretary and treasurer of the Griswold Insurance and Real Estate Company, Durham.

R. S. Stewart, '03, is teaching at O. K., S. C.

H. P. Stevens, '03, is in the hardware business at Smithfield.

H. M. Robins, '02, is practicing law at Asheboro.

B. S. Skinner, '03, is teaching in the graded schools, Durham.

N. W. McNeeley, ex-'09, is practicing law at Monroe.

H. B. Williams, ex-'08, is at home, Democrat.

P. H. Royster, '07, is back at the University taking graduate work.

J. V. Howard, '05, will graduate in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania next June.

N. R. Graham, '04, is working in a law office at Charlotte.

J. B. Robertson, '05, is superintendent of schools at Graham.

J. K. Wilson, '05, is practicing law at Elizabeth City.

J. D. Cheshire, '02, is practicing law at Raleigh.

W. S. O'B. Robinson, '07, is taking law at the University.

R. R. Williams, '02, is practicing law at Asheville.

Frank McLean, '05, is back at the University taking medicine.

R. O. Everett, '03, is practicing law at Durham.

BOOK REVIEW

THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. By William Henry Hoyt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1907. Pp. xv, 284.

And still the historical battle over the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence goes on. It has as yet lost none of its intensity and vigor, though it may now well be called a "hundred years war." No other event, or supposed event, in the history of the people of North Carolina can compare with this, either in the number of printed pages which it has called into existence, or in the intensity of feeling which it has engendered.

Of all the books which this historical battle has marshalled into the field, I know of none more interesting, and more strikingly clean and fair than the one by Mr. Hoyt. Apart from the fact that the press work and binding are exceedingly attractive, the book is, to my mind, the work of a most remarkably clear-headed and honest-minded man. And Mr. Hoyt is not in any sense a partisan. He says: "I came to my subject before Dr. George W. Graham's book was announced with the intention of writing a defence of the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration, but the irresistible logic of facts drove me to my present position." And upon every page we are impressed with the fact that he was honestly and sincerely converted—to doubt and to deny the authenticity of this most famous historical document.

Mr. Hoyt has in his book brought together and put through a severe critical test more material than has any other man who has had the conviction or the daring to write concerning the authenticity of this document. While his final word is not absolute, still it seems to me to be far more absolute than that of any other author. While not absolutey convincing, still Mr. Hoyt, it seems

to me, has made a far clearer case than has any of the numerous defenders of the authenticity of the document. Almost beyond reasonable doubt he has proven the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Resolves (of grievances and of conditional independence) of May 31, 1775, and has disproven the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence of May 20, 1775.

Space does not allow me to say more of this remarkably fair-minded book. I do not attempt a review of the book. I only speak of the profound conviction which its reading has brought to me—that the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Indepeedence is more than ever to doubted, if not indeed to be wholly discredited.

Charles Lee Raper.

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The University Magazine

JANUARY, 1908

Old Series, Vol. 38 No. 3 New Series, Vol. 25

TO R——

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

To hold with men the helm of state,
  And gain the praise of the world;
To wield the pen of love and peace,
  When the flag of war is furled;
To strive to win a hero's fame,
  And the honors of life pursue—
These are the things ambition calls,
  But my heart cries out for you.

JUTT'S JOB

D. Phillips

There were four of us in Jutt's room when it started, Jutt, Considine, Conlin, and myself, all Seniors, thick as college boys ever get to be, frat-mates, and all interested in the same thing—the best time possible. I guess I started it, when I lazily asked Conlin what his last month's allowance was. He made a wry face. "Only seventy-five. The Governor must have been sore about those five X's the month before. I don't see how I'm going to make thru this month."

"You're lucky. Mine was fifty, and only one X." This from Conlin.

"Jutt was the lucky dog, as usual, I'll bet. What was it, Jutt; how many or how much?"

"I got an even hundred, thanks to some good angel working on Pater. He usually sends seventy-five." Jutt was the smartest of the lot, as well as the richest. Some people called him a snob, said he was too proud of his money, but we who knew him laughed at that. Jutt wore the best clothes in college, went the fastest pace, spent the most money. We three swore by Jutt. Most others swore at him.

"Jutt, you are a disgracefully lucky dog. Why your father should have been a blooming bank president I don't see. Here you've never done a day's work in all your whole life. You ought to be ashamed of yourself." I offered this pleasant effort.

"Don't blame him, Stubby, he can't help being a rich man's only child. Stephen Atren Robards Jutt was born to the purple. He'd die rather than work," came lazily from Cons, the cynic of the crowd.

"Here, you fellows, let me—" "Alone," I finished. "No, Jutt, my boy, it is time for you to hear your sins om your discerning friends. You are lazy—"

"Languid—"

"Indifferent—"

"Easy going—"

"Too fond of Pater's easy earned dollars—"

"You've never earned a dollar of your own—"

"You couldn't if you had to—"

"And you wouldn't if you could."

"Here, you discerning friends, let up, and listen a minute. You've had your say. Give me mine. I'll bet you fifty dollars apiece that I earn all my expenses for one month from date, and have ten dollars left over." Jutt's blood was up now, and his eyes were angry.

"Listen to the boy. Don't he crow loud. Cock-a doodle-doo!" Cons was laughing and we joined in.

"You'd never do it in the world. Think of it. Board, room, laundry, and sundries! Oh! Jutt, you're easy."

"Put up, or shut up," and he hauled out a well filled wallet from his table drawer.

"It's a shame to take the money, and I'm broke, dead broke, anyhow," chanted I.

"Here is my check for fifty, payable one month from date, Jutt." And Conlin, the quiet Conlin, laid a slip on the table.

"Done," snapped Jutt, stripping off two twenties and a ten. "Anybody else?"

"I'm on," said I, pulling out a small roll of bills.

"Me too," chirped Cons, forced into it by the rest of us.

Jutt pulled out a note book, wrote a minute, and then read out: "Bets made by S. A. Jutt with L. C. Conlin, R. M. Considine and A. T. Street, on March 1st, 1908. Terms, that said Jutt must make all expenses during the month of March and clear ten dollars during that time. Bet for fifty dollars per man."

We signed it, and left, rather quiet.

There was a sensation when, the next day, it became known that Jutt had applied for a job waiting at Com-

mons, and was advertising to teach dancing. It was treated as a huge joke—some great farce he was preparing. It got out rather slowly, and many were the incredulous speculations. No one was willing to believe that the immaculate Jutt, often called "the sportiest man in college," actually intended waiting on table. Little crowds of fellows were gathered here and there discussing it. As I approached one of these, Renton, a class-mate stopped me.

"Oh! I say, Street, what's this about Jutt?"

"About waiting at Commons?"

"Yes. He can't have had trouble with his father, can he?"

"He always seems to throw money around, I thought he was fixed," broke in Clanton.

"I have heard of no trouble at all. It's news to me," I replied—truthfully, too. I did not know he was going to wait at Commons.

"Well, if it's true, I'm sure sorry to hear it. And yet I like his nerve. We've never been very good friends, but if I can back him up at all I'm going to do it." Renton said this, and he meant it, too That was Renton's kind.

I found another spirit in another company. Black it was who asked me, "What's Jutt up to now? More meanness?" Black pretended to be Jutt's friend, but he was one of your knockers, and proud of it.

"No," I replied, rather warmly, "I suppose Jutt needs money. He would hardly do it for fun."

"He wouldn't, wouldn't he? Jutt would think it great fun to fool us all, and then laugh at us."

This was too near the truth, so I crawled out another way.

"I didn't know anything at all about this waiting job till this morning. Have you seen him yet?"

"No. I won't see him till dinner. I wonder what table he'll have?" Black boarded at Commons, and I

thought I saw a gleam in his eye. I rather hoped Jutt would not get that particular table. He has a nasty bit of temper.

And so the talk went on. Jutt made his debut at Commons at dinner. Considine had gone with Kent, Conlin with Renton, I with Black. We each looked rather surprised to see the others there. Fortunately we sat at different tables. Had we been together, there would have been trouble. Cons was the only one at Jutt's table. He behaved fairly well, tho' he would wink at Jutt, and then at me.

Jutt did very well. For a man who was used to a butler, and a second man at home, he did surprisingly well. He was quiet, quick, and wonder of all, deferential. He was a bit too deferential to Considine. Where he ever got it, heaven only knows, but I never saw a better bit of acting. He was master of himself and of the whole situation. Everybody saw it too, and wondered.

It was after supper at the post-office that things were most noticeable. Jutt came down about the usual time. Black saw him coming and hailed him.

"Hey, Mister Stephen Atren Robards Jutt, now what are you up to? You don't have to wait at Commons."

Jutt flushed. I looked for trouble, but he answered, "No, but I can, can't I?"

"You are, so I guess you can. But why? More foolishness, or a family fuss?"

"I don't see, Black, that—"

"I know you don't, but neither do we. That's—"

"—my waiting at Commons can affect you at all. Why worry about it?" This was mild for Jutt, but promising.

Black butted on. "But if you don't have to, why are you doing it? And, if you do have to, why?"

"The main reason, Black, is a desire to attend to my business. Did you ever try it yourself?"

"Well, now, you—"

"No, you never tried it? I thought not. Well, I would—just by way of novelty."

There was one enemy made. As Jutt was leaving, Renton stepped up, with the words, "Going up to college?"

I dropped back, just in ear shot. I wanted to hear.

Renton was plainly embarrassed. "Jutt, this—er—why, you know—er—Jutt. I say, I wanted to—no, hang it all. I want to tell you that—"

"That I've made a fool of myself?" cut in Jutt calmly. "Well, I have."

"I don't think so. What I wanted to say is that I am sorry this has happened. I know you are a proud sort of chap, but if there is anything I can do—"

"Come, Rent—"

"No, let me finish, and then get mad. I don't know what is the matter, and I don't care, but I want to tell you I like your nerve. I know you are proud, and that you are apt to take this as promiscuous butting in, but I would like to help if I can. Now go on and bless me out for meddling."

For a moment I thought old Jutt was going to tell the whole business, but he merely smiled, turned to Renton, and held out his hand.

"Thank you, Ren. That sort of thing makes it a lot easier for a chap, and I appreciate all you've said, but there is nothing. I've got to do this myself." And I wished he had told him. It was all right about Black, but I hated to see him take old Renton in.

And that was the way the whole time. Jutt would fight with one man and thank another. I hated to see both. He was making enemies, but it was making him. He got his dancing class, and coined money. He had won his bet before two weeks were out by his dancing class alone. He had twenty-two men, paying him fifty cents a lesson for ten lessons. Figure that out, and he had

more than a month's allowance right there. That however, did not matter so much as his waiting at Commons. He could have dropped that as soon as he got his class started, but Jutt was no quitter, and he would have stuck it out to the end—as he did—no matter how many enemies it made him. As he said himself:

"The enemies I make now are good riddances. The friends I make are friends that count. The trouble is I don't like to fool all those friends, but it means one hundred and fifty to me, and I've got to see it through."

Last night, being April 1st, 1908, Jutt, Considine, Conlin and myself, again met in Jutt's room. The meeting was formally opened by Stephen Atren Robards Jutt by the following reading:

"Bets made by S. A. Jutt with L. C. Conlin, R. M. Considine and A. F. Street on March 1st, 1908. Terms that said Jutt must make all expenses during month of March, and clear ten dollars during that time. Bet for fifty dollars per man.

Signed,

L. C. CONLIN,
R. M. CONSIDINE,
A. T. STREET,
S. A. R. JUTT."

He put down the book, faced us and began.

"Gentlemen, I have the following itemized statement to make to you. During the past month, I earned my board by waiting on table at Commons. I earned $110 by teaching dancing, but as only $65 has been paid, that sum alone will be taken as made. My room was $7.50; laundry and pressing $5.63; wood, light and service $6.25. I have grouped here an itemized account, called "sundries," to be examined by you, amounting to $32.71. This list includes $12 for livery, $6 for ball games, $4 for concerts. On the basis of $65 earned, there will be a surplus of $12.91. If you allow me the $110 contracted for during the past month, the surplus will be $57.91.

I have been more economical than usual. The books are open to your inspection," Then he sat down.

We went through the form of looking at the book. There was a moment of silence, and Jutt, the man who would die rather than work, was $150 richer. And that in addition to the $57.51 that he had really made.

I broke the rather gloomy silence.

"What I'm wondering now is what people are going to think when they know of this."

"So am I," replied Stephen Atren Robards Jutt, as he folded Conlin's check into his book, and stuffed our hundred into his pockets.

THE SILENT WATCHES

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

At midnight when all the house is quiet in sleep,
And silently the shadows creep
Across the floor,
With the candle lowly, dimly burning,
Then is your mind the day's work turning—
Nothing more?

Comes there to your heart no stillness and no sadness
Black fear that grips with hand of madness—
No inward fright?
Do you hear no lost voice in the silence calling,
Grim cadence to the cold rain falling
Out in the night?

Close you then your eyes in calm and holy rest,
No tearing conscience at your breast,
No haunting face?
Then thrice blessed you whose sleep is sweet, serene,
Whose eyes no thronging shapes have seen—
To God give grace!

THE COLLEGE NEWSPAPER: ITS PAINS AND ITS PLEASURES

H. B. Gunter

I am not a theorist; nor do I swear by abstractions. But having a personal interest in college newspapers, I found myself wondering what place a paper has or ought to have in a college like, for instance, our University, and likewise I found myself wondering if the game were worth the candle, if a paper like The Tar Heel justifies its existence, if it were worth the weekly sweating and swearing it calls forth — for, believe me, it is not as the street would say, by any means a cinch to publish each week a paper even so small as The Tar Heel.

The weekly program is not inviting:

On Friday the misery begins. On the Wednesday night preceding, after the paper has been put to press and all is serene, those whose business it is to see that it gets there without any *glaring* mistakes (of which, according to the statement of a distinguished member of the faculty at a certain festive board last spring, the printing establishment of the University is often guilty); I say, after it has been put to press by those whose business it is, which, being interpreted, means me, the said those betake themselves to their room and, forsooth, seek pleasant recreation. Thursday is an off day. The printers, distributing the type, are too busy to call upon the editor for copy, and he, left to his own devices, makes good use of his time, usually by loafing around the post-office and Kluttz's store.

But, as remarked before, the misery begins on Friday. The printers begin their demand for copy, and copy must be forthcoming; for the editor, having an intimate knowledge of the ways of printers, knows that their

demand must be met or there will be trouble in The Tar Heel camp. So the editorial we seats himself and grinds it out—enough for present demands. On Friday night he must needs emanate more brilliant stuff in order to keep the typos busy on Saturday. On Sunday the editorials—but let us draw a sheltering veil over this day: Suffice it to say that on Monday morning there appears copy enough for that day and part of Tuesday. But that other part of Tuesday must be provided for, and Monday night is given to this task. Tuesday night and Wednesday morning are devoted to gathering and getting into shape news that happens here and there on the campus and throughout the town — town news in which the students are interested.

Up to this point the editor-in-chief may call upon the associate editors for help in his trouble. He may send one to cover the University sermon, another to cover the Tuesday night meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, and still another to secure a list of the new books in the library. But now he has no friendly shoulders upon which to thrust the work, much less the responsibility. He must needs shed coat, collar, respect for conventional language, and roll up his sleeves, for on Wednesday afternoon and night cometh the culmination of the the misery. Then the sweating and swearing spoken of hereinbefore are very much in evidence. In the afternoon the proofs must be read, stray heads must be set, and the type must be prepared in final shape to be dumped into the form soon after the evening meal has been partaken of. All this is bothersome to to the soul. Sometimes the proof is so bad that when the editorial pencil has ceased its gyrations, the sheet resembles a huge spider's web. Perchance here and there a word has been left out and the editorial pencil pauses. the editorial eyes look this way and that over the sheet to see if there is a word that may be cut out for the convenience of the man who set the type—for, as

has been remarked before, the editor knows the ways of the men who perpetuate the thoughts of mankind for the edification of a dying world. Sometimes there is such a word, sometimes there is not; and when there is not, some one else besides the editor indulges in the aforementioned sweating and swearing.

The evening repast mentioned previously is usually, to say the least, partaken of in a way that is not good for the digestive organs. With an injunction to some friend to "Please bring my mail for me," the editor betakes himself to the hot and steamy little print shop, and there sometimes for an hour and a half, sometimes for two hours and a half, yea, verily, sometimes for four hours and a half, he remains. It all depends on that elusive goddess, Luck—that goddess that figures so prominently in the religion of printers the world over.

The weekly program has been set forth. Is the game worth the candle? What functions should the college newspaper have? In the first place and above all others I should say that it is to give the news. But the objector is heard to say with a great deal of truth that the larger proportion of the readers, namely, the students, always know beforehand all the news that will appear. Well, why print the stuff if everyone knows it beforehand? Often have I found myself, when I pick up a newspaper, reading first of all the news about which I know most. For instance, when I secure a copy of *The News and Observer*, I turn first of all to the Chapel Hill news, to read about the football game, every detail of which I saw; to read about the meeting of the Modern Literature Club, at which I was present; to read about the concert of the Schubert String Quartette, every scratch of which I heard. So, inasmuch as I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that the lamp of experience; or in other words, as I have but one measure in which to measure my fellow men, and that my own half bushel, I have come to the conclusion that

my fellows are like me in the respect that they delight to read the news about which they know most. In addition to this, the weekly paper gives the students the advantage of having the news before them in such a way that they may get a view of the whole week's happenings in the perspective, so to speak. Not a lot of scattered details is it. They get a view of the whole, just as in preparing for examinations they get a grasp of the whole subject, whereas before they had only a scattered knowledge of the parts.

And others there are for whom the news is prepared. The alumni who retain a live interest in affairs at their alma mater need a college paper in order to keep in touch with the students and the faculty. Of course, in their opinion, the youths who tread the campus now are by no means the intellectual giants who haunted the classical shades of song and story when they were young, but nevertheless, they are interested in their doings; they want to see if the old ship is still safe in the hands of those youngsters. For the sake, then, of the alumni the college newspaper should be a faithful reflector of the campus life, should be, so to speak, a bulletin board upon which are posted the doings of students and faculty.

It should, however, be more than a mere bulletin board: it should be the reflector of the campus thought. If the editor-in-chief expresses opinions or gives publicity to views that are opposed to those of any student, that student has a perfect right to reply with an article to the paper, lest the world think that the editor's way of thinking is that of the whole student body. And any fair-minded editor, being always eager to get the other fellow's point of view, will give space to such articles gladly and freely.

The editorial columns are distinctly for the opinions of the editor and he should not hesitate to take advantage of them to the fullest extent. The truly conscientious editor pauses not to see in what manner his views

will be received by the students, but expresses them freely and frankly, first having satisfied himself, however, that he is in the right—that is, so far as he can understand what the right is, for often it is a hard matter, one difficult of decision, to know exactly what to render unto Caesar. But a paper, college or otherwise, that has within its columns no editorial matter is as a wishy-washy rag and undeserving of consideration.

The two things that a college newspaper should aim at, then, are faithfully and in an unbiased manner to reflect the happenings on the campus for the benefit of students, faculty, and alumni, and to show forth, in so far as possible, the campus thought.

But when an editor has these things well in mind, he has by no means settled the whole problem of newspaper life. Every week there arises the old problem of what to print and what not to print—the question of all questions the most important in the newspaper world. As the late Isaac Erwin Avery once remarked in his column of idle comments: "The impulse to write things that should not be written is one of the most fearsome problems in the newspaper business. Murders, hangings, hotel building, tea parties, fights, industrial deals—these and a lot of other matters that are told in the open are chronicled as a matter of course, but the newspaper man pauses, trembling, before the things that happen and yet are discussed in a whisper. * * * The unprintable things would be read by the world, no matter if the world's eyes protruded in horror; and nobody knows this any better than a newspaper man. Sometimes the danger line between the questionable and the unquestionable is not clearly defined, and in the hurry of a print shop there must occasionally come an inclination to err in favor of sensation. The writer is positive that he could get out one issue of this paper that would be read and re-read by everybody in the country, but he would never assist in getting out another issue. He'd be killed by a

dozen or so different people, though all that he had written would have been true."

Ah! that is the real problem, and the settling of it—the settling that makes a man think and weigh the effects, this settling alone, aside from the good a paper does, makes the game worth the candle, compensates for the trouble, and makes the newspaper life worth the living.

TO "HER"

A. E. Lloyd, Jr.

Do not talk to me in Latin
  For that language I despise.
Don't ask me anything in French
  For you'll get but few replies.
In Greek I'm worse than a novice
  And in German far from wise.
If you want me really to understand
  Just talk to me with your eyes.

My Spanish is something terrific.
  I never have studied Hebrew.
Russian I've never attempted.
  Chinese is the same way too.
My Sanskrit is bad as my Russian.
  On English I failed to get through.
But I know we'll get along O. K.
  If we talk with our eyes. Don't you?

DREAMLAND

W. E. Yelverton

Dreamland! What a flood of tender memories, of glowing anticipation, of present delights, arises at the mention of that magic word—dreamland! Dreamland is everywhere: with the laborer in his fields, with the mechanic at his forge, with the president in his cabinet. With roseate coloring it surrounds the peasant at her toil, the burgher maiden in the village, the queen in her palace. The land of reality obtrudes itself unpleasantly, but dreamland still exists with its pagaentry of coloring, its multiplicity of light and shade, its harmonious panorama af hurrying pictures.

College land is dreamland. The world of reality finds more barriers to the heart of the knowledge seeker. The world without is life; the college world is preparation, preparation for life—it is the land of dreams. For what so lends itself to dreams as preparation? Is it preparation for life? Then life is transformed from its future uncertainties to the actual, present living—in dreams. Is it the maiden at her toilet? What a setting for dreams! Tonight the touch of a modiste, the vigilance of a manicurist, the careful scrutiny of a maid may mean so much. The admiring crowd may be critical at any moment. She is almost perfect. A dust of powder, the darkening of an eyelash, and beauty is perfection. Through what a mist of dreams was it performed! The glances of admiration, the second look, the riveted gaze, are all reality to her as the toilet progresses. She sees herself in the center of the admiring many, at ease, possessing the full measure of youth's beauty and perfection—in dreamland.

Yet a woman's toilet is a matter of moments. A man's preparation for life covers as many months. What a

harvest of dreams! A man does not dream so much, you say. Ah but he does. You catch him at it often. Many times you have started him by a word when his eyes were looking far beyond the college horizon. You see him gazing at the text of his book, and yet for an hour he has not turned its pages. And what is this but dreaming? The words on the page are a blurr to his eyes. He sees the world—the real world outside the college pale; and there he is proving his right to be one of that world—a worker in that active life. He sees himself at the height of his profession—a man to be recognized by the world as such. He is struggling, succeeding, rising ever higher—in dreamland.

But are there only two factors in the structure of this builder of castles? Is he the only central figure with the world as a field for his labors? For answer, I ask you if the maiden perfects herself merely for the gaze of a conglomerate mass of people? And you answer, no. You know as well as I that it is for one from the throng of admiring faces that she strives to combine youth and beauty. That one is her Knight.—the knight of her dreams, he whom the witchery of her eyes will entice from the four corners of the earth, when once he has tasted the joy of her presence. He will seek her then with all the glow of a lover and it will please her to surrender—in dreamland.

And the student? He would conquer a world to provide Her a pedestal. His mission in life is both glorified and insignificant because of her. Glorified because it is the road to her, insignificant because the goal is so much the greater. The applause of nations is nothing unless sanctioned by her smile, wealth is created only to lay at her feet. More faultless than perfection, she shall smooth the way for him to what the world calls success, but will not mean success to him until he has sac rificed all at her shrine. She shall rejoice in his joy an comfort him in his sorrows. It is she who makes the

game worth the candle, the ever-present ideal that inspires him to reach man's highest pinnacle—in dreamland.

What does it matter if he knows that his ideal is unattainable—that the woman he shall love more than all the world will prove to be clay after all. What matters it if he knows that he will not be worthy of the woman of his dreams. To reason thus is the province of reality. Dreamland knows no reasoning. His saner moments will picture the shattering of ideals that comes with domesticity, but his dreams will make a perfect union where perfection knows no blemish. The love of each will lift the other to heights of happiness unknown to man save only in dreams. Canker and discord may come into the lives of others, but the lady of his dreams and he will be immune to the petty disagreements and sorrows of life Love will be life and life will be love; the world and all therein needs only to be reached for in order to be grasped—in dreamland.

ANGODEA

By S. H. Lyle, Jr.

Through all the years my love shall cry to you,
Yet with a cry your heart can never know,
And even known can never understand.
Just as we humans worship One above,
And raise to Him our eyes in silent plen
For higher aspirations of the soul,
So in my heart I worship you. I love,
And yet I know that in the love alone
Lies strength to strive to do the nobler work.
But one dumb pressure of your hand, one last
Deep look into your startled eyes, and this
Must be the end. The love itself is that
Which shall inspire; the great desire but once
Be gained and all is lost.

You call my name
As I turn away, and in your voice
Is all the bitter pain of endless nights
That pass as years, and years that pass as nights;
The yearning of the heart that pulsed
In love and trust, and with one bitter blow
Is crushed forever. Life is dead to you,
And in the silent dark your straining eyes
Will see but phantom gleams from memories
Of years that now will come no more. And I,
My restless feet adrift in some far spot
Out in the world, shall see the gleam and know,
As you can never know, that this is best.

ON BEING POLITE.

D. Phillips

"Polite: courteous; obliging; refined or elegant in speech, manner or behavior."

That is what the Century Dictionary has to say about it, but I am not going to accept that definition. Polite has a whole lot more meanings than just those. I know of at least three myself, even though they are negative. If you don't know at least three more, you had best finish this discussion of the why and wherefore of being polite. I call this a discussion of a thing. I ought to have called it a discussion of the lack of a thing. I haven't lived so very long, nor been so very busy the time I have lived, but I have never seen any why or wherefore to certain kinds of politeness. I have never seen anybody who has, and I never expect to. There isn't any.

Politeness in the abstract is all very well, sounds very pretty to talk about, and looks fine in print, but when you come to practicing promiscuous politeness, the average man will dodge, say "excuse me," and have urgent business in the next block, the next county or the next state. Alphonse and Gaston do well enough for the Sunday supplement, but "de cop" is as present in real life, though not always dressed in regulation blue. Our super polite friends never fail to get in trouble by their beautiful courtesy, and even if there is no real trouble, the laugh is always on them, and I'd rather be in trouble than ridiculous. And they deserve it all. Politeness is all right in its place—where it should be it must be—but out of its place it deserves all that it gets, and more. It is this mis-placed politeness, this mis-begotten courtesy—if indeed, it can be called that—that causes my divergence from the above defini-

tion. Let me draw you two pictures. You shall pass judgment.

It is a January afternoon, just passing into night. The ground is covered with sleet, and that cold north wind sweeping down past the Davy Poplar strikes a shiver to your bones and a rosy red to your finger tips. You stand at the pump, you and some half dozen others, shivering; faces and fingers and feet cold, cold, cold. The leaky dipper bangs and batters as it swings against those classic fluted columns and some one shivers as his fingers catch that ice covered chain and slide down it to the shaky handle. Someone takes his hand from his pocket, and shivering anew, grasps that arctic pump handle. The valve is leaky, and it is moments 'ere the water at last gushes from that ice hung spout. The hand pops back into the pocket as the dipper is filled. The man with the leaky dipper starts to drink, but politeness(?) stops him. He hesitates. The dipper leaks He offers it to the nearest man. Politeness(?) makes him refuse. The dipper leaks. He offers it to the next man. He refuses. The dipper leaks. The next. He refuses. The dipper is dry. It took two minutes to do it all, two minutes of torment. Everybody was thirsty, the water was wasted, everybody is cold. Yes, but everybody was polite. Were they?

It is at the postoffice. The mail is just up, the crowd is surging in to boxes and delivery window. You have just gotten your mail. In it is a Charlotte Observer. You have a friend from Charlotte, but he does not take the paper. He sees your paper, hails you, he wants to see the latest home news. You stop, try to put three letters in your pocket, drop one, stoop to pick it up—and delay the crowd just that much. By that time your friend has reached you. He throws his arm about you, gets his head over your shoulder, and you open the paper. It takes space to open a newspaper, and more space to turn a leaf. The local news is inside, so you open it out. You hold one side, he holds the other.

There you stand. The door is ten feet away, and there are fifty men who want to get their mail. Two men take up quite a bit of room, and a newspaper takes up more. You are right in the path of the crowd, you and your friend and your paper. The door is ten feet away Why not step outside and back up against the window. You'd be more comfortable, and out of the way, but your friend asked you inside, and you must accommodate him, must be polite. But are you?

Was it politeness that led four men to refuse to drink first? Was it politeness that lead the man to open his paper and block the crowd? No, to both questions. It may have been accommodation in the second, but it was pure fool in the first. Each and every one of those men saw that the dipper was leaking. Each and every one of them knew that unless some one drank and that at once the water would be wasted. And because the first man had some misbegotten sense of being "obliging or courteous," "was refined or elegant in speech, manner or behavior," every one of them was resolved not to be behind him. There was neither rhyme nor reason in his action, and where there is lack of both rhyme and reason there is lack of sense, sensibilities or sanity.

Temper your politeness with sense, my over-courteous friend. Smile, if you will, when I tell you to think of Alphonse and Gaston, but the advice is good. Why do people smile when they do think of those two unfortunate sons of France? Were they not courteous? Were they not "refined and elegant in speech, manner and behavior?" Assuredly. But were they polite? As assuredly, no. Politeness lies deeper than mere form, means more than words, stands for something higher than bows and obeisances. It is a thing of the mind rather than of the body, of the spirit rather than of the mind. Be observant of all those little forms—far be it from me to council other—but disregard too great attention to their strict observance. It is better here to do a little too little than much too much.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD"

J. B. Reeves

Timothy was sitting before the window working at his algebra. A breeze came in from the South, smelling of woods and things, and algebra straightway left the head of Timothy. He gazed out longingly toward the distant woods. Down the valley he could see the green birches and beeches which shaded the winding Deep Creek—the fishing holes and swimming pools of cool Deep Creek. Timothy laid down his book. Nature was calling him. He glanced at the teacher; she was busy at the black-board. The breeze of June came in again.

"Yes, cool woods!," cried the heart of Timothy, "Yes, Deep Creek, I hear you, I'll be with you."

He gave a low "s-s-st" to three of his friends who were sitting across the aisle. They all looked up and understood at once the significant glance which Timothy gave out through the window. Each of them looked at the teacher, who was still busy, and then gave Timothy a smiling nod. Timothy climbed quietly into the window and dropped to the ground. The others in turn moved stealthily to Timothy's desk, thence to the window and to freedom.

"Round Rock Hole," of wide fame among the boys and of blessed memory to many a man, is an ideal swimming place. A big round rock extends out into the stream for some distance, rising about a foot above the surface of the water. The creek makes a gentle, eddying bend around this rock, and then winds out of sight around a clump of willows.

The four boys were not long in depositing their clothes on Round Rock. They went off the springboard in the same order in which they had left the school-

room window, though not so quietly. They found the water a little muddy, for there had been a heavy thunder-shower up among the mountains where Deep Creek has its source. But that bothered them little. To one who knows the joys of "Round Rock Hole" on a June day, a little murkiness of the water is a small matter.

The bathers had a glorious time. They swam races, they "ducked" each other, they had splash battles, and so on till the sun began to get low.

"Say, boys," said Timothy, who suddenly remembered that his mother had told him to come home that afternoon immediately after school. "I'll bet you my hat I'm the first man on the rock."

Down stream they went at fine speed, till they came to—the rock was gone!"

"What the thunder?"

"Well I'll be durned!"

"The creek's up."

The creek indeed was up. It was running several inches over the surface of the rock. All the clothing of course was gone. The boys clambered out on the bank and Timothy burst into a fit of laughter.

"What the devil are you laughing at?" asked Toby who could not see the humor of the situation.

"Why, every rag we've got's gone," and again Timothy was overcome.

"You'd better be down the creek lookin' for 'em, you screechin' idiot, 'stid of standin' there actin' like a fool. How do you reckon we're goin' to get back to town?"

A disappointing search followed; Bill's straw hat was the only thing found. The search was finally given up and a consultation was held.

"Old man Jenkins lives over yonder on the hill," suggested Timothy. "Let one of us go over there and get a pair of britches apiece. If the old man hasn't got enough to go around maybe the old lady will lend us a-er-one of her dresses. I move that Toby goes."

"You aint talkin' to Priscilla," said Toby, convincedly.

"Toby's right," said Timothy, in a superior tone. "Mrs. Jenkins is sort o' old-fashioned and she might not understand if Toby should call in this new style. But say, Adam and Eve, our forefathers, wore fig leaves. Why not us?"

Timothy's wit, if he meant it that way, did not meet appreciative ears.

"Aw, close up some of your lip, Tim; you are the one that got us into this pickle anyway, and it's a pretty pickle too, ain't it? You're always too smart, by gum. I wish you'd use some of your smartness to get us out of this mess. We can't stay out here all night. It's gettin' cold as whiz, now."

"Oh, don't worry, son; you'll get warmed up all right when you do get home."

"They wuz my Sunday pants, too," said George Dobbins, who was doing some thinking of his own. "I guess I'll ketch it."

"Yes, dear," said Timothy. "Boys who play hookey and get home too late for supper are apt to want two pairs of pants, or even three wouldn't hurt."

"Oh, shut up, Tim, like I told you. If you don't I'll cover your mug with a handful of this mud."

"You'd better be covering your naked carkiss, friend."

"Aw, come off," interrupted Toby. "Let's go over yonder to the big road. It's only about half a mile through the woods. Somebody'll be passin' along and we can call 'em from behind the bushes and get 'em to help us out."

"Good," they all agreed. "It's gittin' cold, and besides it'll soon be sundown."

They were not long in reaching the roadside. Their skin was scratched in places, but they did not notice that particularly. They huddled behind some ivy bushes and waited impatiently for some passerby. It was not long till they heard the rattle of an approaching buggy.

"Good grannies, boys," said Timothy, peering eagerly through the bushes, "it's old Mrs. Jenkins been to town with some eggs and butter."

"Stop her, Tim."

"Stop her yourself."

The old lady was now even with them. She was musingly tapping the back of her sleepy horse with her whip. Timothy suddenly espied a big tow sack in the back of the buggy. This suggested a plan. He would steal up, get the sack and wrap it around him, then he would call Mrs. Jenkins and ask for assistance.

This was a good plan and might have turned out well but for the unfortunate fact that the end of the sack extended forward under the seat to the feet of Mrs. Jenkins. Both of them were placed firmly upon it.

Timothy reached the back of the buggy in quiet and safety. He gave the sack a gentle pull, but it did not come. Then he gave it a quick jerk. This, of course, moved the feet of Mrs. Jenkins, and broke up her pleasant musings. She glanced quickly backward and gave a startled gasp. Then she rose in her might to her feet.

"What do you mean, you—"

But the name she named him was lost in the echoing "whack!" of the big whip across the bare white back of Timothy, who, dazed by the suddenness of it all, had not yet thought to fall back to cover. Another whack of the whip resounded through the woods. This time it was across the back of the unsuspecting horse. He raised his old head and started out at a pace which he had probably not known before for twenty years. He went like a racer. As he carried the buggy, madly rattling, around a bend in the road, Mrs. Jenkins looked back. Her face showed fright and angry astonishment, and with this a slight blush. Tim still stood in the middle of the road squirming and trying to rub his back, The other boys circled around him in high glee, forgetful of their own condition.

"Laugh if you want to," said the red-faced Timothy who was now thoroughly angry. "I'm goin' to tear two holes in the bottom of this bag; I'm goin' to put my feet through 'em, and I'm goin' home. If the last one of you don't quit laughin' this minute, I swear I won't do a thing to help you out."

Timothy gazed calmly at them, then turned abruptly and went striding down the road. His gait was absurdly dignified, considering his attire.

"Ta! Ta! sweet Babes in the Wood," he said. "Be careful to keep well in the shade; you might get sunburned."

The first house he came to was that of old Aunt Minerva Smith, who lived on the outskirts of the town. He knocked at the door. but received no response. The house was locked up. He began to look around to see if he could find anything wherewith he might be clothed. Aunt Minerva's clothesline was full of clothes, but there were no trousers in sight. After a careful investigation he found most nearly answering his purpose, two white night-gowns, evidently belonging to some fine lady, for they were elaborately trimmed with lace, and a bright-colored calico wrapper. He needed another costume yet, "something nice for Toby to wear this evening," he said.

"Ah! a peek-a-boo shirtwaist! the very trick." He took the delicate thing from the line and laughed as he thought of Toby's fat form. "Now for the rest of Toby's outfit. Let me see. That red flannel underskirt will do. Gee! it belongs Aunt 'Nervy, I know, nobody else could wear it—but Toby."

Hastily donning the wrapper and an unstarched sunbonnet, he took the other things under his arm and set out to rescue his "Babes in the Wood." The sun had gone down and twilight was falling.

Timothy chuckled to himself: "Gee, but won't the modest maidens dodge the street-lamps, though."

THE WAY OF A WOMAN

Kemp D. Battle

It was a wet, windy, bad day and the house party was completely stalled. This weather was irksome and it told on the spirits of the crowd. For two days it had rained continuously, and there still seemed no prospects of anything better. The house at which we were guests was one of those stately, old, colonial mansions that had, somehow or other, evaded the ravages of the war. Now it was teeming with a lively crowd of young people. Six girls and as many boys composed the party. We had been there four days and this rainy afternoon was the last that we should enjoy the splendid hospitality of our hostess—Martha Stewart.

Martha and I were cousins and had always been very fond of each other. For the past two years, I had seen very little of her. I had been at college during the winters, and in the summers, had been off on surveying expeditions. At college however, I had heard vague reports of her success as a society belle. It seemed that her favor was most hotly contested by two young fellows. Gordon Jones was a cotton-mill superintendent who lived at the neighboring town of Argo. He seemed an industrious youth. Starting poor, he had entered the mill as a sweeper. Now he was superintendent and had become almost indispensable to his employers. Against this careful conscientious boy, there was pitted one, Irving Batchelor. Irving was the son of old Judge Batchelor, a friend and neighbor of Colonel Stewart, Martha's father. Irving was a brilliant, hot-headed, reckless young fellow. Graduating from Princeton with a high record and a reputation for wildness, he had studied law and settled down to a meagre practice at Argo. He spent his time in carousing and courting Martha. Such, in brief, were

the characters of the two men who were waging a battle for the hand of my pretty cousin.

On this particular, rainy afternoon, Martha and I had slipped away from the rest of the crowd and were sitting on the stairway having a heart-to-heart talk about old times and things in general.

"Jack" she said "I want to talk to you about my love affairs."

"Drive on," I said.

"Well, Gordon and Irving came to me together the other night and said they thought I had kept them waiting long enough. I knew they were right, so I told them that I would give them my answer tomorrow before they leave. I have talked to father about it, but he says I can decide better than he can. I wish mother were living so I could go to her." She paused, a catch in her voice. "You know almost as much about them as I do. Gordon is a good, steady boy, and would make me a good husband. Irving is a much smarter fellow. He is just a wayward bundle of unrealized possibilities. He says that if I marry him, he will never touch another drop. But I am afraid to trust him. He promised his father that he would stop last year, but he hasn't done it. As far as love goes, I really love Irving much more than I do Gordon. I would marry him tomorrow if I were not afraid of his wildness. He is a noble fellow and awfully attractive. He never has lied to me. I wonder if he would keep his promise to let whiskey alone. His father used to be wild but settled down after his marriage." And so we were talking when the crowd found us and carried us off to a game of euchre.

The next morning I was looking over some old books in Colonel Stewart's library. They were ancient text books and must have been in the family for years and years. The most curious of them all was an old Horace, much worn with use. I was looking through this book, reading a line here and a line there, when I ran across

one of the most interesting documents I have ever seen. Just at the twenty-fourth ode there were several pages, evidently torn from a note book. They were written over in a girl's handwriting and were yellow with age. Here is what was written on them:—

"This is Thursday night and I am almost distracted. Every day this week John and Jim have demanded that I choose between them. I think they are mean to make me decide. I don't want to get married anyhow. But God knows I love them both!

"At first I thought I would take Jim. He is so big and handsome. Dear old happy-go-lucky Jim! Mama says he is wasting his substance in riotous living. Who cares? He is just as nice as he can be. Jim and I have been sweethearts ever since we were little tots. One day, a long time ago, when I was ten and Jim was twelve, he asked me if I would do myself the honor of marrying him, and I said I would. It seems like I wouldn't know how to get on without old Jim.

"But I love John too. John is a steady, dignified boy. He is twenty-four and I am just eighteen. He is mighty careful with his money and owns more property now than Jim ever will own. Mama and Papa want me to marry John. They say Jim is wild and 'no-count.' And of course I want to please them. So I just don't know what to do. I reckon I will let them draw straws for it tomorrow.

"Friday morning. I had a dream last night which I believe was sent by Providence to tell me what to do. And I am going to do it. Time hangs idle on my hands this morning, so I will just write it down.

"I seemed to be 'walking through the valley of the shadow of death.' I stood in a narrow, rocky path, on either side of which emerged glistening walls of solid rock. These walls rose vertically and finally were arched in the gloomy darkness above. There was a dim light which pervaded the passage. The light was murky

and definable like smoke. It seemed to come from everywhere and yet nowhere: There was a darkness and a dampness and an earthiness like to a dungeon. The gleaming rocken walls shut in the vision on either side, while before and behind, the narrow path wound in and out, and in all and through all and over all, there was a palpable silence—as of the grave.

"In such a place I stood,—alone, for Fear was not with me, and I spoke. And from the arch above, the sound was hurled back at me, rudely, ruthlessly, awfully. Thus answered, I became afraid and I turned and lo! Fear stood beside me. In one hand he bore a censor and in the other a gleaming sword and his clothing was of the grave. And he delivered unto me the sword and beckoned to follow. And as we walked, we came to a place where the walls were wide apart. And between the walls there was a great pit. And we paused on the edge of the pit. And Fear held the censor over the edge and pointed into the pit. And I looked and lo! it was full of coiling, twisting, silently writhing snakes. And they were all slick with blood and with the poison from their fangs. And as I looked, they all hissed, and the ground shook, and the walls rocked; but I was not afraid, and there was a great groan that came as from nowhere, and we passed on.

"And as we proceeded, the path ended and we were enclosed on three sides by solid rock. And fear beckoned unto me, and I raised the sword above my head and smote three times upon the rock, and it opened and we entered a brilliantly lighted hall. And as I cast my eyes about the hall, I sickened. Twenty steps to the right was John, twenty to the left, Jim. Around the waist of each was a rope by which he was dangling a few feet above the floor. His hands were tied behind his back and to his bared breast a shaft of red-hot iron was approaching—out of the solid rock. The end of the shaft was only a foot away and he was writhing with

the heat. As I looked at Jim he gritted his teeth upon the gag in his mouth, smiled faintly, and closed his eyes. I looked at John. He smiled and nodded his head toward Jim, and thus spoke Fear, 'Right or left? Thou hast not time for both. Quick to the rescue of the one thou wilt choose!'

"Until that moment I had not realized that I must choose between them. I took in the situation at a glance. On the one side, was the man of my head if not of my heart. He could assure me of a comfortable living and a steady, if not passionate, devotion. On the other side, there was the man of my heart, my sweetheart from early childhood. I can see him now, a fine specimen of Southern young manhood, wild and reckless perhaps, but tender, romantic, and passionately devoted. I had almost started to him when I remembered John's supreme unselfishness a moment ago, and then I just seemed paralyzed. To save my life, I couldn't go either way. Helpless as a babe, I watched the deadly iron come closer and closer until I could almost feel my own heart scorched by its terrible heat. 'Haste!' said Fear, and with one last despairing look backwards, I grasped the sword and rushed to the—." But here the page ended.

I closed the book with a snap. "Well if here isn't a a parallel to Martha's predicament! I'll show it to her." And so I did.

That afternoon, the dignified Mr. Gordon Jones forgot his hat as we were leaving for the train. We tried hard to guy him about it, but he answered with a far-away smile and an evident self-satisfactipn that put us to blight: As for Irving, he drove away with an oath on his lips and the blush on intoxication upon his face. Poor fellow! It had gone against him.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

Our Social Life Slow as is the process of evolution, it is rather astonishing to see the marked change in the social life of the University that the last four years have brought about. To the Freshman who matriculated two weeks late in the fall term four years ago, it would have seemed that the whole plan of the University revolved around the one question of fraternity or non-fraternity. Two weeks were needed then to line up the opposing factions. On one side there were those who were designated "non-frats" — this side called the other side "frat-booters." From the beginning of the term there was enmity between the two sides. A Freshman found himself in a dilemma from the very beginning of his college career. Whichever side he chose, he would be considered by some either a boot-licker or a social outcast.

Various forces, both external and internal, have been brought to bear on these conditions until little by little they have disappeared. It is not our purpose to comment on these forces except to say that the attitude of individuals on both sides has been largely responsible. A greater tolerance has been characteristic of the leaders of both elements recently, and differences between the two classes have been found to be very small indeed.

Four years ago a Junior dance, or a fraternity dance complimentary to the Junior and Senior classes, would have been an unheard of and an unthought of thing. It seems now that such a thing will actually come to pass. Four years have sufficed to bring about this change. If so much has been accomplished in this time, what a future there is in store for us! If the next four years can do as much, then the social problem will be a thing of the past.

The Short Story Contest In the November number of THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE we announced the purpose, the plans and the program of the proposed Inter-collegiate Short Story Contest. The magazines that have agreed to enter the contest number now, as then, seven. We are in favor of having the contest with that number, even though the original plan requires ten. The only charge that could be brought against the advisability of holding a contest with so few contestants would be the fact that it would not be representative of Southern college magazines. We do uot believe that such a charge could be substantiated, because we have submitted the plan to every college magazine in the South, either by letter or by marked copies of our MAGAZINE, or by both means of communication. The magazines now in the contest are certainly representative in locality, and are, we believe, representative in quality. Within a week or

two after this issue of the MAGAZINE goes to press we will probably know whether or not the contest will be launched. If the contestants are satisfied with the number, or if the requisite ten are secured immediately, the contest will certainly be pulled off. We began the undertaking with the intention of instituting a Southern inter-collegiate short story contest, and, although the number of contestants is not as great as we hoped, the contest will come off if the other magazine editors are willing to stick to it. Otherwise, it seems that we will be compelled to submit to failure.

Unity in University Life

It is with a feeling of pleasure and thankfulness that we note the rapid development of unity in University life. This unity of the students, this feeling of fellowship between classes, is as yet by no means all that could be hoped for, yet each year it is showing more and more plainly. Five years ago the student body was divided into a number of cliques and circles, each fighting entirely for self. College politics were bitter in the extreme, and often gave rise to personal enmities that extended into life when the men left the University. These conditions, we are glad to say, have given way to better ones, yet still there is too much of the clique idea and not enough of the general unity idea among the students. It is all right to have intimate friends, and every one should have them; but too many students live entirely in these small circles. This should not be the case; they should meet their fellow students on the campus, associate with them, and learn their manner of thinking, and their views on subjects of general college interest. That is the way to create the student unity this University so greatly needs.

It is at Commencement that in previous years this lack of student unity has been most in evidence. Commencement is the true index to student life; what our existence as University men shall mean to us depends in a great degree upon what we make of Commencement. All the auspices seem favorable this year for the best Commencement ever held here. It only lies with us, the student body, to make it so. We must get together now, at the beginning, and work steadily together to the end. Our new arrangements for the social functions eliminate all idea of factional strife; it is now merely a question of getting together and working together. Do we but do this, do we but make our next Commencement all that we hope, we firmly believe it will mark the advent of a unity of University and not merely individual scope, a unity of life, of interests, and of ideals.

The Return Yes, it's all over, and we're back again, back with the same old problem before us. We turn from the inside room, and the collected dust of the vacation, to the window. Outside things look mighty bare and dreary—somehow they were not like this at home. Five months, too! Think of it, five months of monotonous toil; and we can't see that ray of sunlight behind the clouds, either. The dull, lazy spring days right ahead, and in the far, far distance a tiny rag of sheepskin—what a prospect!

But let's dust up a bit and start a fire. Things begin to look a little brighter. A cigar? Sure—a Cinco, just the right flavor. Now, how about this thing, anyway? We've got a certain amount of work to do, it's true, but after all it isn't all work. There's the baseball season coming on—and our fellows are winners, every one of them. Things are sure to come our way in that line. Then there's the balmy, leafy spring days, the Junior

Prom, the Dramatic Club doings, the Glee Club doings, and all the other doings. After all, work's pretty easy, too; a little history, and Pedagogy and such stuff for fun—what's that? And then at the end there's Commencement—Commencement with its flowers, its girls, its receptions, and its dances. Come to think of it I guess we're glad we're back!

THINGS TALKED ABOUT

The University Catalogue is not usually regarded as a joke book. In fact experience has taught us that it is far from it. Yet, we have discovered one sentence that surely can not be intentional. "Each Senior will be officially informed by the the Registrar in August of all deficiencies standing against him." Has this ever come true? Some of us have been here nearly four years and we have never heard of such information being imparted so early in the year. On the contrary, Seniors are now receiving informal invitations to call on Dr. Alexander, and give answer to various charges of ommission, and negligence. To say the least, this is unpleasant, and fears arise in the breasts of those who have been most careful to obey the law. It is inevitable that some of us must undergo the ordeal at this late hour, yet in behalf of those that follow in our steps we pray that each Senior, in the future, be informed of his deficiencies before it is too late to make reparation.

Any stringing out of words on the splendid feeling now existing in the University, further than to bring it in as the cause of an effect, would be superfluous at this stage of the game. We have the feeling of the toastmaster who proposed "Love to me, friendship to a few, and hearty good-will to all" in every particular except one—we believe in friendship to more than a few of the University's capital fellows. And, since we have the spirit, there can be no use in talking about it. The fact that we have it is enough for us.

From the general hand-shaking and patting-on-the-back have evolved the Junior Prom. and its attendant

features. Not the least important among these is the afternoon dance to be given by the fraternities to the Juniors and Seniors. The fraternities have come to an agreement to adapt themselves to the new conditions wholly, and not to be stragglers in the onward march. They hope to establish a precedent in the matter of this dance, since they are sure that it will add to the attractiveness of "Junior Week." They do not want 1908 to be the climax of its success, but only a stepping stone to greater, and greater, and greater success. Where this dance will play a great part in contributing to the enjoyableness of the occasion is in the drawing Chapel Hill-wards of a great many of the descendants of Eve. We, the male sex, need not ask "why" a girl acts and thinks as she does; but is a known fact, proved by the past history of this University, that femininity will travel twice as far, think it will have twice as good a time, and, furthermore, have that twice as good a time if twice as many dances are scheduled. So we will not bother our minds about the ladies—until we see them, anyhow.

And as for the boys here in college—have they ever been found lacking when maidens are in distress? But, laying aside all pleasantry, any question as to their being at the dance in full force seems to us unnecessary. If we know anything at all about our fellows, we know they will receive the invitation to this dance in the spirit with which it is given. And that spirit, living in the hearts of the students, is going to be the life of the University.

I want to register one of my kicks right here in the shape of an opinion. I am tired of being greeted with these little phrases borrowed from "Die Deutscher" and "Le cercle de conversation Francaise."

Now let me state in the beginning that I am not an adept in modern languages. I have taken first French (twice) on which I made—well suffice it to say that I am not on speaking terms with the language. It grates on me to be greeted with such a phrase as this: "Avez vous dejeune ce matin"? with a question mark in the accent.

A friend of mine tries to speak French or "Francais" or "Parlez vous Francais" or something like that he calls it and that is one of his favorite phrases. He has only about four others,—That is all that keeps him from being unbearable. When he has used each of these about twice in the course of a five minutes conversation he begins drawing on all vocabularies for his words, which he chooses, to quote him, with infinite "finesse" and an air of "nonchalance" "tres interressante." He speaks of the "naive" little girl down home or the "blase" woman across the street and mein Gott! a thousand other senseless things. He throws in one phrase "en passant" and another "per accidens" and another "par parentheses" and so on "ad infinitum."

Another friend I have tries to speak German. He belongs to "Die Deutcher Verein" and has probably studied German for two months. He greets me with the phrase, "Wo gehst du, mien lieber Freund"? I do not speak a word of German but I have learned to reply: "Zu Helle mit das."

A friend gave me that phrase on request. I commend it to anyone who loves his mother tongue. It usually proves effective!

Instead of the way just mentioned, my friend sometimes begins, "Sprecken Zie Deutsch"? I believe he just starts that way to try you. If you answer: "Ja, ich sprech Deutsch ein weniog, aber nicht sehr gut," he will probably continue the conversation in his mother tongue. You see his knowledge of German is limited. But just answer him "no" in plain English and he will talk German for the next half hour.

In answer to this question I sometimes fall back on my old standby: "Zu Helle," etc., or vary it to "nein verdam." He sometimes continues: "Sie ist mein lieber Freund," to which I invariably reply: "Du bist ein verdammte Luger."

Remember, please, that I do not speak a word of German.

Most everything that is done here is done by the students, either for the purpose of making their way or for preparing themselves for other work.

Those who are interested in journalism publish and print the magazine and college weekly. Some get assistants places in the departments which they are especially interested. Some get office work, clerkships, etc. Others sell clothes, collect laundry, wait on the table at some boarding house and various and sundry other things.

Why is it that the students don't run the pumping engine and light and heat plant? It seems that this offers some student a chance to become familiar with running an engine and make his way through college at the same time.

Of all the tiresome people the moralist takes the dog. I for one am tired, good and tired, having a moral subtracted from every statement I make. It grates on me when I can't make an assertion without somebody trying to draw a lesson.

I had rather have a man say "I told you so" than have him take a simple observation and deduce a moral.

In the moralist there is the least of common sense, of logic, of any man under the sun. I pointed out to a visitor one day a man temporarily debutitated by footboll,

"Oh, these games don't pay. They're too rough," he said. He didn't stop to think of the hundreds that had been made men of, but took the one who had been hurt and drew his lesson. That is a fair sample of the moralist's moralizing. He thinks everything was meant to teach a lesson and he makes himself a nuisance living up to it.

Moral: Never moralize.

Most optimists, we believe, have the idea that everything will turn out for the best. Yet in the light of our experience and observation, we prefer to withhold judgment for a time—at least as regards things temporal. The ground behind the gymnasium, where the class teams have been accustomed to practice, has been ploughed up and a considerale amount of money has been spent in trying to level it, with the idea of making room for more tennis courts. The result of this will most likely be that the class teams will have no place to practice baseball ihis spring. It is true that some effort has been spent in trying to provide for a class athletic field, but this seems to be a matter of the future, as its present plastic state does not give immediate promise of accommodating class athletics. It is easily said that there is no trouble in assuring advice after a thing is done, but we do believe that the unused tennis courts on the campus would have accommodated all those who cared to play tennis, had they been given a little attention. Thus, our class teams, on whose development our athletic system largely depends, would certainly have had the usual opportunities for practice. We believe that we ought to have a good class athletic field, but we think that the tennis courts could have waited until the other had been completed. Then, at least, class athletics would have been far from this handicap.

THE NECESSITY FOR A FRESHMAN AGE LIMIT

When I first came to this University I was a green timid boy of fifteen and I regarded myself as a child in an assembly of elders. The Juniors and Seniors were in my eyes tall, dignified fellows who meditated on metaphysics or calculus—sacred studies as I then thought. The law students whom I saw taking life easy around "Pick's Hotel" were apparently ready to start at any time for Washington and assume the role of legislators. Even the Sophomores seemed to me to be mature, to be far removed from the time when they played "fox and goose." The whole student body seemed to be composed of men more or less mature.

But now as I review my fellow students from the dignified position of a Junior half advanced, I see around me a student body composed of boys more or less immature. I have heard it said, however, by professors and students, by visitors and alumni, that the student body here is as serious or sober-mined as the student body of any college. I hope this statement is true. I trust that I am wrong in believing that each year the average maturity of the students descends to a lower level. But among the Freshmen of this year I find many small in stature, young in years, and immature in mind. And from the Senior class to the Freshman class this number of those more fit for a "prep school" increases out of proportion. I am forced to believe that the student body is year by year becoming more and more a body of younger, less mature boys.

However, I would regret it if I were understood to look with disfavor on the man who has a happy, mien of life. I love to meet the man who is full of the genuine joy of life, but I always look beneat for some strain of mature serious thought. And when it is lacking I am disappointed. I would not have the students "hard-shell," conscience stricken machines for imbibing knowledge, but I would have them happy and joyous, if

underneath there was a serious purpose for which they lived.

I know that I came to college too early, and I wish to raise a protesting hand against those who would make college men out of boys more fit for "prep school" stars. I do not wish to gather together a circle of old men with a sprinkling of maidenly ladies of mature age and name them college students, but I would like to see some rule as to the age at which a person can come to the University. A seventeen year age limit would debar many too immature for college life—, would save many a boy easily moulded by his environment from "going to the bad" at an early age. In short such a rule would raise the standard of the University and would be an advantage to young students.

EXCHANGES

It was my purpose to review in this issue only those magazines published in the State. But among my many exchanges there has come one so unique and from so far a country, that I am compelled to lay aside all resolutions and pause to look at it for a moment. This unique magazine which has lured me from the path of my resolutions is the Black and Gold published by the students of Honolulu High School. Perhaps its attraction is the fact that it is published so far away, but though its content is very immature it is improving. The December issue is far ahead of the November issue in both appearance and content. However, for a High School magazine the Black and Gold is the equal of any I have yet seen, and the editor is to be complimented for turning out his issues so promptly, and still keeping his standard on the upward incline. A little more maturity added to the business like manner of the Black and Gold would make of it a much more readable magazine. Anyway, we are glad to hear from Honolulu, and can say that its magazine stands well in comparison with the high school magazines of this country.

But to return to my original purpose, the college magazines of this State are all right in appearance and very creditable in content. But now and then it seems to me that the editors "slip up," so to say, and let in their pages articles which should be debarred—such for example as "The Defeat of the Spanish Armada" in the January number of the Davidson College Magazine. The article is well written and creditable in every respect except as a part of a college magazine. We all know of the Spanish Armada, and how it was defeated. And sometimes we do not like repetition. But, of the four college magazines which I have received from with-

in the State, the Davidson College Magazine is the best. And the reason is that it is usually a well balanced magazine. It contains more verse than any of the other magazines, and as a rule its prose contents are historical articles and stories of North Carolina life. What I especially like in this magazine and in all Southern magazines is the negro dialect. We are all Southerners and we should try to reflect in our literature something distinctive of our life. And the negro, his quaint dialect, and peculiar characteristics, belong to us alone. We should make him ours in our literature.

The three other college magazines of the State which I received were, The Guilford Collegian, The Trinity Archine, and The Wake Forest Student. These three magazines are all reputable, but each one of them could improve itself by making its contents become more distinctive of its time and place. I know well how hard it is to do this, but we can at least try to make our writings tell of our own life. When we are living here in North Carolina in the year nineteen hundred and eight, why do we all persist in writing about the probable distance of Mars from Mercury in two thousand and twelve? It is all right to know such things, but it is best to keep them to ourselves. What troubles me is the fact that a Northerner could read our college magazines and not know that we travelled in trains and raised cotton for a living. The character types of the present day have been crystallized, and it is for us, the rising generation, to thaw them out and to make our literature distinctly Southern, distinctly North Carolinian. And unless we are writing things to fit all peoples, times, and tongues, it is but sensible that we should write about what we know about.

The female colleges of the State have been well represented in six neat entertaining magazines entitled respectively, The Chatter Box, St. Mary's Muse, The Acorn, The State Normal Magazine, The Ivy, and The

College Message, and the ladies are entertaining as they always are. Further they do not deserve the criticism that they should make their literature more distinctive of their life. All of the magazines are filled with happenings and crises which the college girl has to fare in the stern battle of life. And it warms my heart to read of the full joyous life of the school girl, for I am doomed to lead a quiet hum-drum life in a place infested with men. The magazines are all timely and interesting, so well do they portray the life of the modern school girl. Of them all the St. Mary's Muse is most attractive in appearance, and since beauty counts for much in the world of women, I would say that the St. Mary's Muse is the pick of the flock, and yet it is mighty hard to determine which really is my choice. But the coin falls heads as I wanted it to fall and the Muse is my choice.

Finally I came to the X-Ray, the Greensboro High School Magazine, and the Poch School Gazette, and all three are good magazines. The X-Ray being best in content, and the Poch School Gazette best in appearance. All of these are representative, and my only criticism is to advise them to keep it up, strive for more maturity, and above all things keep silly stereotyped love stories from their pages.

On the whole I am satisfied with our State magazines, and can only bid them be more representative, if they wish to be better magazines.

ALUMNI NOTES

E. P. Gray, '02, is practicing medicine at Winston, N. C.

R. L. Godwin, '02, is practicing law at Dunn, N. C.

C. P. Russell, '04, is on the editorial staff of the New York Sun.

C. E. Maddry is pastor of the Forest Avenue Baptist Church, Greensboro, N. C.

J. H. McIver, '02, is Supt. of Graded Schools at Wadesboro, N. C.

C. W. Miller, '05, who has been very sick for some time, has recovered and resumed work for the Southern Life and Trust Co., of Greensboro.

H. S. Lewis, '05, is practicing law at Suffolk, Va.

S. J. Everett, '02, is a member of the law firm of Winston and Everett of Williamston, N. C.

J. A. Ferrell, '02, who graduated from the Medical Department of the University in June, 1907, is practicing law at Kenansville, N. C.

T. B. Foust, '03, is General Superintendent for the Red River Furnace Co., Clarksville, Tenn.

T. G. Basnight, ex-'02, is practicing medicine at Stokes, N. C.

T. O'Berry is in lumber business at Goldsboro, N. C.

T. H. Sutton, Jr., '07, is a member of the firm of Parker and Sutton, Dealers in Real Estate, Statesville, N.C.

W. M. Brown, '02, is Superintendent of Graded Schools, Lexington, N. C.

A. M. Carr, '02, is manager of the New York office of Durham Hosiery Mills.

J. C. Wiggins. '07, is taking medicine at the University.

J. C. Allison, Ex-'02, is bookkeeper for W. H. King Co., Raleigh, N. C.

D. L. Green, '07, is at work with the advertising department of the American Tobacco Co.

H. C. Jones, '06, is practicing law at Charlotte, N. C.

O. V. Hicks, '07, is teaching at Rockingham, N. C.

D. C. Ballard, '02, is cashier of the Bank of Grand Rapids, N. C.

W. S. Hunter, '07, is with the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co., Ensley, Ala.

J. M. Robinson, '07, is at home, Goldsboro, N. C.

C. O. Abernethy, '02, is a Demonstrator in the Department of Medicine of the University of N. C. at Raleigh.

F. M. Hanes, '03, will graduate in medicine at Johns Hopkins University in June,

T. A. Adams, '02, is practicing law in Charlotte.

L. L. Brinkley, '07, is with the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co., Ensley, Ala.

R. P. Burns, '07, is chemist for the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co., Ensley, Ala.

E. G. Alexander, ex-'02, is practicing medicine at Charlotte, N. C.

J. R. Cox, '05, is working in the Congressional library at Washington, D.C., and reading law.

Q. S. Mills, '07, is still working on the New York Sun.

BOOK REVIEW

History of the University of North Carolina 1789-1868. By Kemp P. Battle, LL.D. Edwards and Broughton Printing Co., Raleigh, N. C. Pp., 880.

To give an adequate review of such an extensive piece of work is, to say the least, no small undertaking, and I shall not here dare to make such an attempt. Suffice it to say that we have in this work an exhaustive portrayal of the thought and feeling, of the ambition and passion, of the success and failure, of one of the oldest of American colleges. And this portrayal has been made by the only man who could possibly have made it. Dr. Battle, by his inheritance and training, by his intelligent sympathy and love, and by his more or less close and vital connection with the University for practically a half century, has been given a preparation and a fitness for such a work as no other man can hope to possess. Another man might have given us the bare facts of the University's life, and possibly in a much more systematic fashion, but he could not possibly have given us the real human and living spirit as Dr. Battle has done. From this point of view, that of the inner life of the University, Dr. Battle's work has no equal. I know of no history of an American college or university which begins to compare with it in this most important particular, and I feel sure that no competitor will soon come into the field. Dr. Battle's *History of the University of North Carolina* will, to my mind, long hold its place of supremacy as the greatest and most human collection of educational facts and feelings which the American people possess.

This phase of his work, while it is easily the most important and valuable, is not the only phase. Rather

incidentally to be sure, Dr. Battle has given us much of the thought, feeling, and achievement of the American people as a whole. The University of North Carolina has at every moment of its life been more or less typical of the American people as a whole in their more vital points—their desires, ambitions, and struggles for the more permanent and more noble things of life. With all its failures to the contrary, our University has always been the chief center of the best and purest in North Carolina life. When North Carolinians have been selfish and provincial in their life and thought, the University has reflected this spirit, but only for the time, and has always developed this spirit into a broader, a higher, and a more charitable one. All this, though not perhaps in the most systematic fashion, has Dr. Battle done for us. And I know of nothing more valuable which he could have done for us, at a time when he has reached that mark seldom reached by man, a seventy-fifth birthday, and especially when his record throughout all this great span of life has been one of good cheer and of sympathetic and loving service for his fellowmen.

CHARLES LEE RAPER.

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The University Magazine

MARCH, 1908

Old Series, Vol. 38 No. 4 New Series, Vol. 25

THE ETERNAL PARADOX

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

He knew the grief that racks the soul,
  He wandered where the hills are bare,
And to the cold, bright stars each night
  Rose from his lips an anguished prayer.

'Twas then he sang of summer streams,
  Of scenes far moved from pain or strife;
And men gave heed, and smiled, and said:
  "This man has found but joy in life."

JONSEY, NAVAL INNOVATOR

Koon Royster

BESIDES being a very remarkable man, Jimmy Barnes was a friend of mine. Also, chief engineer down at the cotton mill. Whether he was a good engineer or not, was disputed. Jimmy, being more or less partial, said he was. His employers, being mindful of certain bitter experiences, said he was not. I, being Jimmy's friend, said nothing. The cause of this doubt concerning Jimmy's mechanical ability was due to certain considerations, culminating in three burnt-out bearings and a low pressure cylinder head cracked, all occurring within three months time. But Jimmy tells tales, picturesque and artistic tales, and since my inclinations run more to art than to engine room economy, I esteemed his friendship highly. Jimmy runs engines for pay, but he tells tales, and I listen to them for love and write them out for pay, being, as I am, of a literary turn.

One Saturday afternoon I was down in the engine room, watching Jimmy start up the dynamos for the night load. When he had fixed the commutators so they were merely sparking very badly, he came over to the work-bench and sat on a soap box.

"In the days of my youth," began Jimmy Barnes—he is three years older than I am, and always talks in a retrospective mood,—"in the days of my youth I had a job burning flues on a government war boat. She was a dinky little craft, three or four feet wide and about as long as from here down yonder and back. Officially she was to be designated as the second-class torpedo boat "*Fulton*". Unofficially she responded to "the old scow". She carried a six-pounder forward and a six-pounder astern, and was what you might call synonymous fore

and aft. Being a torpedo boat, of course she carried no torpedo equipment.

"The commander of this fastidious craft was a rather complex gentleman, endowed with the monotonous nom-de-plume, Gustave deFrederick Jones. I don't want you to get the idea, however, that we ever seduced him by that festive title. To the crew he was plain Captain Jones, and to the officers he was simple Jonsey. But he was neither plain nor simple. He knew less and had more sense than any man that ever squeezed through the Naval Academy. He played left tackle at Annapolis, and graduated in seven years with honor at the foot of his class. He didn't know the rudiments of navigation, but he knew how to run a ship. He could snatch a craft over the seven seas with more ease and less observations than any gray-headed captain in the squadron. It would have given a post admiral delirium tremens to have seen Jonsey mark up his log. When he wanted to know where he was he would take a chart on his knee and chew the end of a pencil. 'Well,' he would mutter, 'I reckon I'm in the North Atlantic Ocean.' Then he would think. 'Yep, I'm in the North Atlantic, sure. So far, so good.' He would then call down thru the speaking tube to the engine room, "Mr. Barnes, judging from our anthracite deposits, how far would you suggest that we have deviated from port?'

" 'We left with full bunkers, sir,' I would answer, 'and disregarding the coal the stokers have assumed as wearing apparel, and that dissolved in the engine room atmosphere, close on to one-third of our supply has gone into the furnace. So, as things go, I would estimate that we have made two hundred and thirty miles.'

" 'Thank you, Mr. Barnes,' he would politely reply, 'I shall now go and make an observation of the sun, but I am quite sure, the result of my investigation will coincide with your deductions.' And they did; they always did. Carter, our Mr. Carter, who was second in com-

mand, said that Jonsey could take a sextant, chronometer, and a page full of figures and git any answer he wanted. But Carter's remarks don't count.

"'Observations' Jonsey would observe, 'are only elementary factors in the art of navigation. In order to judiciously direct a steam boat over the billowy ocean, you don't want to know too much about where you are at. If you know the particular hemisphere, be satisfied. Many men make the mistake of knowing too much. I don't.'

"If I do say it, we were a remarkable ship. Which was natural with G. de F. Jonse Sub-lieutenant, Junior grade, in command of U. S. torpedo boat *Fulton* on the bridge, and James Barnes, second class artificer in the engine room. We two, and Carter, who was a gunnery lieutenant by nature, and second in command by rating, and Haynes, a secondary engine-room functionary, who took orders from me, were the only officers on this war scow.

"You may have a preconceived idea of naval affairs. You may have lived next door to a man who had once seen a battleship. You may even have seen a picture of the *Cregan*, with officers and crew gracefully grouped below the forward turret—a crew of four hundred mariners drawing forty-three cents government money, periodically per day, and showing their enthusiasm and patriotic zeal, in shining brass, and washing down decks, and their lily white panties, *and* their own and particular selves. This being battleship tactics. But I want to tell you that life on the ocean wave as peformed on the *Fulton* was remarkably dissimilar to battleship maneuvers. What is the difference between a battleship and a torpedo boat? Speaking technically, they are both deep sea vessels, propelled by a prime mover. Speaking officially, and quoting from the regulations, 'discipline should be rigorouly maintained on all boats in government service. Speaking personally, however,

as ex-officio chief engineer of the *Fulton*, I will say that our tactics on this heterogeneous war boat were very different from the habits of other deep sea vessels.

"It was natural that Jonsey, who studied more football at Annapolis than anything else, should show more interest in our football team, than in the development of a high state of discipline. We had the best football team in the squadron, and beat the *Brooklyn's*, which horrified them very proper, they being a nine thousand ton cruiser and scornful proud of their rating. What time Jonsey didn't spend in coaching the team, he wasted on our boat crew and a very drastic glee-club we had aboard. Wherefore I want you to understand that, when at sea, we never indulged ourselves in any of the routinary evolutions for which navies are noted. We never washed decks nor ourselves nor uniforms, nor we never shined brass. This being our own peculiar tactics. These own peculiar tactics of ours were very distressful to Mr. Carter. Our Mr. Carter, having being brought up in close proximity to Commodores and Admirals, was very fond of routine. It harassed him to see the reins of discipline so lax, to quote his obligato. But our Mr. Carter being only second in command could not help himself. Wherefore he remained harassed.

"The time of these occurrences transpired back in 1898. If you were a student of history—which, begging your pardon, you probably are not,—you would know—which you probably do not—that the *Maine* was blown up at Havana in February of that year. At this time the *Fulton* was keeping company with the White Squadron off Key West. All during March and April we remainded quietly anchored there, like Ethiopians, unable to change our spot. Congress fooled around, trying to find out what not to do, and the men of the White Squadron loafed around the Key West hotel and swore at themselves, when they were not swearing at the War Department. The officers would gather every

afternoon on the hotel veranda and indulge in light-blue repartee. Jonsey didn't get on well with this crowd for the *Fulton* being his first command, he was excessively proud of it, and thought highly of himself as a fighting factor. And he didn't hesitate to say so. So the other officers considered it lawful sport to rag Jonsey sorely, in so far as they were able. Lieutenant Kerns of the *New York* was a most prolific source of annoyance to him.

"One afternoon, Jonsey was sunning himself on the southern balcony. Kerns came out of the hall and dropped anchor South three points West, sighted for four thousand yards and addressed an imaginary point on the horizon.

"Somebody has been spreading the report that the *Fulton* once had an engine in her. If I was Jonsey I wouldn't let them slander my ship." Turning to Jonsey, 'It can't move can it, Gustave? 'Fess up now, dear.' And Jonsey began to get hot in his bearings as he always did when anyone called him Gustave, or de Frederick.

" 'What's troubling you Kerns,' he retorted, 'is you're too infernal proud of your tonnage? I'd rather be commander of a shoe-box floating down a gutter than third sub-assistant deck-inspector on a blighted amphibious cathedral like the *New York*. When it comes to a fight, I can take my boat ——.'

" 'You fight?' sneered Kerns, 'You can't fight. The government wouldn't let you have a live torpedo—they're afraid you would hurt yourself. And it would be an insult for you to fire on a real ship with your little vest-pocket six-pounders. Jonsey, a torpedo-boat isn't good for anything but to get in the way when the fleet is maneuvering.,

"Here Jonsey boiled over and threw things at Kerns, chairs and other loose articles, much to the delight of the other officers.

"Jonsey rushed off the balcony red hot, but in a minute he stuck his head out of the hall, and hollered at Kerns.

" 'You think your old *New York* is a whole damn fleet, whereas it wouldn't make a respectable life boat for a Jersey City ferry. You're beneath my notice but just to show you I'm fair minded I'll bet you one dozen boxes of the best cigars you can find against a case of bubbles that I'll see more fighting in this war than you read about.'

" 'I'll take you, and I'll smoke your cigars, too.' laughed Kerns, and Jonsey departed away.

"This time loafing at last came to an end. On the 13th. of April war was declared. Before night the fleet weighed anchor and steamed out of Key West harbour. The *Fulton* did herself proud by reeling off eighteen knots to the hour for about an hour without any trouble. I may not have mentioned it, but the steaming functions of the *Fulton* were dilatory, and liable to relapses at any moment. We had been going about two hours when it came, as I expected only worse. The port engine bucked, stood up on its hind legs, and after five chronometer seconds of rough house, sat down with a compound fracture in its crank shaft—nothing strange, just an overload due to her trying to bite off more than she could masticate. I wiped the steam out of my eyes and climbed on deck.

" 'Mr. Jones,' I reported 'the port engine has passed her days of usefulness. The starboard gyrator, however, is still healthy, and on a pinch, we can make five knots, on one leg, sir.'

"Jonsey didn't reply. The *New York* was just crossing our port bow. Her high sides towered above us, and made our little tub look like it had been pulled before it was ripe. Kerns was on the bridge, leaning over the rail, gazing down at us.

" 'How's the little torpedo boat,' he called. 'Ain't you afraid you'll get lost out here in the big ocean. Better go home and buy those cigars for me,' he added.

"Jonesy muttered something I didn't catch, but which sounded very much like 'dam', turned around and stepped on Carter's toe—and didn't apologize.

"We went back to Key West and our loafing at the hotel. June and July passed, but our new shaft didn't come. The government was too busy with other unimportant things to worry about one torpedo boat more or less that needed a port engine crank-shaft.

"On the first of August Jonsey began sending two telegrams daily to the War Department, and finally on the tenth the new shaft came. I started a shift of mechanics on the job, working nights and days, and had the engine working in forty-eight hours. On the morning of the thirteenth we left for the war. Jonsey had lost all respect and admiration for the War Department, and started off without orders or without notice of departure.

" 'I had orders to proceed to Cuba last spring with the fleet. They haven't been cancelled, and they'll stand good. A little more steam, Mr. Barnes,' and we were pushing south three points east for Cuba at 120 revolutions.

"You have heard me say that Jonsey's navigating proclivities were a little on the bias, so to speak. He used an Ingersoll watch for a chronometer, and a vivid imagination and logarithms to entice out the mathematical calculation, and checked results by the log and the laws of probability.

"According to the last named factor we were due to strike the northeast coast of Cuba by midday of the fifteenth. At sunset on the sixteenth land was not sighted and the coal supply was running short.

" 'Can you keep the boilers hot for six hours longer' Jonsey asked thru the tube.

" 'Can do,' I replied 'If we sweep the bunkers.'

"'Well, prolong the misery as long as possible. I have a feeling that we will get there in that time.'

"'Aye, aye,' I responded cheerfully enough, for I trusted Jonsey's feeling more than his navigation.

"About nine o'clock, by the light of the just-hadn't-set moon, we saw the land and when we drew nearer the entrance to some sort of a harbor appeared. Jonsey decided to make for it, even if we had to get out and push. Of course it was a dangerous thing to go butting into an unknown harbor, but it was still more dangerous to be left derelict without coal, on the high seas. I went into the boiler-room and dealt out the coal to the stokers as stingily as the landlady giving out battercakes at a two dollar a week boarding house.

"Just as we got thru the entrance to the harbor, the moon went out on us and simultaneously the engines began stalling. I nursed 'em along as tender as babes, running on faith as you might say, for the boilers were just luke-warm. The tide was running in, so Jonsey let the boat drift along thru the dark for about an hour and dropped anchor. He then called a consultation of war in the cabin, and summarized the condition of things thus:

"'The essential function of a naval maneuver is motion, and the essential demand of motion is coal. Now coal don't grow on trees, and even if it did we haven't any trees aboard. We are just now stalled in a certain spot, latitude and longitude unknown, and until we get coal we remain here. So all of us jolly mariners take to the woods tomorrow morning and form a strong and efficient body of land-crawling militia. We're eighteen souls in all, if you count the cook as having one—which is highly improbable— and boys that play as good foot-ball as we can, ought to amount to about a regiment of corn fed khaki-wearing amateurs, like the Red Gulch Volunteer Company or the Yazoo Light Infantry. We'll capture whatever sort of village or town or city

adorns the perimeter of this blighted harbor, and hold it against siege until reinforcement come. Carter have the team on the field at four o'clock, the game to begin at four fifteen.'

"And in fifteen minutes every soul on the *Fulton* was asleep.

"I woke when Jonsey shook me, It was about three o'clock and the light was just visible. 'Come on deck Jimmy,' he whispered. I climbed the companion ladder to look out and promptly fell all the way back again. About a moderate sized biscuits throw to the starboard lay a whooping big warship, with her sides well punctuated with guns. On the gag astern floated the yellow and red flag of Spain. Jonsey helped me back up the steps.

" 'She was there when we came floating in last night. They're all asleep aboard. The first watch is supposed to be awake, but what with shore leave, and probably an all night soiree in the village last night, they are most likely all down and out.'

" 'What are you going to do,' I enquired. 'Surrender, or take to the land and go into bushwhacking?'

" 'I'm going to capture her,' replied Mr. Jones.

" 'Capture her,' I gasped. 'Humbly begging your pardon but you're crazy, plumb daffy. How are you going to capture her? Don't you see those guns up there? The littlest one of them will shoot four miles.'

" 'Yes, but we aren't four miles away. We are going to board her and capture her by storm.'

" 'Board her,' yelled Carter who had just come on deck, followed by the crew. 'What are you talking about boarding. You must think you're in the war of 1812 commanding a frigate. Don't you knowthat the invention of steam and big guns stopped allthat foolishness.'

" 'I know that the modern rules of warfare don't include boarding in its category. The proper stunt now-a-days is to get off about six miles from the enemy,

try to drop a shell over on him. And if you hit him more than one out of a thousand, when you go home, the particular state that your ship happened to be named after will present you with a silver service, for gallantry in action. But you can readily see that I can't move off and the enemy won't. It does look like an off-side play but we will have to take things as they come. I'm afraid that I'm taking an unfair advantage of the Spaniard. Carter, will you remind me to apologize to their capiain when we capture him. I don't want him to think that I would do anything that is unsportsmanlike. Mr. Barnes do you consider it unfair to attack the ship now.'

"'Unfair!' I said 'not unfair—just pure dam fool. There are probably four hundred men on board that ship, and your crowd will probably last as long as that famous snow-ball you've heard tell about.'.

"Carter then cut in and tried to put in some objection, but Jonsey stopped him.

"'I'm the man that's undertaking this funeral, or at least I'm the nigger that's driving the hearse. Men,' he turned to the crew, 'this expedition we are going to make isn't in the curriculum on tactics, and if any of you feel a delicacy about taking advantage of a stranger which he ain't looking you may remain behind. Those that are going, lower the cutter.'

"In about half a minute the little boat was in the water, with all the eighteen aboard, including the cook, and Carter, who was always present when needed, even if he was normally somewhat of an ass. The cutter was pulled swiftly and silently to the bow of the Spaniard ——— and we climbed up the anchor chain one by one, each man carrying a rifle on his back, two forty-fours in his belt, and a knife in his teeth. As we crept along the deck, it did look as tho Jonsey's allusions to a funeral were not so far-fetched as they might have been. My anxiety was only about the exact personality of the

corpses. Jonsey headed the party, under the forward bridge, down the companion way to the hammock deck. Here a most inspiring sight met our gaze. About three hundred Spaniards were stretched out in hammocks, all asleep. We spread out according to instructions and waited the command. It came.

"You may have seen things happen moderately fast. But in the next five minutes, more incidents and events transpired than ordinarily come off in a couple of dynasties. When Jonsey gave the signal, we all began shooting and yelling like mad. It was really easy. The distance was so close, it would have taken an expert marksman to have missed. When the guns were empty we started down the deck, using the forty-fours with skill, and cutting down hammocks as we went. There was nothing curious about the affair at all. The Spaniards thought they were captured by a whole fleet and the sudden awaking when the hammocks hit the deck, gave them the impression that the ship was blown up. When they got to their feet, those who were not to badly wounded, didn't stop to look for their arms, but went aft thru the gun deck, up the ladder, over the rail and into the water. When our men rounded up again at the lower end of the deck, with smoking revolves, there wasn't a hammock left swinging and there wasn't a live and healthy Spaniard in sight.

"When we had finished with the remains of the crew, we hurried to the officers quarters. Most of these we met running towards us, having heard the noise. These we captured singly and without resistance. When we reached the captain's cabin that functionary was just coming out. Jonsey met him with both hands extended, holding a forty-four in each.

" 'I surrender senor el Capitan,' he announces, 'I submit myself to the su–perior force of the enemy. My men have fought a magnifee–cance fight for did I not hear their shooting. But I have but a single cruiser, and I

can do only so much as I am not able. I tender my sword.' "

" 'Keep your hardware' said Jonsey, 'and let me apologize for attacking you without warning. My boat —'

" 'What speaks the senor capitan of his boat, the honorable capitan refers to his fleet, is it not so?'

"Jonsey grabbed the captain by the shoulder and dragged him on deck, and pointed out the *Fulton* that lay but a few hundred yards over the port-bow. 'That' he said 'is my ship.'

"And the Spanish captain sat down right there and boo-hooed. None of your moist eye-lid effect, but just plain wet-weather crying.

" 'Oh my be–autiful ship' he moaned, 'my be–autiful ship is captured by a little wash-tub, a leetle half-grown gunboat. I am ruined, I am undone, all honor is from me fled, my country ees disgraced. I cover my head in the shame.'

"Jonsey stood patting his foot on the deck and looking sorry for the Spaniard.

" 'There old man,' he said, 'brace up. It wasn't your fault. I sneaked up on you when you weren't looking. Nobody can blame you.'

" 'Yes, but the senor capitan does understand it not. I have the ship now commanding for the first time. I have the 300 men on my ship and the very big, twelve inch guns. I can fight with the most large battleships. And now I am captured by the tiny torpedo boat, and the dozen of sailors. O ma carumbo, what will the admiral say. I am ruined, destroyed.'

"Jonsey stood for five minutes watching the Spaniard sitting there moaning to himself. Finally he spoke:

" 'Dago,' he said, 'I've done you dirt. I've sneaked in on your ship in the night, and shot down your men when they were asleep. I didn't give them any warning or any chance to protect themselves. I haven't fought you square. I've slugged you behind the ear when you

weren't looking. Spaniard, I've always tried to play a straight game, and while I'll knock a fellow's teeth down his throat between halves, I won't gough his eyes in a scrimmage. And I won't kick in his ribs when he's down on the ball. And when I have done a man wrong I hope I'm gentleman enough to know how to make up for it. So I'll tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to fill my bunkers with your coal, and I'm going to leave you your ship. If I can't capture her according to the rules and fair play, why, damn your eyes, I wouldn't have it.'

"Carter was looking at Jonsey with utter astonishment, and at this point he interrupted:

" 'Captain Jones, don't you know——'

" 'Close your head,' said Jonsey, and he gave Carter a look that made Carter come to a respectful attention.

" 'Mr. Barnes,' commanded Captain Jones, 'rig up an overhead conveyor cable to carry coal from the Spaniard to the *Fulton* and fill our bunkers.'

"I obeyed and by midday had the coal transferred. When steam was up on the *Fulton* Jonsey went aboard, without any remarks to anyone, pulled up anchor and started out the harbor.

"Just as we were going out through the inlet a puff of blue smoke belched from the forward of the Spaniard, and a shot splashed into the water to starboard about four hundred yards away. Then came two more, each striking nearer. The fourth shot dropped just about twenty yards from us, and the water splashed over our deck. This was the last chance the Spaniard had at us, for we rounded the promontory, and were out of view.

"Jonsey looked at me and then at the mouth of the harbor fast receding behind us. Jonsey said:

" 'The English language is generally inadequate for the ordinary demands of general conversation, but when an idea of importance is to be expressed it won't even start a sentence. But,' he said, 'if there is one big, large drink aboard this little mud scow, I'm going to

drink it. And if there are any more aboard similar to it I'm going to drink them, and so on *ad infinitum*. Then I'm going to find the fleet, and get an admonishment, and a reprimand, and a cussing out, and a lot of miscellaneous advice from the admiral for running off without orders. Then I'm going to listen to that damn fool Kerns and his damn fool horse laugh, and buy him smokes for the next three months. And if, hereafter, I ever run across a one-legged consumptive blind beggar, I'm going to steal his pennies, and knock in his head, kill him, quarter him, and burn him, s'help me, God. Amen.' "

THE EYES OF THE WORLD

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

'Twas that last night before I went away,
Ready, I hoped, to meet the world. A night
In June, I think, moonlit, and full of all
The sweet, alluring fragrance of half-blown
Roses. It stands out with the clearness of
A sharp drawn picture in my mind. Do you
Remember? Years, and years, and years ago—
So long that scarce I know if this be pain
My heart now feels, or but a memory,
Half real, of pain known in some other age
Long past.
We stood among the roses, you
And I, that night, your head upon my breast,
Your arms clasped close about my neck. You
sobbed
To me your promise so, though I had not
Once asked the oath, your binding promise of
Eternal faith. And then I went, and with
Your kiss upon my lips I faced the world,
Firm in my heart a great resolve to win
A fame you would be proud to share.
To-night
I come again. How many years have passed
I do not know—it matters little, that,
The number be how great it may, you gave
To me your word. There is no middle course,
You were my mate through all eternity;
Your promise made you so. The sin is yours,
And though the world will never call it that
Before your God it stands the same. You call
Yourself a wife, and yet you tell me with
Your own false lips you never loved the man

Whose name you bear. To-night you stand before
My face and tell me that, and in your eyes
I read an answer to the question of
These years, an answer that should paint your brow
With crimson shame.
Good-by; I shall not come
Again. The sin is yours, I can not ask
To share the blame. I shall not judge to-night;
There is a God above who must do that.
How deep you've wounded me you can not know,
For my own pain I must bear all the fault;
I should have known that through these silent years
No woman could have borne the trust. And yet
To add the sin, and never know that it
Be sin; I could not foresee that. Good-by!
May God, in judging you, find in his great
God-heart a pity that is not in mine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PRINT SHOP MANAGER

H. B. Gunter

I THINK the time is far enough removed for me to attempt to write unfeelingly of my experiences as manager of The University Press, though even now someimes I wake up in the night with a cold sweat, thinking I am still It. Those who are not of the craft cannot appreciate the horror of my experiences, nor indeed can the initiated who have no knowledge of the conditions in the said print shop. Let me say, then, for the benefit of the ignorant that in The University Press, when it by some lucky wind of fortune has a full force, about ten students are employed.. These ten students usually range in ability and experience from the boy who has worked three months on a country newspaper to the expert job printer from the city who has been seized by the desire for higher education. I will say by way of parenthesis that the latter is a blessing — when you can get him to work.

In this shop the University printing is done, together with society work, billheads, letterheads, posters, envelopes, a whole bunch of miscellaneous work, and last but not least The Tar Heel. Several thousand dollars worth of work it is, and worst of all, the stuff is supposed to come within hailing distance of appearing on time.

At the beginning of my Sophomore year I secured the appointment as manager. I received a short note from Dr. Venable bidding me report for duty one week before the opening of the term. I tore myself away from the summer gaities and came. I went immediately to Dr. Venable's office and he told me that the Registrar had a lot of printing for me to do and for me

to see him and get busy — or words to that effect. I found Mr. Woollen, got the orders, and started on a quest for Mr. Frank Pickard, the guardian angel of the campus. After a long search I found him, and told him I wanted the key to the building. He said it was at the Bursar's office, the Bursar said it was not. Then I looked for Richard, who at that time was the print shop janitor, but who now looks after the physical and moral well being of Dr. Herty and his corps of assistants over at the chemical lab. Failing to find him, I went to dinner.

After dinner I broke into the shop — and the sight that met my eyes! The shop had been abandoned in a hurry at the end of the spring term and things were in a "mess." I sat down, buried my face in my hands and swore. After a few moments of such soul-consolation I mustered up courage and went to work. None of the printers had arrived on the Hill and I had everything to do, from setting the type to kicking the little Chandler and Price jobber. Lonesome and homesick? Well, I reckon. But there was work in plenty to keep me from brooding too much over my forlorn condition, and I managed to live through the week until college opened.

And talk about sights good for sore eyes! Gentle reader, I fear you know nothing about it unless you have been stranded in Chapel Hill for a week or so before the opening. A man you had never admired and whose form and face you had always thought hardly fit to be seen in public, suddenly assumed the proportions and beauty of an Apollo Belvidere — when he showed his ugly "mug" to your enchanted vision. Not that I mean to say that Jenkins's face and form were so awfully horrible, but at any rate he looked mighty good to me when he came to my room just after supper on my second night here.

"Jenkins! W. A. Jenkins! What the deuce are you doing on the Hill? I'm certainly glad to see you. You have got to stay with me tonight."

He said something about having to go to his room in another building, but I cut him short—"Nonsense, you've just got to stay with me. I'm lonesome, I tell you."

He stayed and I was happy, for here was somebody to whom I could talk in order to banish the beckoning vision of the "folks" I left behind me.

And thus it went on till the printers came. Even then they had to register and get settled, and I had to wait patiently and continue my work. But by and by I got things to running smoothly(?) and felt fairly well contented. Then as work began to come in deadly earnest, I found that the force was ridiculously small. I advertised for more men—and caught a Tartar. I shall not tell his name, for some of his fond relatives might by chance read this chronicle, but I am sure that the Juniors and Seniors will know to whom I refer. For he was known of men throughout the college. He was as full of promises as an egg is of meat, and as devoid of action as are those whose duty it is to keep the campus in order. Sometimes he would take a spnrt and work for a half a day,—but that proof! As time went on and I saw that there was little likelihood of any improvement in the quality of his work, I tried to discourage his working spurts, which now he seemed to take peculiar delight in prolonging for a week at a time. But enough of this man. Because of him my face became wrinkled, and I am old before my time.

He was not the only man in the shop who gave me trouble. Two or three upper classmen were among the employees, and though they were good friends of mine, I tore out great handfuls of hair in my endeavors to get them to work regularly. They were not entirely dependent on their work in the shop to furnish them with the necessities of life, and no man works for mere love of working—in the shop of The University Press. And right here let me say that if you, gentle reader,

ever become manager of a college print shop, you had better spend hours praying that the men who work therein may be dependent upon their labors for what they eat and wear. It simplifies matters wonderfully, and you are spared much using of your psych.

Of course I had the nominal right to fire an obstreperous employee, but where in the name of thunder would I get any one to fill his place? I was endeavoring to do with five typos, the work that required at least nine. Do you wonder that the patrons kicked and that I swore? Dr. Battle wanted the Monograph, Dr. Coker the Mitchell Journal, Dr. Alexander the Record, Dr. Howe the Catalogue, Dr. L. R. Wilson the Philological Journal, J. K. Wilson the Magazine, Vic Stephenson The Tar Heel, the clothing agents posters, the societies and Commons Hall receipt books, the professors letterheads, and everybody wanted something and I had a sweet time.

J. K. Wilson was probably my most troublesome customer. He had an idea that the Magazine ought to appear on time. I tried to make him see that such a thing was absolutely unheard of in the annals of the University, but he would be bound by no precedent, he wanted the Magazine to appear on time. Many a time he told me so in words that were, to say the least, a bit caustic. I would reply in terms equally caustic, and each would tell the other in unmeasured terms just what his secret thoughts were. These tilts have since shown themselves to me with the amusing side foremost, but I couldn't see it at the time.

When by some hook or crook I could manage to have the Magazine appear, Jake would get over his grouch and say: "Well, my boy, I suppose you do the best you can with your short force?" and being in a generous mood I would forgive and seek forgiveness. Then we would have a love feast and all would be well—until the Magazine was due to appear again.

Two things at least the University Press did for me: it thickened my skin so that the ordinary kicking rolls off me like water off a duck's back, and it brought to me the belief that each man—unless I am an exception—has a guardian angel that helps him through many a hard place in life. This belief was brougt to me through the medium of two printers who had been seized by the wander-lust and in their journey came into my life at probably the darkest places.

The first came during my Sophomore year—late in the fall. I remember that one Sunday I had gone down into the darkest depths of despair. Work was piled up mountain high, the gloom was black as night and nowhere did I see the smallest ray of daylight. I went to the shop Monday morning and was trying to figure a way out of my difficulty. But no consolation could I get—not one whit. My forehead was wrinkled, my eyes were dull with despair (I am sure they were) and I was breathing imprecations, when in he walked. He did not have a prepossessing appearance; he was dirty. But as soon as he told me that he was a printer and wanted a job, the dirt vanished from my sight and he assumed the appearance of a saving angel. I all but fell on his neck and wept for pure joy.

His name was Jones, "formerly of Newark, but now of New York." His particular hard-luck story was that on account of the printers' strike he had lost his job, and that inasmuch as the older men in the union needed the relief money more than he did, he and his pal had pulled out to shift for themselves. He had troubles of his own, and he chose to confide them to me. It seems that he had a wife who was a regular "hell-cat and she-devil," and that one of his reasons for leaving his home was that he might escape from her loving grasp. He must have been telling the truth, for he showed me an advertisement that she was having published in one of the New York papers. She wanted her hubby. His mother,

however, kept him supplied with news of the "hell-cat" so that it was easy to keep out of her reach. But don't think for a moment that I lost any sleep worrying about his character, for what I wanted was some one to do the work, and he was a good printer. I kept him with me until the rush was over, and though he left an unpaid board bill, it did not leave such a bad taste in my mouth, for he had pulled the ox out of the ditch.

The next one was an old man, a chronic tourist. He had a bad case of the wander-lust and he seemed to be happy in his travels. He came in the spring of my Junior year and stayed with me until the end of the term. His name was James Michael Finch, of the United States. And he had at his command a vocabulary of which any printer, sailor, or railroad man might well be proud. He was an excellent printer, a most interesting conversationalist, and I came to have sincere liking for the old man. Besides furnishing me a vast amount of entertainment, he lightened the load on my drooping shoulders to such an extent that I became quite a loafer. He was an inveterate smoker and what was worst of all he used an old pipe that must have been in service in the Civil War. It made one think of a cologne factory. When he departed from our midst he left the old pipe. It is hanging on the wall at the shop now with the following legend written under it:

Prize of Honor
for the
Best Thesis on the Non-Use of
Italics in Book Composition
Cuss Words Barred

For the old man hated italics worse than he hated sin. I am sure that he would be among the leaders in such a contest were it not for that last clause.

As I have said, my guardian angel was good to me. But before Jonesy came and before Mr. Finch came I

had the time of my life. Just let me sketch for you one day in the shop.

If it were that I had three lectures, at the conclusion of the three I would chase myself to the shop and get busy. Two or three orders would be waiting for me—probably all of them to be ready by four o'clock that afternoon. "Well, I haven't time to set the things now. I've got that confounded form of the catalogue to make-up." And I start to work on the catalogue. Dr. Howe comes in to see if I have the proof ready for him. I put him off by telling him that I will have it ready by four o'clock. He goes out and I get back to my make-up. Perpaps for ten minutes I am left undisturbed; then comes a clothing agent with an appealing look in his eyes.

"Say, old man, can you get out some posters for me this afternoon?" and as he sees the refusal in my eyes he hurries on, "I've just got to have them this afternoon. My man is coming tomorrow, and I haven't done hardly any advertising. I'll swear I'll appreciate it."

"Why in the deuce didn't you bring your order in here sooner? You people around here make me tired. You seem to think we can get out your darn work while you wait. However, you are a good little boy and I suppose I'll have to do it for you."

I think that maybe I will have a few moments to work now, but alas for my vain thought. Professor Walker wants to know if I have his letterheads ready. If I happen to have them printed, I stop to wrap them up into a neat bundle; if I do not, I spend ten minutes trying to explain why I have gone back on my promise.

Then Banks comes bustling in. "How about those receipts for Commons Hall?"

"They are printed but not bound."

"Gee-whiz! Tomorrow is the last day of the month and I haven't but ten receipts."

"Well," with a resigned sigh, "what time is it now?"

"One fifteen."

"If you'll just wait a moment, I'll bind a couple of books for you." I work like mad, and finish trimming them just as the bell rings.

After dinner it is the same old story. I put some of the men at work on the jobs that must be ready by four o'clock, get the others all started at work, and between answering questions and swearing at one of the boys who has not reported for work, I labor on the make-up of that eternal catalogue.

Four o'clock comes, with all of the jobs printed except one, and that one just being put to press. And there are still three pages to be made up on that catalogue form. With an unbreathed prayer that Dr. Howe and the four o'clock customer will be late, I work like fury and have much hard luck. Of course they are on time. The customer cusses and I smile and bid him take life easy. Dr. Howe says nothing, and for that reason do I cuss myself, for he is reasonable and patient and I regret that he must wait.

Finally the job is done and the customer leaves; the proof is ready and Dr. Howe leaves. Then mayhap I join Ben Abernethy in singing "Hark the sound of loyal voices," and go to work at something — there is always plenty of work to be done.

After supper, Dr. Howe having sent the proof back, I assist Ben in preparing the catalogue form for the press, and then I stay and watch the job, for with the crazy old Babcock cylinder knocking and rattling worse than a railroad engine, anything is liable to happen.

At eleven o'clock the job is finished and I drag myself to my room. I am tired, but eight pages of Plautus, a chemistry quiz, one hundred and fifty lines of French, and a dozen pages of Baldwin's College Rhetoric stare me in the face. I get busy and by one o'clock I have covered the ground. Yes, I have covered the ground, but how well remains to be seen next day, when I am "called on."

So it went, day in and day out. Some days worse than others, but all bad enough. Yes, those Wednesday afternoons when The Tar Heel was being prepared for the press all but capped the climax, and even now I sometimes wonder how I managed to keep within hailing distance of my work.

Well, there came a time late in my Junior year when I cast the die and decided that I would give my time as a Senior to other work. So I resigned. And it was a proud day in my life when into Dr. Venable's office I walked and handed in my resignation.

But I had not yet drained all the dregs of bitterness (?) in my cup. For at a banquet last spring I was informed by members of the faculty and students galore concerning the muss I had made of things—especially the proof-reading. Words were not minced, though the "butts" came in the shape of good-natured raillery. But I smoked my cigar and enjoyed it all. I had been well fed, the shop-work would soon be a thing of the past, and what cared I if they did say I had batched matters. For, as I have said, ordinary, every-day kicks aimed at me do the duck and water stunt.

A SMILE FROM YOU

D. Z. Newton

A smile from you is like a sprig of green
When only one is known to be—
All gloom above, around a sea;
And dreams no longer give their wonted sheen.

A smile from you is like a summer shower
That gently wakes a barren earth;
Deep in the life so bleak from birth
There springs a little fragrant flower.

A smile from you is like a gentle ray
Upon a fading, drooping rose;
Through grim despair a future glows,
Black shadows blend into the light of day.

JIM BRANDY

James Sprunt

MY FIRST acquaintance with Jim Brandy was on this wise:

I had finished my school term at Grove Academy, and Tom Armstrong at Hallsville had sent his pony to bring me to his father's hospitable home for the holidays. The eight miles were passed quickly enough, with delightful anticipations of hunting and fishing and excursions to the neighboring plantations, where a welcome always awaited me. Crossing the big bridge over the broad river, I headed the pony for Limestone Creek, near the village, and at its junction with the river espied Tom and his friends gazing into the water at something which I thought might be an otter. After hurried salutations they told me that Jim Brandy was diving for fish. The creek surface was placid, but in a few moments, that seemed minutes to me, bubbles began to rise, and rapidly increased until the woolly head of an African bobbed up, presenting the ludicrous spectacle of a blear-eyed negro with a large perch in his mouth and another in each hand. These he threw upon the bank, and with a few fine strokes climbed up after them. I saw Jim Brandy many times after that, and often went fishing with him. He invariably dived for the fish, and never failed to land them. On one occasion I was startled by a commotion in the water and the ejection of a moccasin snake which Jim found in a hollow under the bank while he was feeling for the perch which bedded there. He said that the moccasins could not strike him under the water, although they were deadly on the bank.

I was not long in learning the reason of Jim's sobriquet. He had no whites in his eyes, these being changed by the excessive use of raw spirits to blood-red; and he

had always a stupid, but cunning, look. Jim had an unquenchable thirst for brandy, and all of his money for extra time (he was an excellent hand at rafting) went, no one knew where, for apple brandy.

Jim said he didn't despise whiskey, but he always preferred apple-jack. This habit grew on him until, by common consent, no one would sell him liquor or trust his credit for it. Notwithstanding this Jim became more maudlin, and was sometimes drunk and incapable; but, drunk or sober, he always refused to tell where he got the liquor; in fact, he denied that he had taken any at all. One day Mr. Armstrong discovered that the main support of his warehouse behind the store was giving way, and upon further examination it was found necessary to reinforce a rotting sill. In order to take up the flooring he had the goods removed temporarily to the store. Far back in a dark corner a barrel of apple brandy lay mellowing for future use, after ten years of aging should have elapsed, and it had not been disturbed for nearly the allotted time. When the workman reached the barrel it was, to Mr. Armstrong's consternation, found nearly empty. There was not even a worm hole in the cask, which was tight and strong as on the day it was received, and yet there was less than one of the fifty gallons remaining. A careful examination revealed the interesting fact that the two-inch flooring had been pierced under the barrel by a small auger, which had also penetrated the cask; and beneath the floor a reed pipe stem with a cork in the end had been used to draw the brandy from the warehouse, which was always kept under lock and key. Obviously, this was the work of Jim Brandy; but, in order to make sure, one of the boys was hidden under the house in a corner far from the drain pipe while the store was closed during the dinner hour. Sure enough, when the coast was clear Jim was detected crawling under the warehouse, and while his mouth was glued to the lower end of the drain pipe an

accusing hand was laid upon his shoulder. Of course, he was punished by a flogging—light, for his owner was a very tender-hearted man—but this did not break the habit.

I have said that Jim was a good hand at rafting; and when the semi-annual freshet came, he worked in the water waist deep day and night, rolling the barrels of rosin into the network structure of the raft and fastening them to the cross poles by the hickory withes through the auger holes bored in the chimes for that purpose. For this service, so faithfully and efficiently done, he asked no recompense save a dram of brandy, which was frequently repeated, though under protest, but in order, as Jim said, "to head off the rheumatism."

When the war of '61 with its attendant horrors hung like a funeral pall over the devoted home of the Hallsville boys, they having gone to the front in Virginia, all business ceased, because a Hebrew merchant, anticipating higher prices, had tempted Mr. Armstrong to sell out his stock in trade for Confederate money. The famine came on later, and there was not enough to eat for those who remained and who parted with the reduced products of the farms to the ever increasing demands of the army commissariat. For nearly two years Jim was compelled to be sober: neither brandy nor whiskey was to be had for any light consideration, but a consuming thirst compelled him to beg, borrow or steal a drink when it was to be had within twenty miles of Hallsville.

In the third year of the war, a speculator from Wilmington bought all the rosin remaining at Mr. Armstrong's distillery, and Jim was once more employed in rafting it on the following freshet. He reached Wilmington in due time, and looked with amazement upon the long line of blockade runners moored to the rotting wharves. He was told, after he delivered his raft, that there was brandy and to spare on all of them, and that

I was the purser of one of the fastest of the fleet. Jim lost no time in presenting himself with profound salaams and expressions of delight that I was in a position to make him the happiest of mortal men. His peculiar dialect amused my shipmates, and my captain was particularly interested in Jim's explanation of how he caught fish with his hands under water, while they made no effort to get away from him, especially during the spawning season. Of course, Jim got the bottle of brandy which he craved, and I recall the fact that it bore the trade mark of three stars. He implored me to take him with me through the blockade in any capacity, and promised to be loyal under any circumstances, but I showed him that this was impossible. Even should he obtain his master's permission, the military regulations would prevent; and, as several fugitive slaves had been discovered in hiding on board blockade runners after proceeding to sea, the captains of the ships upon which they had been found were not only heavily fined, but were compelled to pay to the owners of the slaves full value in gold. One of the offending ship-masters, a cruel, heartless foreigner, had threatened if another slave concealed himself on his ship, to set him adrift at sea without food or water. To this captain, after the departure of our ship, Jim Brandy, unfortunately, presented himself, and begged a place of any kind on board without pay. The captain spurned him with oaths and maledictions; but Jim's thirst was burning with an intensity that brooked no refusal; and, after lurking about the dock until nightfall, he secreted himself among the cotton bales on board while the night work was going on. As the stevedores were all negroes, he had no difficulty in finding a hiding place safe from the fumigation which was applied by the military authorities, on the clearance of every ship, for the detection of deserters and runaway slaves. Jim's liver was, doubtless, in bad condition, for he became deathly sea-sick on

the first day out; and when night came on he crawled out on deck for a breath of fresh air, but, being immediately discovered by the watch, was seized and put in irons until morning. The poor fellow presented a woebegone appearance when he was dragged before the irate commander, who immediately recognized him and proceeded to carry out his diabolical threat. By his orders a small, leaky boat was lowered, and the poor wretch ordered into it. In vain he implored the unfeeling captain to tie him and keep him on board until the ship returned to Wilmington; the heartless officer forced him over the side, but, yielding to Jim's last entreaty, ordered the steward to pass him a bottle of brandy.

A week after this unhappy event the "Lilian" was steaming at a lively rate over the placid sea on a quiet Sunday morning. We were all on deck, discussing, strangely enough, the probable fate of the poor castaway; for the story had been told all over Nassau, and the cruel ship-master had been discharged from his command. The lookout in the crow's nest aloft hailed the deck, and reported a small boat ahead, but no sign of life aboard. A little later he made out a man asleep, and our course was changed to bring it alongside. A glance revealed the end of the sad story. The boat was half full of water, and, partly submerged, lay the body of a negro man, quite dead; and in the stiffened grip of his right hand was an empty bottle upon which was the label of three red stars.

Alas, Jim Brandy!

TO ———

O. J. Coffin

Oh, for an inspiration to sing of my love's duration
Through time and through space unknown!
That a fancy wild and free might come and seize on me
From the realm of poesy blown!

Then might I hope to sing till all the world should ring
With all your graces, dear;
Had I this power been granted, love in my heart firm planted
Would have used it, never fear.

But although my heart is warm my lips will not conform,
So I bring but love to you;
Take it, dear heart, and use it, but please do not abuse it,
For this much is my due.

THE MAN'S SIDE

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

BOBBY Gaston dropped into a chair, and gave the waiting servant his order.

"Scotch and rye; three fourths mixture, strong."

Lanton, across the table, laid down his cards and gazed at him with a cynical smile.

"The road of virtue too thorny, eh? Come back to the devil for good?"

Gaston mopped his brow; he had evidently been drinking heavily.

"Yes, I guess so,—that is, this is my last night. Give me fifty of those chips."

"Certainly."

Lanton took the proffered bills, and pushed over the chips.

It was then twelve-thirty. Six men were at the table. At four o'clock only three remained, and Gaston was showing signs of going to pieces. Five minutes before he had opened on four aces, and had bet to the limit against Lanton's flush. Even Hill had stayed to the third raise on three kings. When Gaston threw down his cards and reached for the pot it was pointed out to him that he held only one pair.

Lanton rose.

"This won't do," he said. "Gaston, you had better go home."

Gaston rose, attempted to pull himself together, and walked unsteadily to the door. In the hall he met a servant, and ordered another scotch and rye. He had reached that stage of drunkenness in which everybody is a friend. When the man returned with the drink he found Gaston making love to his own overcoat. The

servant put him into the coat, gave him his scotch and rye, and assisted him in finding the door.

As he stepped on the street Gaston pressed his hand to his swimming head. After a time the cool air began to clear his brain, and he moved on, conscious that he was going somewhere, but neither knowing nor caring where. In fifteen minutes he had lost the main thoroughfares, and was in a narrow, ill-paved, ill-lighted alley. He didn't know where he was, and the thought made him glad. The devil of drink held him, and in his half-sogged brain he began to evolve a scheme of putting in the remainder of the night, and going it wild. At the same time there flitted through his mind a shadow, a half-memory of Beatrice, and the promise he had given her a week before, the last time he had gone wrong. He thought of her words, "Yield once more and all must be over between us. You can be a man, and you must show that you are one before I can be your wife." Then the added plea, in a quivering voice, "Won't you, Bobby, for my sake? For, oh, I love you so!" In his half-drunken recklessness Gaston laughed, and it seemed to him he had played the fool. He would make a great resolve; he would be a man, a man who could do exactly as he wished, and not depend upon the will of a woman for his every act. So he resolved, and he plunged down the alley, laughing aloud at the thought of his new-born manhood.

At the next corner he turned to the right and later to the left, going south. His head was getting clearer now, and he began to give more heed to his surroundings. Presently he turned into a wider, better lighted street than he had been in for some time. Here he paused, consciously striving to fix his location.

"Let me see—I don't quite know—yes, upon my word, it's South Wortley. Ah!"

Gaston crossed to the other side, and moved along slowly, looking closely at each house. He knew where

he was going now. After a time he stopped before a large, low, dark building, and rang the bell.

A short pause, then he rang again, twice in rapid succession.

He heard bare feet on the floor within. The door was opened a small fraction of a foot, and a tousled-haired woman peered out. She looked Gaston closely up and down, and glanced suspiciously at the street. Then she opened the door, and locked it behind him.

It was not until the next morning, at the police court that Bobby Gaston fully realized what had happened. Then, in the cold, gray light of the dawn, he began to comprehend. He looked at the other victims of the raid. There were about a dozen women, half clothed, hair in disorder, dark rings about the eyes. A few of them stood in stolid silence; the greater part were cursing. Then there were six men, the sort of men members of Gaston's social class only knew as a species of animal that existed, but was a thing apart from the human race.

Bobby Gaston felt sick. He always felt sick the morning after, but this was a sickness not entirely of the flesh. A woman came up to him, and threw her arm about his shoulders. He pushed her back roughly and turned away. And he saw Frederick Lanton coming down the room, calm, smiling, cynical.

"Well," began Lanton, "so I find you here? I thought last night you'd most probably not reach your rooms, but I fancied a night out might do you good. I guess you are ready to turn virtuous again, eh? They always are the next morning. I suppose, though, I had better go through the formality of paying you out." He took out his purse.

"Thank God!" said Bobby Gaston fervently.

For a time Beatrice did not speak. When she finally looked up there was an expression on her face Gaston could not understand.

"So you have come to tell me this," she said, her tones cutting like ice.

"Yes, as soon as I could get away I came to you. You cannot know how ashamed and—"

"The police—"

He winced.

"Yes, the police. But, dear, the sault wasn't entirely mine. The fellows at the club jollied me till somehow I had begun drinking before I knew it. But I shall not go there again, and in the future—"

"That will do; I understand your case perfectly." Her face was averted, her words low and very bitter. She took a ring from her finger and extended it to him with her left hand.

"What—"

"Your ring."

"Oh, not that! Beatrice, can't you give me another chance? This is all I shall ask, this one chance to prove that I am worthy of your love. If I fail this time I will never trouble you again. Won't you do this Beatrice?"

"No, I can never trust you now; again and again you have betrayed my love, and this, as I told you before, must be the last time. Will you take your ring?"

Gaston took it dully, scarcely conscious of the act. He opened his lips to speak, but she motioned him to be silent.

"I shall send your presents to-morrow. You must not come to this house again, or attempt to see me after to-night. Good-by."

She turned away, and Gaston could not see the tears quivering on her eye-lashes. She went toward the door. He stood like a man stunned until her hand had touched the knob. Then he started forward.

"Beatrice!"

She did not answer, and in a moment the door closed behind her retreating form. For a full minute Gaston stood where he had stopped, his eyes fixed on the door

through which she had gone. Then he turned aside, and with a bitter laugh went out into the hall for his coat and hat.

Once in the street he paused, the combat in his mind fierce and raging. He looked to the north, where the warmth and comfort of his cheery apartments seemed to jeer at him. Then he looked to the south; there lay that portion of the city where all cares were drowned, where license and drink and disorder reigned, where the mind was engulfed and destroyed in the unchecked debaucheries of the flesh. For a space Bobby stood, the conflict showing in the cold drops of perspiration on his brow. Finally he jerked himself together, and laughed that bitter laugh again. Then he turned to the south.

ON FOOLS

D. Phillips

THERE be fools and fools. There be born fools and made fools, fools of omission and fools of commission, self-admitting fools and self-denying fools. Verily, there be fools and fools. Let no man amongst you sneer at the fool—for either he canst not aid himself, and thou art lacking in courtesy to jeer at his infirmity, or he wilt not aid himself, and thou art the fool because of thy meddling. Why troublest thou thyself at thy neighbor's ailment, when thy good words will be taken as pills, and thy advice as a dose of physic? He that lacketh ability to change is deserving rather of thy pity than of thy censure, and he that lacketh spirit to change is deserving of neither, neither is he deserving anything at thy hands. Verily, for the one is there still hope, but for the other, he is damned already.

The wise man asketh, "What is a fool?" "Let him that is guiltless cast the first stone." Didst not the old Quaker say, "Everybody is queer but me and thee—and thee is a bit queer at times?" And wherein consisteth a fool but in him that is queer? "But me and thee—and thee—." Thou art a fool, and thy neighbor, and thy neighbor's neighbor, and thy friend, and thy enemy—verily, all are fools but me. Thou doest not as I didst advise, then art thou a fool. Thou thinkest not as I have thought, then art thou a fool. Thou art not like unto me even unto the smallest details, then art thou a fool. This then, sayest thou is the fool: He that doeth not, nor speaketh not, nor thinketh not even like unto me. And thou, having cast the first stone, art a greater fool than him at whom thou castedst it. For he knoweth that he is a fool and that there may come a light, and straightway he changeth and becometh no longer a fool. But thou knowest not thyself, thou thinkest thyself wise, when thou art in verity a greater fool than he. What sayeth the prophet, "The wise man knoweth himself a fool, but the fool thinketh himself wise."

Wherefore jeerest thou at him thou callest a fool? Thou art no happier than he, neither art thou wealthier than he, neither art thou so wise as he. Yet lookest thou down upon him, scornest him, holdest him up to thy ridicule, even pitiest thou him. And knowest thou not that he laughest at thee? So easy as it is to call thy fellow fool, so easy is it to be calledst fool thyself. For even as thou thinkest of thy fellow, even so is he wont to think of thee, and of thy speech, and of thy manner, and of thy doings, and of thy undoings. It is not mete that thou pitiest thy fellow, but better is it that thou savest thy pity for thyself. He that liveth his life in content, liveth his life as hath ruled He that is supreme, and he that liveth his life in turmoil, liveth not to his best. If it so seem to thine eyes that thy fellow fool liveth in too great content, run thou not to awaken him, but rather model thou thy life upon him, and make thy puny effort to live as he liveth. For so was this our life ordered,

Friend and fellow fool, take thou not these words in idle jest, neither pass thou them by in haste. Verily, art they meant for thine ear, and if thou likest them not then art thou most in need of them. We fools — thou and I — art too greatly fond of saying to our fellow, "Thou Fool." It signifieth but little that thy puny mind liketh not the way of thy fellow; it mattereth not to him, but unto thyself doest thou most the damage. So often as thou callest thy neighbor fool, so often dost thou raise thine opinion of thyself. And so often as thou increaseth thy conceit, so often dost thou become yet a greater fool. Thou knowest not of thine own greatness till thou discoverest that thou art called fool by thy neighbors. And when it so come to pass that thou examinest thyself, then wilt thou find a far greater fool than ever thou hadst called thy neighbor. And then wilt thou discover that the greatest of all fools is he that calleth his neighbor a fool and himself wise.

DEATH

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

'Tis death we say, or only chance,
That works this wonder o'er our souls;
Not Life, nor yet can it be Fate,
For Life is clear and there can be
No mystery with it, and Fate
Holds sway o'er all and masters none,—
Black darkness sinks down as a pall,
And strange, weird voices moan and shriek,
And rise and fall and rise again;
Then lightnings flash, and dazzling fire
Turns all the black to fearsome white;
A blending of many colors, and
Soft music in the air; a full,
Clear clarion note, and throbbing hearts
Sink quiet to rest: a low-drawn sigh,
A sleep, and deep, unbroken peace.

A RUN NORTH IN AN EXPRESS CAR

B. Troy Groome

EVERYBODY knows, in a general way, that railroad men go through some very strange experiences. But no one can know just how a man feels, unless he has passed through some himself. It is, therefore, almost discouraging to me to try to relate an experience which I believe to be without a parallel in the short history of railroads.

It was one of those fierce nights which come only two or three times in a life-time. In consequence Southern train number 34, engine 1213, was having a hard fight in the face of the gale to keep up its schedule. In fact it had been raining ever since we left Savannah at 2:20 o'clock in the afternoon (central time), and things had been gloomy all the way up through South Carolina. I had that indescribable feeling, a sort of vague state of awareness, that something was going to happen.

As I have said it had been raining, and all the express (and there was a load) came into my car dripping wet, except of course that part of the freight which had been in the car and came from somewhere in Florida. The same old load of apples, fish, oranges, vegetables, and the ever-present corpse of some poor consumptive who had sought "The Fountain of Eternal Youth" among the lily-padded ponds of Florida.

To make matters worse my helper had been sick all the way and he dropped off at Charlotte to await my return South. And, as a grand finale to all this trouble, the transfer clerk at Greensboro, "Buck" Stallings, forgot to give me any way-bills for seven truck-loads of freight. I found out the mistake when I was half-way

to Danville. "Confound Stallings," said I. "Doggone if I manifest a single piece of it." And I didn't, and that is why I was asleep between Lynchburg and Washington.

Well, Danville gave me six more truck-loads of freight and my car ran out of town hitting the bumpers. Every box on her looked like a smoke-stack, and of course Capt. Tucker said, "No more freight on or I'll cut you off." So Lynchburg had to hold over its freight for number 40.

We pulled out of Lynchburg at 3:05 o'clock in a regular downpour of rain—cold, wet and nasty. I closed my door and sat on my little safe listening to the monotonous pound, pound, pound, of the huge driving wheels on the rails. Now and then the engineer blew the whistle at some road-crossing and the sound for some reason caused cold chills to play over my body. The gas lights in the car grew dim and finally went out. I lighted four large candles and put them on my P. P. trunk, which I used as a desk. My small safe with a pillow on it served for an office chair.

It was on this safe, as I mentioned before, that I was seated, resting my elbow on the P. P. trunk, my head pillowed on my arm. I could not help but watch the queer phantoms and weird pictures cast on the walls of the car by the misty, feeble light of the candles, as some draught caught the tiny flames and made them sway back and forth.

How long I had been thus seated I do not know, when I heard a strange sound like a sigh, followed by a deeper drawn breath, unmistakably that of a person not far off. Burglars! yes, but you'll not catch me napping. I wonder if they know I have over four hundred thousand dollars worth of valuables tonight, thought I. My 38-calibre Smith & Wesson was ready for business however, and I searched the car thoroughly, looking carefully at the fastenings on the doors; they were still as secure as when I fastened them in the evening.

I decided to sing some lively song to let the rascals know I was awake. So I began to sing but it wouldn't go, the words froze in my mouth. My knees refused to do their duty. I sat down silently on my safe. I was badly frightened.

"Help me please" came a weak voice from somewhere. By this time every hair was on end and cold sweat was dripping from every pore in my body. It must have been pure fear that made me call out:

"Who in the devil are you, and where are you?"

"Right here in this coffin. Please let me out."

There was no mistake now. The voice came from just the place I had thought it did long before, but fear had kept me away from the casket marked Miss ———, Toronto, Canada. No danger in a live girl, thought I, so I at once unscrewed the box, took off the top, and then opened the casket.

"O! thank you, sir," said the girl as I helped her to arise. "I was so frightened," she continued as she dusted her dress and stepped out on the floor. She was a queenly looking girl of about nineteen years of age, tall and lithe.

"Come," said I, having regained my nerve and introducing myself. "Come and tell me about the whole affair." She seated herself on an egg crate and said.

"It was like this, I have been spending the winter in Florida, resting up for my wedding which was to have been today, but three days ago I suddenly took sick and to all appearances died, and strange to say I knew perfectly well all the time what was going on. I am deeply grateful to you for letting me out and I'm sure Hal will be too," and she smiled bewitchingly at me.

"Won't you please open the door and let's get some cool, fresh air. It's so stuffy in here."

"Certainly" I said, and I pulled open the side door of the car. The fresh Virginia came blowing in. The rain had ceased, and day was beginning to break. The

east was crimson. "Isn't that beautiful!" said the girl, holding both her hands out towards the east. I turned to reply to her and as I did so the train struck a reverse curve on the bridge that spans the Rapidan river. Before I could move she was thrown headlong from the car; her body struck the cold, hard water with a splash and disappeared.

Number thirty-four rushed on. I closed the door, shut up the casket, fastened the box, and sat down on my safe to think of the horror of it all.

* * *

I awoke with a start as we went under the shed at Washington. Did I dream all this? God only knows. I didn't have time to open the box and see.

YESTERDAY

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

Yesterday was it we met,
And kissed, and parted?—yet—not yet
Cries out my heart to phantom gleams,
Those other days, were they but dreams?

Back through the years I trace afar
The silvery line of yesterdays,
Each gleaming as a distant star,
Shrouded in a misty haze.

Yesterday—the waning light—
Dear heart, we cannot kiss tonight;
But, oh, the memory and the pain—
To meet, to kiss, to part again!

THE RETURN

W. E. Yelverton

THE policeman saw him as he stood in the little archway tampering with the lock. The policeman saw also that he fumbled in a futile manner among his pockets, presumably for his latchkey. He saw him as, drenched and shivering, he clung unsteadily to the knob, and decided that the wayfarer was only a gentleman in his cups, and not a burglar.

"An' divvle a bit do oi blame him f'r takin' a dhrop too much on a night like this. Shure an' it's enough to make the angels weep."

The policeman bowed his head to the storm and passed on. The man at the door rattled the knob fiercely, with an added shiver as the wind howled around the corner. He continued to look vaguely for the key until the door opened cautiously with a crack large enough to show a pair of wondering and half-alarmed eyes. The man set his foot in the crack and pushed open the door. The frightened maid half-screamed at the wildness of the burning eyes. She would have given the alarm, but the landlady came out at this moment and recognized him with one shrewd look.

"Let the gentleman alone, Maggie," she admonished shrilly. "He knows where he's going, I guess."

"Come back again for the first time in more'n a year," she muttered as he unsteadily climbed the stairs. "An' drunk too," she added more naturally. "But I wonder what he's been doing all this time."

The man had reached the landing. Turning the knob of the door to the right, he entered without hesitation and stopped, still dazed, on the threshold. The room was little changed. The dark mahogany furniture, the

bits of bric-a-brac, the tasteful rugs all of his own selection, the easy chairs arranged comfortably before the grate, all these were familiar enough. With a sigh of relief he dropped heavily into an arm chair in front of the fire. The warmth was grateful, but why did the pains keep shooting through his brain, he wondered. It was only by great exertion that he could see anything clearly. The little blue jets of flame crept harmlessly enough through the fissures in the coal, but they formed themselves into hideous burning dragons before his eyes. He closed them, but the pains did not cease to chase each other through his brain. They became even bolder, extending their travels into his body and even into his limbs. He finally lost track of them only as his senses dulled into unconsciousness.

Outside the policeman might have seen another figure entering the door-way. It was the figure of a woman that paused for a moment on the threshold before inserting her latch key. The smart raincoat only half concealed the youthful outlines of her figure, but the face had a maturer seriousness than the figure intimated. The face also was youthful, but restrained by a gravity beyond its years.

She too climbed the stairs and opened the door on the right. She stopped short on seeing the man sprawled uneasily before the grate. Her first impulse was to cry out, yet there seemed to be something familiar about the figure. Repressing her fear, she approached the still insensible body, recoiling again from a different emotion. The flushed face with its lines of pain freshly drawn, was sufficiently like its boyish prototype to be unmistakable.

Yes, it was Jack, her Jack of the old days. Her look of identification was enough to show her too that he was not drunk as she had first supposed. Another look at his distorted features, and she was on her knees beside his chair.

"What is it, Jack! Jack, my boy, speak." His hands were cold, he was wet and shivering. But his brow was hot and dry. A sudden fear seized her, and with it a sudden pain.

Without stopping to think, she wheeled the chair with its unconscious burden into one of the adjoining rooms, and hastily rang for a physician. When the physician arrived, she was leaning over the bed, talking soothingly to the now delirious sufferer. It was a tear-stained face that she turned to the doctor as he appeared; and he concluded that it was for a brother that she wept.

When the examination was concluded and a quieting potion had been administered, her worst fears were realized as the doctor pronounced the disease pneumonia contracted by exposure. But she was firm against his sending a nurse that night, saying that she would watch over him until morning. It would be time enough then to send the nurse, she said.

So with a few brief directions the woman was left alone with the sufferer. And this was what she wanted most of all. She wanted to be able to adjust herself—to fully realize and weigh this unexpected return. With the actual presence of the man came a flood of memories, linking the present with the past. There in these rooms was the man who had left them so suddenly a year before—almost exactly a year, she remembered. He was hardly changed. His face was finer, she thought, as it lay flushed in the dim light of the lowered gas. With a pang she realized that she had not helped in its refinement. It was to escape her and their relationship that he had left those lodgings a year ago. She had lived in the rooms ever since, perhaps because of their remembrances. She did not know why.

And with the memory of his leavetaking, there came the memory of another woman and a church. He and she had wandered idly into this vaulted place of magnif-

icence, and the other woman had sung. Her voice was beautiful beyond a doubt but the face had seemed false, she remembered. Yet he had been intoxicated by the voice, by her beauty, had followed her as a star. And the old love had been discarded with the offer of an allowance!

Yet, with her bitterness, pleasanter thoughts would present themselves. They had been happy together—had fashioned their nest with all the comradeship and happiness that is meted to the mates of the forest. She had been young and passionately in love. The fact that no marriage vows had been spoken did not loom up so large then. Hitherto, she had held aloof from men. This one fascinated her and later awakened all the love of which her nature was capable. He had taken her from the drudgery of the chorus, he had been generous, even lavish in providing for her comfort and amusement. She had been happily content. It was her misfortune that the full realization of their crime had come to him first, and that a mirage had caused it.

And this was the return. And to whom should he return, but to her, she thought fiercely as she realized his suffering. She had loved him, the other woman had been only interested. She saw it all now—saw that her judgment of the woman had been correct. If he had not been disappointed why had he come back in this hour of need? She knew that it was not the need of money or attention that had driven him to her.

And after all why shouldn't he come back to her? She reasoned bitterly. Had her love debased him or her? That was the question with which her brain had toiled hour after hour since his departure. Surely she was not to blame. The passion of her love had overwhelmed her with almost primitive force, notwithstanding the conventional forces around. She knew the social laws, but the struggle for existence had been hard. Social ethics and sociological laws had little place in the strug-

gles of chorus girls. They followed their instincts—and became brutes, she remembered. She had remained virtuous because—well, she knew that dissipation coarsens the features, and that coarse features are a handicap in the struggle of chorus girls. But it had been easier to resist temptation than not, because of some sharp hidden disgust that revolted and sickened her. And this disgust had done even more. It had avoided not only actual contact with licentiousness, but also a great deal of the coarseness that attacks the eye and ear.

Still, she had not been so different from the rest of them, she remembered. Her sensibilities had not prevented a certain comradeship—almost intimacy, even at the frequent parting of the ways. And she was not so far removed from them now. Their lives were largely parallel even since she had gone back to them. True, they had a contempt for her—sometimes thinly veiled,—but this was always the attitude of the sex toward fallen virtue. In the old days before he came they knew she was straight. Perhaps they had told Jack this. Perhaps they had dared him!

Ah, this was a new thought. And, though she had gone over the same ground many times before, no detail of the self-inflicted pain had hurt so much as this. Had he consciously or unconsciously accepted their challenge? Had he pursued her as a naturalist pursues a butterfly, only to become tired of his conquest? Had he regarded her only as a part or even the whole of a collection? She thought the reluctance with which she was finally won had convinced him of the genuineness of her love, and she thought that the ardor of his love had been occasioned by the primal emotion that had swept her off her feet. Else why had she been so blind? She had been hard to win, but won, she was his captive. He had given her some excuse for not marrying her.

She remembered that it had seemed sufficient, but she had forgotten the excuse.

She had fought many a hard battle over the justice of his leaving her. She had come to the realization of their wrong, and looking at the increased refinement of his features, she almost forgave him, although the direct cause of the change was unworthy. This new thought had unsettled her, and the necessity of a readjustment of ideas added to the pain. She looked long and soberly at the face on the pillow and found it finer in spite of the pain and delirium. She knew that her own nature had become finer—that her soul was purer than it had been before temptation had entered. Chastisement had caused a purifying self-analysis and a sounder basis of reasoning. Her pain had sweetened rather than embittered her, and she noticed the same change in the features of the sufferer.

During the remainder of the night her vigil was more quiet. Her ministrations to the sick man, the quiet contemplation of his face, brought a long forgotten peace. An overpowering pity for his helplessness surged through her, and she was almost forcibly removed from the bedside the next morning by the doctor and nurse.

The days that followed were filled with a deeper joy than she had known in months. The sick man, during his lucid intervals, would look at her with such repentant appeal that she felt herself almost compelled to grant forgiveness to the unspoken request, but intuition told her that it would be better to wait. The doctor had assured her that the patient would recover, so now she had no cause to worry.

One morning the doctor gave him permission to talk, and she knew then that his penitence would find voice. She had heard it in his delirium until it had forced her to shut out its pathos by leaving the room. This morning it was as she expected.

When he began speaking with his eyes turned away, she stopped him with a word. One long look into her eyes, and then he turned his face and slept with the happy contentment of a tired child.

* * *

The morning was bright with the promise of spring. Father Michael came down the steps of the lodging house, greeting all the world with a happy smile. The policeman stopped reverently to gaze at the benignant, almost holy, preoccupation of the priest, and then touched his helmet with the question:

"Shure, Father, an' is it a christenin' thot makes your smile so bonnie this mornin'?"

"Nay," the good Father smiled softly. "But 'tis an occasion none the less joyful."

"Arrah, so it is," replied the custodian of the peace, happily. "An' 'tis mesilf that'll be wantin' ye whin oi make me rise on the forrce."

And Father Michael was forgotten in his contemplation of the rounded arms and sparkling eyes of Bridget.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

The Editor-in-Chief is indebted to Mr. S. H. Lyle, Jr., for the editorials in this issue of the MAGAZINE.

A Plea for Greater Freedom of Expression in the College Magazine

There seems to be a good deal of contention among our contemporaries of the college magazine world as to exactly the sort of material a college magazine may or should use. Should the old, outused story of love and adventure, and the stereotyped essay on "railroads," "taxation," "the tariff," or some like subject be adhered to, or should we attempt something more original, something more in keeping with

the advance of our time? In other words, should we attempt articles that have domestic sociology, socialism, divorce, and other such problems of the age at their base? Did we admit a majority rule our discussion would end right here, for the greater number of our contemporaries answer the last question with a decided negative. Leave such problems to the professional journal, they say; the college publication is of a wholly different class. But after all, this is only a majority report, and the minority at least can claim the justice of a hearing.

Despite the fact that the majority of humanity attempts to make it so, life is not an artificial thing. We cannot merely eat, sleep, and clothe ourselves, and expect to exist as the lower animals around us. Man is of a higher order, and Nature will not have it so. There are problems to be met and solved, problems social, governmental, and individual, and it is the man who is forced to struggle the hardest who can best understand and enjoy the victory. When we leave college there is the problem of citizenship, the problem of social reform, and numberless others, all to be met and grappled with. A man's college training should fit him for this battle; he should enter the field as one who had at least served his apprenticeship in the work before him.

Henrik Ibsen, Bernard Shaw, Walt Whitman, Jacob Riis, Jack London, Tolstoi, Elbert Hubbard, and other such men, in different forms have placed the problems before us. We are but students; it is now for us to study and attempt to find the truth. These men have made their views and their philosophy tangible in literature; we who attempt to write, in order to obtain the best results, should endeavor to do the same. And, being college students, there is but one channel open for our productions, the college publications. Stifle the man now, refuse to print his articles merely because they deal with social or other problems, and you have probably discouraged him for all the future.

False modesty and delicacy are not pertinent. The things must be moral, is said. And that is just the point, they must be clean and moral, but they may be something else as well. There are two sides to every life; of one side we speak in the drawing-room; of the other convention has decreed eternal silence. And more often than otherwise the hidden side is the stronger side, the only side that really has any meaning. But that is the side that must be lived out in secret, in obscurity, with no word of advice or sympathy from the world. No one would accuse Tolstoi of immorality; yet he has plunged into the hidden life of man, has offered his solution, applied his balm of philosophy, and after reading him one cannot but feel that he has a new grasp on life.

It must be distinctly understood that we are not making a plea for indecency and immorality in the college magazine. That is the one thing that must be avoided. What we advocate is a greater freedom of expression, a wider range of thought. Convention is a necessity of life, but its bonds should not be drawn too close. The inner man must express himself or he is stifled and choked by the outer. College is the preparation for life, physically, mentally, morally. And if we are bound by iron bands in the college world it is difficult to break their hold in the larger world. Give the man greater freedom of thought as a student. In meeting in college the problems he must meet and solve in life he is acquiring the strength that will bring him through the later battle a victor.

The Baseball Prospect Looking back over the years I have been in college I cannot recall the launching of a single athletic season at which we didn't have "better prospects than ever before," "a winning bunch of fellows, every one of them," "the best coach we have ever

had," and at which the students were not exhorted "to get behind the team and stay behind it." With this disheartening array of conventionalities and obsoleteisms staring one in the face, it seems well nigh impossible to say anything new at the opening of this baseball season. Yet often there is more to be gained by mere repetition than by any attempt at newness or originality.

That we should have a winning team this season there is no reason to doubt. With a first class pitcher in the box, eighty men on the field, and Stocksdale as coach there is no room for discouragement. The team will be there, all there, and the fellows will do their work like men. Tar Heel grit and Tar Heel determination—we know what that means. But will the student body be behind the team?

That is the point: will the student body be behind the team? We know what it is to gather at a mass meeting, praise our team to the skies, whoop around a bonfire for half an hour, and go to our rooms with the pride of Carolina swelling our hearts. Also we know what it is to collect in little groups after a lost game, and criticise the individual players, but that isn't college spirit, the one any more than the other. The spirit that counts is the spirit that carries a man on the field, that makes him yell himself hoarse for the white and blue—yea, when she is in the dust as well as when she flaunts in victory. The men who stick to the team, losing or winning, they are the men with the real college spirit, and they are the men who most proudly feel the honor when Carolina comes off the field with victory. Be one of them.

The Annual The YACKETY YACK this year will be one of the best on record. The volume will be neatly bound in black silk with gold lettering, and will contain three hundred and fifty pages. There will be a

large number of drawings by the students and alumni, a good per cent. in colors. As usual, every department of the University will be represented, and every phase of life on "The Hill" depicted. All the copy is in the hands of the printers, and the students may expect their annuals before the first of May.

The Editor-in-Chief, Mr. T. R. Eagles, and the board deserve special credit for their prompt and efficient work on the volume. To one who remembers getting two YACKETY YACKS in June and one not at all it seems good to think of having the annual out by May. We are certain with our statement, moreover, when we assert that it will be out by that date.

The annual is the true index to student life. All the different organizations, all the different movements and activities of the students find representation in its pages. It bears as important a relation to the University as either the MAGAZINE or the TAR HEEL, and is more representative of student life than either of these publications. They mirror only certain phases and movements of student existence. The YACKETY YACK represents all phases, all movements. For this reason, then, every student — be he freshman, professional, senior, or graduate, should have a copy of the annual. Give the manager your name. You do not only owe it to the University, you owe it to yourself as well.

EXCHANGES

The exchange editor is indebted to Mr. T. P. Nash for the exchanges in this issue of the MAGAZINE.

A readers's first impression of a book is very likely to influence his further consideration thereof. First impressions are usually produced by appearance. Any magazine, therefore, which dresses its contents in an attractive cover, has won half the battle. We acknowledge with sorrow that our own magazine is lacking in this respect; and it is to be regretted that at present there are no prospects for improvement.

It is always a difficult task for the Exchange editor to pick out the the magazines to be considered in his department. The number must usually be limited to five or six, and it is by no means easy to eliminate these from a pile of forty or fifty others, some good, some indifferent others bad.

This month we have selected, irrespective of contents, five magazines which we considered to be the neatest and most attractively bound of all our exchanges.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE for February is attractive in appearance, but we were disappointed when we looked inside. Not a poem! Not a single story! Not a sketch! Four historical essays make up the sum and substance of the reading matter. An historical sketch is all right in its place, and there is no reason why that place should not be the college magazine; but, at best, its position should be a subordinate one. Certainly it should not be allowed to effect the utter exclusion of all other lighter and more appreciable forms of college literature.

The February MERCURIAN has a business look about it which is decidedly pleasing. In reading matter, too,

it is slightly above the average. "A Decision of the Court," although having a very hackneyed theme, is readable. "The Jack," a clever parody of Poe's "Raven," shows originality and creative power. The End of the Chase" is a weird story told in a clear and easy manner. The unity of tone, however, is spoiled by an untimely jest which should by all means have been omitted. Aside from this the story is well done.

The HOLLINS QUARTERLY for February is just about what one would expect from a girls' school. The cover is tidy and pleasing. The contents vie with the cover. All the stories are short, and for the most part are imbued with the inevitable spirit of hero worship.

We are especially impressed with "Awandeling on the Dykes," a pathetic little tale naturally and forcefully told. The writer, who merely puts her initials at the end, need have had no hesitation in affiixing her name in full.

The verse, too, is fairly good, but there should be more of it.

On the whole THE QUARTERLY typifies the average girls' college magazine.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAGAZINE for February is up to its usual high mark. In its plain white and black cover it is always one of our most welcome visitors.

In "The Gift of the Bar Sinister," the opening story, the writer has handled a somewhat difficult subject in a very creditable manner. The plot is based upon the false marriage of a nobleman with a young girl of a lower station of life, and leads up to a climax which is especially effective. The other stories are of an equally high order.

The verse, as is usually the case, is of the best. It is to be regretted that we don't find more of its kind in

other magazines. Poetry, good poetry, is the strongest asset a college magazine can have.

Looking at this magazine as a whole, we are impressed forcibly with the matureness of its contents. We believe that herein lies the secret of its pre-eminence in the field of college literature.

It is always with a feeling of genuine pleasure that we pick up THE REDWOOD. The promise of its outward appearance is never belied by the reading matter within. The February number is especially good. There is a wealth of verse and some genuine poetry that would alone differentiate it from the ordinary college magazine. In addition there are several short stories which are equally as good as the ordinary story of the ten-cent magazine.

Where all is good it is hard to choose, but we cannot refrain from giving especial mention to "The Storm and Shipwreck," a translation in verse of a portion of the first book of the Aeneid.

THE SEA DAWN.

The sea-gull swoops along the eastern shore,
And, rising high, surveys the bright contour
Of new-born sun upon a morning sea
Where flash the gleams of day that is to be.
The red-flung rays are mellowed with the dawn,
And silvery-golden lights are spread to fawn
Upon the ocean's sapphire-jewelled hue,
Or lose themselves in soft approaching blue.
For slowly, gently, heaven now has spread
Its cloth of gold and silken blue instead
Of myriad spangled black. Lo, once again,
The sky has lent itself unto the main!

M. H., in THE UNIV. OF VA. MAGAZINE.

HIS LAST DISCHARGE—A PICTURE

'Twas but a soldier lying
In solemn grandeur dying
On the trodden field.
He heard no more his comrades shout
Nor aught he saw or felt about
Save loneliness. Yet without
Complaint or murmur he was dying
Dying for his native land
Just waiting for the last command
To march. But why enlarge
The picture? His last discharge
Had come and while o'er him stood
His gallant steed—
A friend and shield
In the hour of need—
He signed it with his blood.

A. T. LEONARD, in THE REDWOOD.

SKETCHES

INTERRUPTED

"This Math is a confounded mess," said Williams, as he threw down his book and looked across the table at Vann, his room-mate.

"Too bad," responded Vann dryly, who was working at a knotty problem himself.

"It's a blooming mess, I say; I've worked at the blamed stuff till I haven't the sense of a jay-bird." And without saying more, Williams slowly began to disrobe, preparatory to retiring.

Now Williams, though a rather rough fellow, always said his prayers before going to sleep, but his method was peculiar. He did not kneel, but would wait until in bed to perform his devotions. Just after Williams had lain down, his friend, McLean, from across the hall, who was ignorant of his peculiarity, came in.

"Hello, Williams," he said.

No answer.

"Williams!"

Silence.

"Williams! Williams!"

Still no reply.

"Oh, you blockhead, wake up!"

Unable to restrain himself longer, Williams raised up and irreverently sang out, "Oh, I say, Mac, d—— it, can't you let a fellow say his prayers?"

—C. R. Wharton.

SAVED

Midnight and lights out. In the quadrangle there shows but a single light, gleaming faintly forth from the sheeted ghostlike whiteness of the Y. M. C. A.

There above the door it gleams, throwing its tiny shaft of light from the window directly over the inviting portals. A lamp it is, green-shaded, table mounted, pouring its flood of light upon a brooding figure, deep immersed in study. The guardian spirit of the Y. M. C. A. it is, keeping its ceaseless vigil thru the night.

Suddenly there comes around the corner of old Gerrard Hall a motley crowd, seniors, juniors, and sophomores there are, all eager, earnest, dragging in their midst a wagon, borrowed from one Tank Hunter. There they pause, they dispute: One urges the Chapel, one the Y. M. C. A. They divide. The argument increases; noises are raised beyond the safety point. There floats to the ever open ears of him above the words, "Y. M. C. A." His head comes up, he glides to the window, perceives the situation. His lamp goes out, his hand closes on his water pitcher, he takes his stand beside the open window, there to await the outcome. A vote is taken, Y. M. C. A. wins. The wagon moves forward, pauses a moment at the door, just beneath that spirit-guarded window. There is a quick movement, a shower of icy water, a chorus of angry voices, a scattering of the crowd.

Big Rankin has saved the Y. M. C. A.

—P.

THE UNFORTUNATE

It was Friday afternoon, February 21, at 3:30 o'clock, that a solitary and ill-clad youth was seen picking his way from the South Building to the gymnasium. He wore a pair of bed-room slippers, a pair of pants that came to within four inches of his ankles, and an old coat with no buttons on the front. This negligee personage made his way to the rear of the gym, entered the dressing room, and proceeded to indulge in the unwonted luxury of a bath. This individual had not been so far removed from the pale of civilization that he knew nothing of the dance that was to take place. He

thought that the dance was to begin at 4 o'clock and that he could take a bath and retire, as he had come, like a thief in the night. So, much surprised was he when he heard the sound of gladsome music and the scrape of blithesome feet. However, he finished his bath in peace, donned his attire, and started toward the back door. He could hear more of the young ladies arriving at the front, but he was the only soul in all the world downstairs. Blissfully unconscious of his impending fate, he stepped to the door, turned the knob, and found it locked. Realizing his predicament, he rushed to Mr. Sugg's room and found that locked. With a growing sense of his doom, he sneaked back to the front to see if he could make his escape unseen. Six feet away were two maidens at the water cooler. Helplessly he returned to the dressing room, set himself upon a bench and composed epithets on the Goddess of Fortune.

Two hours later, when the maidens had all gone, a dilapidated creature meekly returned to the South Building, and disappeared from the ken of men.

—K. D. B.

LADIES FREE

It was at our recent moving picture show, on the very first night. The room was packed, every seat jammed, and even an S. R. O. sign would have been taken in. In that small room there must have been close to two hundred boys—at ten cents per. The door had been closed, and the whirr-whirr-whirr-dick-buzz-dick-buzz of the machine was broken only by the calm tone of the operator as he explained "King Alfonso's Wedding," "The King of Spain," "The Bride entering the church," "The newly-married couple leaving the church." Occasionally some student would nudge another and mutter, "Look at those horses, won't you?" "Sure, ain't they beauts?" All was quiet and happiness.

Suddenly the door was pushed open. A man came in, followed by three ladies and four girls. Two rows got

up, crowded each other, stepped on each others' toes, got out, and gave the ladies twice as much room as they could possibly use. And then shrill and high above the rustling, rose the mocking voice of one of those ever-present small boys.

"Gee, wouldn't that jar you—and ladies free tonight."

—P.

THE STYLIST SPEAKS

The Editor was reading a man's debate. The Editor is supposed to be an authority on style. The debater isn't. Hence, he brought his speech to the Editor. The Editor was reading to himself,—commenting semi-audibly. I was listening, but he didn't know it.

"What is that 'and' doing there, I'd like to know? . . And? . . or but? . . I guess I'll put a question mark in the margin.

"Now, is that meant for a statement or a question? . . Let's see . . . why couldn't he put that verb where it belongs? . . There, I'll read that again . . . no, that changes the meaning . . . I'd better let that verb alone; anyhow, it doesn't amount to much.

"Ought that to be a semi-colon or a—a—a—hanged if I know what it ought to be. He means something, but to change the punctuation would change the meaning. Why couldn't he punctuate his blooming sentences right?

"Now where ought that 'not' to go? . . Does History do or d'ont History not . . . not does History . . . History . . . Oh, damn it all, what does History do, anyhow?"

—P.

TO HIM THAT HATH(?)

A bespeckled man reading a newspaper was riding in a street car. A ragged stranger got in and sat opposite him. After a few moments the stranger asked the bespeckled man if he would mind, for just a moment,

lending his spectacles. Certainly not. The stranger took the the spectacles. The first man laid his paper momentarily on his knee, until his spectacles should be returned, so that he might go on with his reading. "Now, sir," said the second, "since I perceive that your paper is useless to you, may I borrow that also?"

* * *

The following conversation occurred in the gym baths this afternoon. Reggie had come down to bathe, fully prepared. He had his soap in a nice little tin box, and on the hook he hung a big turkish towel. Pete came in without soap or towels. There was a man under every shower. Pete approached Reggie. "Say, Reg, lend me your soap a minute, will you?"

"Thanks," as Reginald stopped washing momentarily.

"Let me step under the shower a second, will you?"

"Thanks," as Reginald stepped aside.

Pete continued to wash while Reggie looked on half surprisedly, half resentingly.

Pete finished washing, stepped out, shook himself and looked around, apparently for something he didn't have. Then he espied R's. towel.

"Say, lend me your towel a second, will you?"

"Thanks."

A pause, after a few minutes, "Say, Reg, would you mind just rubbing my back up there?"

"Thanks."

There is no moral.

—C. D. WARDLAW.

ALUMNI NOTES

G. L. Jones, '03, is practicing law at Franklin.

C. C. Buchanan, ex-'06, is at home, Sylva, N. C.

A. H. Johnston, '04, is practicing law at Asheville.

H. F. Barnard, ex-'04, is at home, Franklin, N. C.

B. B. Williams, '02, is practicing law at Warrenton.

K. C. Sidbury, '07, is taking law at the University.

T. B. Higdon, '05, is practicing law at Franklin, N. C.

A. H. Bahnson, '06, is at home, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Gray Archer, '04, is teaching at Winston-Salem, N. C.

C. L. Weill, '07, is in the insurance business at Durham, N. C.

E. L. Sawyer, '04, is practicing law at Elizabeth City, N. C.

L. W. Matthews, '05, is doing mission work in Oklahoma.

J. B. Goslen, '06, is in the newspaper work at Winston-Salem.

F. W. Dunlap, ex-08, is taking a course in law at the University.

Ralph Kibler, Phar. '07, is in the drug business at Morganton, N. C.

H. C. Jones, '06, is in the law office of Tillett and Guthrie, Charlotte.

J. S. Kerr, ex-'06, is on the editorial staff of the Atlanta Constitution.

A. W. Haywood, '04, is in the cotton mill business, Haw River, N. C.

F. M. Weller, '06, is at work with the General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

W. H. Oldham, '04, is chemist for the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co., Ensley, Ala.

J. C. Hines, Jr., '05, M.S. '06, is Professor of Physics in University of S. C., Columbia, S. C.

A. W. Latta, '04, is southern representative of Westinghouse Electric Co., of Pittsburg, Penn.

Neil R. Graham, '04, who received license to practice law at the February term of the Supreme Court, has opened a law office in Charlotte.

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The University Magazine

APRIL, 1908

Old Series, Vol. 38 No. 5 New Series, Vol. 25

MRS. CORNELIA PHILLIPS SPENCER

Collier Cobb

Of all the people who have lived in North Carolina and passed from among us, there is no one who has exercised a more profound influence upon the social, educational, and political life of the State than Mrs. Spencer. Her long life of great activity, mental, physical and moral; all her faculties exercised on a very high plane; the strong influence which she exerted on the community and the State; her devotion and service to the University in adversity and prosperity, and her contributions to our education, history and literature, have made Mrs. Spencer's a familiar name in every home of culture in North Carolina. But in Chapel Hill she is honored, not for these things alone, but also for her uniform courtesy, her loving kindness and generous benevolence. Here she relieved tired mothers, she led little feet in the paths they should tread, she was interested in the work and play and hopes of young people, she sat up with the sick.

She was fond of nature and knew all the attractive walks around the village; when the flowers would bloom and when the birds would come. She was also an artist

of no mean ability, drawing and painting the wild flowers and other objects around Chapel Hill. Her odes to the University, sung on all public occasions, are real poetry and on a high plane. She excelled in many lines of work and failed in none.

Her books are too well known to require comment. Her "Last Ninety Days of the War," a vivid and strong picture of those times, has received favorable comment from Northern critics as well as Southern, and it is a classic of its kind. Her greatest service to North Carolina was in keeping the interests of the University before the people of the State when its halls were closed during the dark days of reconstruction, and to her as much as to any one else, except to Dr. Battle, was due the reopening of the University in 1875. But her interest in young women was also unfaltering, as was shown in a series of articles in *The Presbyterian* relating to young ladies, their lives, duties and opportunities. She held up the hands of Messrs. McIver and Alderman in their efforts to establish the State Normal and Industrial College, and their principal dormitory at the Normal is fittingly named to her honor.

It has been well said of her that Mrs. Spencer combined the intellect of a man with the intuition of a woman. She could reason out the most intricate and difficult problems, and could also jump, and jump correctly, at conclusions. When Governor Vance was asked if Mrs. Spencer was not the ablest woman in North Carolina, "Yes," said he, "and the ablest man, too."

Her great intellectual power was a matter of inheritance. Her paternal grandfather was the Reverend Richard Phillips, and her grandmother Susan Meade Phillips. Richard Phillips was a clergyman of the Established Church of England and attached to the evangelical party in that church, numbering among his friends such men as Henry Veuve and John Berridge.

When his son James, Mrs. Spencer's father, was seven years old, Mr. Phillips moved to Stafford-Roche, in Cornwall, where he continued rector of the parish until his death in 1837.

James Phillips, with an older brother, Samuel A. Phillips, came to America in 1818, and established a school in Harlem, N. Y. In 1821 he married Julia Vermeule, daughter of a New Jersey farmer whose family had come from Holland. Her brother, Reverend Cornelius C. Vermeule, D. D., was for many years pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church in Harlem. She was a woman of strong character, industrious, domestic, well educated and literary, a help meet for the young teacher who soon became also a Presbyterian preacher. To James Phillips and his wife were born three children, of whom Cornelia was the youngest. All were possessed of strong character, unusual ability, and great force. Charles Phillips was for forty years a teacher in the University. Samuel Phillips was for several years associate professor of law at Chapel Hill; and for twelve years, as Solicitor-General of the United States, was legal adviser of the National Government through three administrations.

Cornelia was born on the 20th of March, 1825, and was little more than a year old when her father moved to Chapel Hill in May, 1826, as professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in the University of North Carolina.

Professor Phillips, then in his thirty-fourth year, found in Chapel Hill President Joseph Caldwell, fifty-four years old, in the prime of his intellectual manhood and full of physical vigor; Elisha Mitchell, senior professor of chemistry, indefatigable traveler, master-teacher; William Hooper, brilliant essayist, professor of rhetoric and logic; Ethan Allen Andrews, eminent lexicographer, professor of ancient languages; and Nicholas M. Hentz, an accomplished entomologist, professor of modern languages.

Nor was there lack of brilliant women. Mrs. Caldwell, daughter of James Hogg and mother of Dr. William Hooper, had herself prepared for college her two sons by her former marriage. Mrs. Mitchell, daughter of the celebrated Dr. North, of New Haven, Connecticut, was a highly educated woman, and her letters to her mother show a keen insight into the conditions that surrounded her. Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz was a woman of unusual talent, a writer and an artist. Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Hooper were just the age of Dr. Phillips.

There were also several residents of the village not connected with the University, known for their hospitality, their charm of manner, and strength of character. Among them may be mentioned Miss Sally Kittrell, a reigning belle, afterwards Mrs. Goree, with five sons and grandsons who were officers in the Confederate Army; Major Henderson and his four sons, James, William, Pleasant, and Tippoo Saib, "all physicians, most agreeable and accomplished;" and Misses Betsy Pannill and Frankie Burton, bright and attractive young ladies educated at Salem and Oxford. Mrs. Elizabeth Nunn, whose husband had been a Captain in the Revolutionary War, kept a hotel on the corner of Columbia and Franklin streets, where Durham's store now is. Dr. Battle says of her that "In matters of business she had the strength and boldness of a man, but her disposition was kindly, generous, and sympathetic. She was much beloved and respected by the students, and many hearts were moved when she died December 20, 1851, in the 92nd year of her age. She was one of the last survivors of the troublous times, having in her girlhood lived among the Regulators and shared in the privations and anxieties of the War of the Revolution. When asked which side she favored in the Regulator troubles, her answer was, 'I was as good a Regulator as ever hopped.'"

With such an intellectual environment from her infancy, and a heredity that forced a vigorous interaction with it, the child grew to be the most remarkable woman North Carolina has ever produced.

In her childhood and young womanhood she was the constant companion and fellow student of her brothers, who, with her parents, were her only teachers. She herself has told us how, by the family fireside, as a girl, she sat with mother and brothers through the long winter evenings, all engaged in busy handiwork save one who would read to the others. She pursued with the boys their University studies and their mother taught them all. She has denied that there is any truth in the story that when her brothers were graduated she had satisfied the requirements for a degree, but without receiving the University's diploma. She was fond of languages and of literature; was familiar with Scott, Shakespeare, and the Bible. She was a devourer of books, even to the last days of her life; could "discuss Darwin, Spencer, Kant, Schopenhauer, Newton, LaPlace; quote every English and American orator, poet, historian or essayist that wrote a line worth reading; read Latin and French as fluently as English; write poetry; play the piano and sing; paint in oil and water colors;" but she herself has declared that she had no fondness for mathematics and exact science, or for laborious research.

In her young womanhood there came to the University of North Carolina from Greene county, Alabama, a young man named James Magnus Spencer, who entered the class of 1853. His talents, distinguished bearing and courteous manners marked him as a leader of men even in his undergraduate days. One who knew him well at that time, a fellow-student, tells me that he was better fitted for leadership than any other man he ever knew. He graduated with the highest honors of his class; and in his undergraduate days he made love to Cornelia Phillips, the students all amazed at his

temerity, for even then she was quick at repartee, sarcastic, with a keen sense of the unfitness of things and not backward about calling attention to it, "a good hater, a loyal friend, a never-ending lover."

It has been said that superior women seldom find their mates; but when Magnus Spencer had completed his law course and secured his license in 1857 Cornelia Phillips became his wife, and he settled in his Alabama home for the practice of his profession. There, beginning to fulfil the promise of his college days, he died in 1861, on the very threshold of a glorious manhood.

Mrs. Spencer returned to Chapel Hill with her young daughter, and, although living in the same village with her father and mother and two married brothers, she still maintained a separate home for herself and child. "How carefully she educated her daughter; how she taught her daily every domestic virtue; how she repeated with her the lessons she had learned in her own childhood, lessons in cooking, or needle-work, or house-cleaning, or decoration, as well as lessons in French, Latin, or English literature. What delightful and instructive readings by the family fireside in the long winter evenings, mother and daughter alternating, as they read from Scott, Shakespeare, the Bible, or other great treasures of instruction and inspiration!"

Mrs. Spencer's public work had not yet begun; but here was her real life work, "to which she daily gave heart, soul, mind, and body, the work of a wife and mother, a housekeeper, a friend and neighbor, a helper of the poor, a nurse of the sick, a comforter and adviser of the distressed and unfortunate. I have seen her making with her own hands dresses and underclothes for motherless negro children. I have seen her cooking food for sick or infirm negroes and carrying it herself to their cabins! I have known her to visit the depraved of her sex and seek to mend their lives by sympathy, admonition and prayers. Nobody was a stranger to her

charity; nobody was too humble or too depraved for her sympathy and help. Although herself of limited means she was a giver of charity to the poor; of original poems or dainty needle work, or pretty painted souvenirs to friends and neighbors; of good words and good cheer to everybody; of hospitality to all who entered her doors." These quotations are from the admirable estimate of her life and character by President Geo. T. Winston. Upon the sudden death of her father, Dr. James Phillips, in 1867, Mrs. Spencer took to her home her aged mother and devoted to her nearly fifteen years of loving care until her death in 1881.

Her marked influence upon public events began upon her return to North Carolina in 1861, and yet she never appeared in public, either to speak or to read, or even to occupy a seat on a public platform. Her public work was accomplished through others or through the pen; for she was an intimate personal and trusted friend of the State's most prominent sons, and her writings were as strong and vigorous and vitriolic, with a sarcasm as keen as a Damascus blade, when the work in hand demanded it, as at other times they were sweet and wholesome and gentle and loving.

The doors of the University, which had remained open during the horrors of a civil war, were closed during the darker days of reconstruction, and it was Mrs. Spencer who wrote and spoke and prayed unceasingly for the overthrow of a regime that was disgracing the State, prostituting learning, and polluting the halls of the University. Her prayers were answered, the institution that she loved was restored to its own people. "She lived to see the day of triumph, to decorate the college chapel with glad garlands, and to write the hymn of rejoicing that was sung at the reopening exercises."

When, in 1875, Dr. Kemp P. Battle telegraphed her from Raleigh that the bill had passed the legislature

giving the University $7,500 annually from the land-script fund, which enabled it to open its doors to the young men of the State, Mrs. Spencer took Misses Susie and Jennie Thompson and Dee Mickle, children of the village, up to the South Building with her, and they rang the old college bell for an hour. When Dr. Battle reached Chapel Hill, Mrs. James Spencer greeted him with a kiss for what he had done for the University.

In the years that followed she was the friend and helper of the youth of the State as she had been of their fathers and grandfathers. In addition to her newspaper writing, which she continued almost to the end of her life, and the songs so familiar to us all, she spent her quieter days in Chapel Hill in the preparation of a history of North Carolina for children, which was at once adopted for use in the public schools. A series of articles on "Old Times in Chapel Hill," which appeared in the University Magazine through these years, is well known to every alumnus. In 1895 the University of North Carolina conferred on Mrs. Spencer its highest honorary degree, that of Doctor of Laws.

The daughter she had trained with such care married a young man who had distinguished himself for scholarship in the University, and soon became a member of the faculty, Professor James Lee Love. Mr. Love was later called to Harvard, where he now holds an honored position in the department of mathematics and is chairman of the summer school. After a few years, in 1894, Mrs. Spencer joined her son and daughter, and made her home with Professor and Mrs. Love in Cambridge till the end on March 11th, 1908.

Many people imagined that her activity would cease, when far from the old University she loved so well; but her influence there found a wider range; and her love for the old home grew as the years sped by. She kept up an active correspondence with her old friends of the University and of the village, with many of her former

neighbors in the country around Chapel Hill, and with several of the more prominent men of the State. The last things from her pen that appeared in the public prints was an appreciative review of Dr. Battle's History of the University of North Carolina, published in *The Charlotte Observer.*

It is to be hoped that her correspondence will be gathered together and published with her journals, which, with annotations by a competent hand, would furnish a moving picture of our State's progress through the most critical and most brilliant periods of her history.

Mrs. Spencer was buried in Chapel Hill from the Presbyterian church on Saturday, March 14th, 1908, just forty-one years after the death of her father on the rostrum of the University chapel where he was conducting morning prayers. Great as were her intellectual gifts, it was Mrs. Spencer's womanliness that most impressed those who knew her best. After Dr. Winston had gained her reluctant consent to the naming of the principal dormitory at the Normal College in her honor he asked what message he should take the young ladies of the college from her. She replied: "Tell the young women to open their Bibles when they go to their rooms, and read, mark, and learn by heart the 14th verse of the 5th chapter of the Apostle's first letter to Timothy."

Chapel Hill, N. C.,
March 14th, 1908.

ROSES

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

I care not for the roses, dear,
  For roses fade and die;
'Tis only for the memory,—
  June roses, you, and I.

June roses, white, and pink, and red,
  Their perfume in the air,
Roses in your cheeks, dear love,
  And roses in your hair.

Roses — ah, the rose of your lips!
  Broken, the holiest ties;
Roses crushed at your breast, dear heart,
  Tears filling your eyes.

He, your husband, saw the flowers,
  Crushed, and bruised, and torn;
My friend cast one swift look on me,
  And his eyes flashed wondering scorn.

Roses, a basket of roses from you,
  I will place them here in the vase,
And breathing their fragrance to-night,
      dear heart,
  Perhaps I shall dream of your face.

THE JUSTIFICATION

D. Phillips

Of the three men in the smoker of the Pullman, *Astarte*, Southern Pacific train No. 30, Sunset Express from New Orleans to San Francisco, two were men of most unusual character, while the third was as yet too young to show his full worth. The eldest of the three was a Federal judge, famous alike for his length of service and the stoic sternness of his decisions. He was known far and wide as a type of the jurist to whom mercy is second to justice, who saw but the letter of the Law, and lived thereby. People spoke of him as the Puritan judge.

Not less widely known was the second of the older men, a clergyman of the ascetic school, and called by some a fanatic. An evangelist of uncommon power, his name was everywhere synonymous with inflexibility of doctrine and a most rigid adherence to an all-punishing Deity. He represented the Law of God, as the judge the Law of man.

The youngest of the trio was a doctor, new made, his diploma scarce dry, on his way home from his graduation. Very full was he of the noble aims of his chosen profession. But three days before a great orator had stirred the very depths of his soul by the almost divine greatness of his mission in this our suffering world, a mission of help and comfort and life to the suffering. The words of that noble conclusion yet rang thru his brain. "Life is the greatest thing in the world. He who prolongs life confers upon the world the greatest blessing in the power of man. Remember, young men, young doctors, that life is the greatest thing in the world." A sense of exaltation thrilled him, he was glad he could help his suffering fellowman, he was anxious to begin his ministry, eager to prolong and save life.

The words of the clergyman found ready echo in his heart.

"I tell you, sir, that murder is not — never can be — justifiable, either in the sight of all-wise God or in the sight of faultyman," thundered the evangelist. I recognize no circumstances under which the taking of human life can be excused or justified. Every law of God every law of man, cries out in horror against the taker of life, whether violently, a murderer in the night, or legally, the judge upon the bench. I know, sir — "turning to the judge —" that these words seem to you —"

"Not at all, sir, not at all. I have always regretted the existance of capital punishment, and it is only when acting under most solemn oath that I will pronounce Death. I obey the letter of the Law, not the dictates of my own heart. I do not believe in legal execution, even as a punishment for murder or violent death. In the performance of my sworn duty, I am often called upon to sentence a man to death, and I never hesitate to obey the letter of the Law."

"But is there never any legal justification for the taking of human life?" asked the younger man. I am a doctor, a young doctor. Would I ever be justifiable in taking the life of a patient whom I knew could never recover, yet was suffering the agony of slow death?"

"I repeat, sir," said the clergyman, leaning forward in his eagerness, "God Almighty does not excuse the taking of human life. You are a doctor, it is your mission to prolong, to save life, and I say to you that it were a double sin before God for you to take the life of a patient, no matter what the circumstances. God would hold you doubly a murderer."

And in the eyes of the Law of man you would be guilty of murder. Had your action only slightly hastened death, had it shortened the life of your patient, your action would have been murder in the first degree,

punishable by death." The judge smiled deprecatingly but grimly, and turned half apologetically to the evangelist.

"The case was purely hypothetical and im——" the words were cut short by hoarse roar of the locomotive whistle, the crescendo shriek of brake shoes, and then a shattering stop that hurled them in a pile on the floor. The lights went out with a flare, the whine of escaping gas shrilled thru the car, the confused breathing of the startled men was harsh and rough. In the absolute darkness of a cloudy night they were some moments getting to their feet. As they reached the door, they were met by the conductor, face bleeding, one arm limp beside him, his lantern flaring brokenly,

"Doctor here? Doctor here?"

"I'm a doctor, what's wanted?"

"Hurry, you're needed ahead."

"Head-on collision, engines telescoped, one engineer dead, other dying. Hurry!"

"I'll get my bag—here, give me that lantern."

"I'll go with you," came quietly from the evangelist. "He may need me more than he does you."

They stepped down into the murky blackness, already lit by the smoky red glow from the wrecked engines. It was a long train, and by the time the four—for the judge had joined them—reached the engines, the trouble was clear. Both locomotives were of the new oil burning type carrying six thousand gallons of crude petroleum each. The oil from one crushed tank had caught fire. By the ever growing glare they could see the dying engineer ploinly enough when the rescuing party shifted in their efforts to release him. He had been thrown forward and to one side when the locomotives met, and his engine had reared, buckled and fallen over him in such a way that he lay pinned between the drivers, with the connecting rod passing across his middle. The upper part of his body was free, he could move his

head and arms, and his body from the waist, but he could not be removed without lifting the whole weight of the locomotive or sawing the massive connecting rod apart. Could he have been liberated, he would probably have recovered, but as it was, he must be slowly roasted to death in burning oil. The rescuers had seen the burning oil, and were working desperately, but to no avail. The engineer was perfectly conscious, and able to recognize his condition.

As the doctor came near, he spoke to one of the men, "No chance to get him out?"

"Not unless we had time and jacks—and we've neither. We've done our best, but men can't stand that heat long, and it's getting worse. Looks to me as if it were slow roast—unless *you* do for him."

The young man did not seem to hear this last, but went swiftly forward, dropped on his knees beside the imprisoned man, his back to the blistering heat. He was very white, and his lip was tremulous.

"My man, I'm—"

"Doctor, give me something to kill me quick. You see how I'm fixed. It's that or the oil. Kill me quick, Doctor, quick."

"But don't you see—"

"God, man, don't *you* see? If you don't give me something, I'll roast to death in a slow oil fire."

"It's murder."

"It's mercy. I've got to die."

"But murder—"

"To man it may be murder, but to God it is mercy. I've got to die. Kill me quick."

"But—"

"For God's sake, man, don't let me roast to death. I'm —"

"The young doctor had risen to his feet and turned a few steps to where stood judge and clergyman, surrounded by a group of trainmen and passengers. The

heat had already driven them several feet further from the engine. His face was very white, his teeth set, his eyes anguished in their struggle.

"The man is being burned to death—"

"And wants you to kill him, we heard," said the evangelist, fanatic now. "You are right, it would be murder. He is wrong, God would call it murder, as would man. Remember, God is an all just God, but an all punishing God, and he says, 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

"But the man must die—"

"He is not yet dead. If you shorten his life by even so little as one heart beat, you are guilty of murder." This was from the Puritan judge, and called forth an emphasizing nod from the clergyman.

As the doctor turned toward the engine again he saw that the clothing of the doomed man was smouldering. His eyes were drawn to the eyes of the dying man as by some demoniac power. No words came from the lips of the suffering man, but his eyes spoke for him. There was a bit of contempt, more of wonder and a world of suffering pleading in his look that burned into the very soul of the young man.

For an age he stood staring at the dying engineer; then he suddenly opened his bag, took from it a tiny stoppered vial, opened it and rushed forward to the side of the imprisoned man. He had to shield his face, so fierce was the heat. His hand went to the anxiously waiting lips below him

"Here, take this."

"God bless you, Doctor"—there was a quick gulp, and before he could reach his companions, the engineer was dead.

The young doctor turned to the judge. "You had best wire ahead to the sheriff," he said quietly, "it was prussic acid."

WHAT DETERMINES

C. R. Wharton

One ship sails east, another sails west,
  With the selfsame winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sail, and not the gale,
  That tells us the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of Fate,
  As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul that decides our goal
  And not the calm or the strife.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

W. S. Bernard

> "What damned error but some sober brow
> Will bless it and approve it with a text,
> Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?"

It is against one of Bassanio's errors that I intend to register a protest tonight before the Sophomore class. This error wears the habitude of a doctrine much preached of late to young men in Universities and colleges, especially in the South. You may hear it from the professor's chair in the class room; you have heard it in the public lecture hall; and even from the rostrum of the Y. M. C. A., has it been expounded. The vestments which this doctrine berobes itself with in the preachment are very attractive, "the seeming truth which cunning times put on:"

(1) It hides behind the term *industrialism.* The industrial movement in the South is reviewed with fine sympathy; the splendid possibilities it offers for achievement are emphasized. The necessity of giving capital and energy a free hand is presented with painstaking care; the bank is made the keynote of the industrial arch, the center of power; the student is urged to wake up, take notice, "get in the game," "keep up with the race," be a banker, be a promoter, for therein lies power and wealth.

(2) Again, this doctrine takes the form of an insidious appeal to ambition for political or civic power. The failures, so characterized, of the machinery of the government, executive, legislative, judicial, are inveighed against, the malady diagnosed as lack of leaders of ability and integrity. The young student is exhorted to turn his eyes upon this deplorable state of things; the University looks to him to assume the responsibility of bringing honesty and ability to the aid of the State; his

the duty to keep the meddlesome hand of legislation from throttling industry; his the prerogative to interpret law for the salvation of legitimate business; here lies a rich field for his ambition, the opportunity to become a great lawyer, a great judge, a great governor, a great senator; here awaits power and wealth.

(3) Again, "acres of diamonds" lie about you, ready to sparkle out of the dust, the reward of only a little ingenuity in the way of invention. Get busy, invent something the world wants, a coco-cola, a suspender button, a patent medicine. Study chemistry, pharmacy, electricity, mechanics. Be an Edison, get rich, "for the wealthiest man in the community is the most useful." (Startling preaching that from ministers of Him who said that a rich man had about as much chance of getting into the kingdom of heaven as a camel of passing through the eye of a needle. The very naivete of its preaching certifies to the dominance of the almighty dollar). Go to the nearest news stand, invest 10 cents in a magazine called *Success*, and you'll have on tap this same cheap stuff preached till your heart is glutted.

Now whatever may be the right or wrong of having more or less of these dollars, is not the question in point. It is conceded a man's duty to earn a good living and have a bank account. St. Paul says that a man who does not provide for his family is worse than a heathen. But I submit that it is not the function of the University to *preach* the doctrine of wealth in the same sense that the preacher preaches the doctrine of charity. The function of the nominative case is to express the subject of the verb, the function of a lamp is to give light, the function of a physician is to relieve pain and save life; the function of the University is to *teach*—to discover and teach truth in every department of knowledge. There are two great preachers of the doctrine of wealth, whom we have with us always, inside the law of self-preservation, outside the great world of competition.

The din of these two voices will never give you rest. Before your name is inscribed on your sheep-skin you will be battling with the multitude which scarcely ever pauses to listen to another voice. Where then, and when are the other voices to reach you? When, if not in your youth while you are underclassmen? Where, if not here, from the teachers and the studies provided here by this your Dear Mother of instruction.

The viciousness of this preaching the dollar as the summum bonum is quickly and practically apparent. Success comes to be viewed solely as temporal prosperity. To accomplish tangible success for himself alone is the only ideal held up to the individual, while the duty of maintaining public standards and civic character is relegated to limbo. Herein is Bassanio's "damned error." Utility is the cry of the hour. Only the study of those things I can use in practical every day business will I pursue. Teach me to dye cotton fabrics, to weave them, to assay coal and iron and oil, to understand banking and the laws of corporations. Teach me to construct and manage an electrical engine, to convert coal dust into steam, electricity, and gold. Teach me to harness the cataract—ay, teach me but to make butter cheaply from milk or what-not, and I will grind and sweat and pay for the teaching. English! Latin! Bible! —away with them! What do I want with them? Will the Psalms feed an empty stomach? Will Penelope's loom weave a yarn shirt? Does Plato lay down the laws of trust formation? Can Horace and Shakespeare and Browning be translated into a cipher code?

Such is the song of that thing that arrogates to itself a term that belongs only to the King of kings, such is the song of the almighty dollar. Do you catch anywhere in this grand crescendo of clinking silver a minor that hums of the ideal, the human heart speaking in ever so faint a whisper? Where are the grand forms that have peopled the world of imagination and history?

Is there a Moses in this realm of spindles and mines? A Hector, a Luther, a Florence Nightingalé, a Robert Lee, a Paul, a Christ? Nay! Look ye rather at a Rockefeller, a Pierpont Morgan, an Edison, a Carnegie. See ye how they chisel their names in imperishable marble, not in the perishable clay of the human heart.

I am pleading, even as I learned here, for ideals, for culture, for civic character and sense of civic responsibility. I am pleading that the music of an old world song be not drowned in the clashing of the factory hammer, the shriek of the engine, and the cry of the stock exchange.

LE ROI EST MORT — VIVE LE ROI

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

"Here, page, your aid; assist to spread
  This crepe across the bier,
And bid, pray, since the King is dead,
  Good Father Ambrose here."

He who spoke the words stood quiet
A moment by the fallen head,
Then turned, and went to say the news
Throughout the streets, "The King is dead!"

The Father came with eyes down bent,
An hour he knelt and prayed apace;
He, too, then rose and went his way,
No tear of sorrow on his face.

I stood alone beside the corpse;
Two voices stopped before the door.
"Dead!" I heard the muttered word,
 And then, "Thank God his tyranny's o'er!"

There grew a murmur from the court,
And came a distant trumpet ring,—
The Prince returning from his hunt,—
Tnen one great shout, "God save the King!"

THE STORY OF HAL HENDRIX

B. T. Groome

Hal Hendrix was a talented young man. He was a good musician and an excellent "short-story writer." Everyone expected great things of Hal. He was broad in his ideas. This resulted from his having traveled a great deal. He had traveled over most of the eastern portion of the United States and had been West for a little time. In addition to having a wide knowledge of people and customs, Hal was a graduate of his State University. Here Hal made quite a reputation for himself, especially in philosophy. One could see him sitting by the hour, a far-away look in his eyes, thinking of deep fundamental principles of which one would believe him to be incapable, in view of his light, gay, and almost frivolous disposition. Hal's father was dead, and this made a big difference in him, made him doubt and wonder if, after all, things were really worth while. This Hamletine mood was helped or rather increased, by Hal's reading Bradley's "Appearance and Reality."

His mother had often asked him not to read such books, but he persisted until one day his mother, hearing him fall, rushed upstairs and found him in a dead faint on the floor. Hal regained his mind, only three hours before he was killed. During the six months that Hal was crazy he was faithfully watched by an old colored man named Ed.

This change, as I have said, came over Hal suddenly. Some said, "Sorrow caused by his father's death." Others said, "Too much philosophy." And there were some who said it was because of his engagement to the girl he had loved since his boyhood. I did not know, but to me, his friend, it was like the death of a brother. I, who had played with him since we were little tots,

was sorrowful. How often have I taken him by the hands since this trouble unbalanced him, and looked straight into his eyes, and tried to plead with him mentally to tell me what was the matter. Sometimes a look of intelligence would flash across his face, and then slowly withdraw, leaving the physical man alone. I have seen this same look when his mother or Miss Octavia, looked at him intently, tearfully.

Hal's mother did not live very long after he went crazy. She was inconsolable, Hal was her only boy. There were four daughters, all married. He was too crazy to know what had taken place, but just stood and stared into the open casket. We quietly laid her to rest.

Leaving all this I hasten to Hal's own account of the affair. Hal was killed suddenly by being thrown from his horse. I, having been his close friend for years, was asked by the family to search his papers to see if anything of value, in a literary sense, was in them. I set to work one evening about seven o'clock up in Hal's room. I was alone in the house, the family having gone to the Springs for a much needed rest.

Hal's books, papers and letters were in excellent order. I did not consider it to be my business to read Hal's letters, so I at once placed them in a pile on the table, and began in earnest on his manuscripts and other papers.

Evening passed into night without my knowing it, so interested was I in his stories, poems, and observations on philosophy, all showing a deep knowledge of men and thought. I finished all the papers about one o'clock and sorted out such as I thought were worth publishing.

Nothing remaining to be done, I decided to smoke, and there being a drawer on top of Hal's desk where he kept his tobacco, cigars, etc., I reached up and opened the drawer, but right on top of the tobacco and pipes was a sealed envelope addressed to myself, containing some ten or twelve pages of letter paper, written, it

seemed, very recently, for the ink still appeared fresh. This was a surprise, for Hal hadn't written, to my knowledge, even a note for six months, or since the time he became insane.

Drawing out the manuscript I read the whole thing, with something like horror in my very soul. I give it to you just as it was written by Hal himself, just as I found it that night.

* * *

"Rob, I know that my family will ask you, in case of my death, to look over my papers, and for God's sake don't ever let them know the contents of this manuscript. I am asking you to do this because I have a premonition that death will overtake me before I again lay hands on this paper to tear it up.

"I was sitting here in my study at this very desk on the morning of the fifteenth of June, deeply engrossed in thought over the relation of body and mind. 'If the mind is sufficient and transcendent in itself,' I reasoned, 'then I do not need the physical man, but on the contrary I could do better without him.' How to get rid of him was the problem that now confronted me. 'My mind controls the body only so long as I am in the body, and if I were to get out, how could I get back?' I decided, however, that the worst that could happen would be death, then I would be 'free indeed.' I resolved to make the experiment, even at the hazard of death.

"Xerif is the word which the Arab fakirs use in order to get thorough possession of their minds. I decided to use this word. By repeating it some ten thousand times one gets thorough control of the mind. I mean here by mind, pure intellect as apart from all substance. The cause is this, the physical man; i. e., brain and nervous system, becomes completely exhausted by this monotonous repetition, while to the mind ten thousand is no more than one. I did this with closed eyes. After

several hours of this weary process I began to feel a certain lightness. It began at the extremities and came slowly upward, until it had completely affected my whole body. Then with a strong determination, I willed my body to leave me where I was and cross to the opposite side of the room. I began to tremble, horrible daggers were plunged into my aching brain, my eyeballs scorched as if under intense heat, there was a tearing and snapping around my heart as if wild beasts were tearing out that vital organ. The office chair upon which I sat creaked and groaned. Rising up with a mighty struggle, I almost seemed to push some one from me and my body fell with a dull thud face downward on the floor. I heard mother rush upstairs. I saw her find my body as it lay quivering and pulsating upon the floor as if in the grip of some strong electric current. I heard her as she vainly tried to rouse me to consciousness. The effect of the struggle soon subsided and she got my poor body upon its feet and helped it downstairs. My body had no more intelligence than an animal. In short it was the physical man, nothing more. Just a plain case of insanity.

"I shall not try to tell you of Hal as people knew him — a poor lunatic wandering aimlessly about, as a beast would have done, constantly watched by an old negro man — but rather to tell you of myself, the *real* Hal, the mental man.

I was invisible to others, and yet I always noticed a kind of nervousness whenever I came too close to one who was alone, either in the darkness or in the light. One would start and look around. I had been affected like this before I had freed myself from the body and had partly guessed the cause. My personal shape was exactly the same as when I was in the physical man. One would naturally expect this, since the mind is all over the body, filling every cell of the physical man.

"Oh, how free I was! No sleep to bind my eyes, no fatigue, no distance from one object to another, no space, a free, perfect knowledge of everything. I knew all the thoughts of other people. Yes, I knew what Octavia was thinking of too. I knew she loved me. How often have I sat beside her, and watched her think of me, and see soft tears run slowly down her cheeks, to drop off on her heaving breast. Oh, how often have I gone with her when she took poor Hal for a walk, and see how earnestly she looked into the poor unseeing eyes and told them over and over her sweet little story of love. It was then, at such times, that I faltered, and would almost return to the physical man for her sake, sweet trusting heart. But, oh, this freedom was sweet and I intended to return sometime to the old humdrum life for her sake, only for her.

"Poor mother, she could not stand the sorrow. Her only boy, her darling, lost to her forever! — the one upon whose shoulders she had hoped to rest her wrinkled hands in her old age, till Death should set her free.

"When I left, Death followed fast upon my footsteps, and mother flew away. I went with her to the barrier which I could not pass until Hal died. I told her all and she kissed me as we parted. I caught a glimpse of the other side as mother was wafted across. She threw a kiss to me, and beckoned with her hand for me to follow her when my time should come. I nodded 'Yes' to her. I saw her no more. I longed to follow then, but Hal held me back.

"There came a day when Octavia began to fade, poor flower. I could stand it no longer. How selfish I had been, not to think of her who one summer day had placed her hand on my shoulder and said, in answer to my question:

" 'I love you, Hal, have always loved you. Ever since we were little children you have been my ideal. I give you my maiden's heart.'

"How well do I remember the day and the place. We had gone for a ride in the country. We got out, hitched the horse, and sat down on the roots of a large beech tree on the edge of the river. I had never spoken of my love to her before, but now I had finished school and was making enough money on my magazine articles to support myself and a wife. That she was the woman I wanted for my wife, I had known for years. I could see no reason to wait, so I asked her for her love and hand in marriage. She placed her hand on my shoulder and told me what I have already written down above.

"All this came back with a rush, filling me with guilt. Yes, I would return, go to her, tell her the whole story, and beg forgiveness. But here was the difficulty. How was I to reincarnate myself? I had no control over Hal. I had tried again and again to influence him to write things down for me, but the result was the same as if I had tried to make a horse or a dog do the same thing. I had one hold, and only one, upon him, namely the power of the eye of intelligence over mere brute organism. This is the power which man has over the lower animals. Clearly then this was my only chance. I knew that it would take several hours to make the transit. I also knew, or at least conjectured, the effect on Hal when he felt my eyes on his. Here, however, was another obstacle. Old Ed, the colored man, never left Hal, being with him all day and sleeping inside his door at night, never going to sleep till Hal had done so. Now, if Hal should go to sleep, I knew that I could not wake him up, because I had tried. I must, therefore, catch Hal awake with Ed absent for several hours.

"I watched closely night and day for a chance. At last it came right here in my room last night about ten o'clock. Hal refused to go to sleep, and consequently Ed could not do so. The old negro sat down in the office chair, took out his old corn cob pipe and began to

smoke and to look off in a kind of dreamy, absent-minded way. Hal was playing around on the floor with some strings, much as a kitten or a puppy would have done.

"Quick as thought I placed myself in front of old Ed and, looking him in the eye, began to will, sleep. He grew a little restless and looked around several times. My eye, although invisible, had made him nervous. He got up and walked around the room several times, but I kept in front of him, always looking him straight in the eyes and willing, sleep. He sat down again. Slowly but surely I gained the mastery over him. His head sank upon his breast. His breath grew heavy. His eyes closed. He was asleep — hypnotized.

"Now came the struggle. In the case of old Ed there was some hold, some kindredness of thought to work on, for though the spark of intelligence was small, yet it was there. With Hal there was absolutely no mentality. I had controlled him once, I ought to be able to do it again. I fixed my eye upon his and began to will my reincarnation. The effect upon Hal was just as I had expected. The eye of intelligence was too much for the eye of the brute. He wavered. He shrank back to the wall. He cowered in the corner, crawled under the bed, crawled out again, ran about the room and tried to awaken old Ed. But wherever he went my eye was fixed on his, he could not dodge it. At last he lay down on the bed, face upward, with eyes wide open, staring into space. I kept my eyes fixed on his, never letting myself waver from my one thought — reincarnation.

"A change began to take place. I began to feel myself shrink, to be cramped. It began at the tips of my fingers and toes, crept gradually over my hands and feet, spread over my limbs, and finally reached my body. I felt as if I were in a vise, being squeezed slowly but surely. The feeling became unbearable. Something snapped in my brain and then — oblivion.

"I was lying on the bed looking at the ceiling. I got up, woke old Ed and told him that I was fully recovered. You ought to have seen the faithful old honest darkey. I had not spoken a word in six months, and he knew that I had recovered by my being able to talk. He caught me in his arms and kissed me time and again. Tears were running down his old black face. 'Well, well, honey, the Lord be praised. Now old Ed can die happy. Well, well, well!'

"Old Ed has gone down stairs to feed and curry my horse, for it is now six o'clock. The process of reincarnation has consumed the entire night. I am taking this time to write these few pages. In case I do not return they will tell my story for me.

"I would tell of the countless spirits I met, some longing to return but lacking concentration of mind to do so, others perfectly happy where they are, and waiting only for their poor bodies to die to pass to the next sphere. Some even influenced their bodies to kill themselves, thus hoping to get sooner relief. This did no good, for there is a record kept where every man's days are numbered. The spirit cannot leave until the time expires. I'll tell more when I return from Octavia's.

"In a few minutes I will be with her and tell her the whole thing just as I saw it. We shall be happy again.

"I hear old Ed coming around the house with my horse. He has been gone about two hours, so I guess the horse finished his breakfast all right. As for myself I do not want any. I want to see Octavia.

"I will stop now, Rob. Once more, old friend, in case I do not return, none but you and Octavia must ever see this paper. I trust you and I know that my confidence is not misplaced.

I close with this advice: Don't try to do this that I have done. There will be a time when you will know all and we have no right to anticipate God.

"Good-bye.

(signed) "HAL HENDRIX."

* * *

One word of explanation and then I am through with this strange affair. As I before said, Hal was thrown from his horse and instantly killed just before he reached Miss Octavia's home, and of course he never saw her. She could not stand the shock. She died the same night of a broken heart. Let us hope that their spirits are united in a better world.

As to publishing this story in opposition to Hal's stated request, I will say that it happened in a far away state, many, many years ago. I have also changed the names of the characters.

And so there's an end,

PORTA MORTIS

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

"Sick unto death," he said, "with little hope
To struggle back to life and health again;
The crucial point is passed, he'll sink slowly
Now to the end."—Ah, well, 'tis better so!
They fancied that I slept, and did not hear
The doctor's words; just now they smiled into
My face, and said that I would soon be well
Again, that in a week I should have strength
To quit this bed and go out in the streets.
They have said so, and yet I heard his words;
The end has come.
Each one has passed before
Me now, vain hopes, wild fancies, fitful joys
Of all these wasted years. And at the first
Life held out promise of so much, the toil
Seemed all so small compared to the reward.
Burnt out! Not one live spark remains of all
That fire of youth, not one accomplished of
The many tasks. The fitful fires, the vain,
Wild deeds, they came and went; a wounded heart,
Perhaps, to mark the tale. The friends of those
Old wasted days now, too, are gone—all gone!
Even the throbbing pain within my heart
Is stilled. 'Tis strange, this wondrous quiet that holds
Me now. But yesterday I bitterly
Cried out against that which I might have been,
And swore I would live yet to prove those first
Great dreams reality. To-night the mood
Has passed. I feel regret, and yet I do
Not know if I would change one act of all
This misspent life. Perhaps I did not know
The price so fully then as now, but still

I think I must have known it all the while;
It pleased me not to try the waiting tasks,
A life of self was more to my desire.
Yet did not those who toiled but half the day
Receive the same reward as those who bent
Beneath the task from dawn of day till dark
Of night? And I, who have not toiled at all,
Shall I not be remembered on the last
Great payment day? There is no doubt within
My soul to-night; I am ready to face
The Great Beyond, and in it all I find
No fear. For what should I repent?
Just now
I heard them whispering beyond the door.
I hear the doctor's step again. I think
The end will soon come now. I want to turn
Away and sleep. My God, how tired I am!

ON LAUGHTER

D. Phillips

Laughter is the cruelest thing in the world. Laughter is the bravest thing in the world. There is nothing crueler than the man who laughs at his fellow's misfortunes. There is nothing braver than the man who laughs at his own misfortunes. The one shows his lack of courtesy, his disregard of the feelings of others, the attainment of his own selfish pleasures at the cost of pain to his fellow. The other shows his strength, his consideration for those tiny little things that make our social life worth the living, his determination not to let his own troubles disturb the comfort of those socially related to him. The one is the brute the other is the gentleman.

Nothing hurts like ridicule. No bodily pain is comparable to the writhing of the mind under the tongue of some ridiculer. Remorse of soul is its only equal, and superiors there are none. It searches out the inner-most weaknesses of a man's heart, exposes them to the scoffer for his careless delectation, and passes on its way, serene, bitter, despicable. No matter if it be some long hidden foible, some long fought fault, some tender memory, if it appeal to the jester as food for his wit, it is made light of, exposed, dissected, and the helpless victim examined, tortured, crucified, on a cross of his own making. Probably that victim had nursed his folly, had fought his fault, had at least endeavored to to overcome, to conceal, to remedy. He is helpless, therefore blameless. Should he then be persecuted for that which he either knows not of or is not able to overcome? Or should he not rather be pitied, quietly and unobtrusively, for open pity is no less hard to bear than open ridicule. Is there justice, is there courtesy, is

there decency in this kind of laughter? Is it not truly the brute who laughs only at his fellows' misfortunes?

But what is braver than the man who laughs at his troubles, the man who meets misfortune with a smile, danger with a laugh, and death with calm? Strength and pride only, the strength of mind, the pride of soul enable men to hide their sorrow under jests and their pain under a smile. The weak man gives way under his burden, throws himself upon the mercy of his friends, and draws from them such comfort as may be. There is no reserve, no stability, no pride, he is the man who is openly pitied, and who seeks that pity as his daily need. The strong man is not so. Misfortune may come to him, pain and sorrow may oppress him, yet to the world he shows a smiling face, the outward symbol of a man. If he has his black hours — and who has not — they are hid from prying eyes, he has it out with himself, and then comes up smiling. Reliance and trust come to such a man as of right, acquaintances and friends seek him out, he is known to all as a man and as a gentleman. Surely no one will dispute his right to both.

And thus it is that laughter is the cruelest and the bravest thing in the world. The laughter of the man who laughs with himself at his fellowman, is the one. The laughter of the man who laughs with his fellowman at himself is the other. These two kinds of laughter are these. As you laugh the one, you laugh as the brute. As you laugh the other, you laugh as the gentleman. Choose ye the one or the other, for by your laughter shall ye be known.

APPEARANCE AND REALITY(?)

I. King

It was nearing noon of the day after New Years'. The weather was cold, very cold, and the heavens were covering everything with a crystal mantle, slowly and with that almost imperceptible sound. The little station with its snowy roof was crowded with gay travelers, crowding about its single stove, and swapping Christmas experiences.

About fifteen minutes before the north-bound passenger train was due a young man came out of the waiting room, and began to stalk up and down the deserted platform, his head hung down, overcoat collar turned up about his ears. Now and then he would kick viciously at the little banks of snow piled up by the section force when they had cleared the platform early in the morning. He was plainly not in a companionable mood. He had almost completed his fourth turn to the upper end of the walk, when he was quickly overtaken by another, who had passed through the station, and seeing the solitary walker, had set out after him.

This one was enjoying the holidays. His eye was bright, his smile sunny, and he exclaimed, as he slapped his friend on the back:

"What in the mischief are you doing at the railway station? All the boys and girls are up at the drug store. They are going up to the hall for a little informal dance, and sent me out to find you."

"I'm sorry," said the first arrival, "but I can't go."

"Why can't you go? You haven't a thing to do, and the girls want you to come up. I was sent to find you."

"As I said at first, I'm awfully sorry, but I am going back to the Hill this morning."

"The dickens! What are you going back today for? You know that Saturday will do just as well, and today's only Thursday. This is nothing but tomfoolishness."

"Well," said the first, "you may call it that if you wish. I'm going."

"Well — by the way, why were you so late at the Leap Year Party last night? I heard after I got there that a certain young lady was to bring you, but I noticed that she came with another fellow?"

The first speaker slowly pulled himself together, and said slowly:

"Bob, I'll tell you, this town's entirely to small to contain me and my feelings just at present. I made a monumental fool of myself last night, which was enough to run a fellow crazy, and, then, when I woke up this morning snow was falling. You know I hate snow — it always gives me the blues — and it served as a last straw. I am leaving."

Bob had lost his jocular manner now, and laying his hand on the others' shoulder, he said earnestly:

"Old man, you have a remarkably bad case of the blues. Something has gone wrong which wasn't altogether your fault. I feel it; although you haven't told me. Is there anything I can do to right matters? She is with the crowd up yonder, and she doesn't appear in a particularly good humor. She is talking to your friend from Davidson."

The first shrugged his shoulders at the mention of the Davidson man, and said moodily:

"You can do nothing that I can see, but thanks, old man. You asked me about the party last night. Maybe you, at least, will feel for me when I tell you.

"Yesterday morning I received a note from a young lady in this town, asking me if she might have the pleasure — note the pleasure — of going with me to the Leap Year Party. She stated further that if I assented she would call for me at the hotel at eight-thirty.

"Of course I gladly agreed, and was looking forward to the party with the greatest pleasure. I had understood that it was to be a departure from the receptions we have been having, and you remember how, when we were kids, I enjoyed the candy-pullings and corn shuckings we used to have before this became an imitation city.

"I have never fooled that girl in my life, nor told her one thing which could be construed two ways. She said she would call for me at eight-thirty, and at eight-twenty-five I left the drug store for the hotel, in order to be there exactly on time.

"I had almost reached the hotel when I descried two people approaching, whom I soon found to be your Davidson friend and she. They both recognized me and spoke, I thought, rather coolly. After they passed I pulled out my watch, and it was exactly eight-thirty. I turned and looked after them as they went on up the street, laughing and talking, and I am afraid that I got too mad. It was the first time I was ever treated in that manner, and I am afraid I said some things inwardly which are not printable.

"Our lodge was in session last night, and as I have taken lots of interest in the work the brethren had specially requested me to attend without fail. I had refused on account of this engagement.

"As I stood there on the sidewalk I saw the couple go on up the street toward Mrs. P.'s, and then I remembered the lodge meeting. I arrived a little late, but the work was interesting. At ten-forty the lodge dismissed.

"You know Wyche Williams, don't you? Well, he was up there, and he asked me why I hadn't gone to the party. Before I answered I asked him the same question. He replied that he had been invited by Mrs. P., but no young lady had volunteered to accompany him. I then told him that my escort had fled to greener fields, and we decided to drop in and witness the fun.

"You saw us when we arrived. As soon as I had spoken to Mrs. P. my kid brother asked me where I had been. I told him. He demanded why I had not come to the hotel for the young lady, and I informed him that at the hour she stated I met her going out with another fellow. Then he burst out that she had merely gone to help get up the crowd of girls, who, not wishing to go to the hotel alone, had decided to go down in a crowd.

"I had passed her as I came in, and she, seeing that I was not going to apologize for my conduct — I didn't know then that I should do so — had cut me dead. I wrote her a note last night when I got home. I sent it up to her early this morning and she has not accepted my explanation as yet. I won't stay in town any longer, feeling as I do. And the snow, too, adds to it all the more. Wasn't that thirty-eight I heard blow?"

"Yes, that's your train. But say, there's a kid looking for you with a note. I told him I did not think you'd got up yet. Yonder he comes now.—What, a quarter? — More serious than I thought. — Why, you look as happy as a June bug. — Quit reading, and wake up; your train's leaving."

The other came back to earth and said:

"Say, Bob, carry my grip back to the station. I want to read this note again. Did you say that the girls had gone to the hall? Isn't this snow coming down fine. If it keeps up, how'd you like to make up a sleighing party this evening?"

A SPRING SONG

J. B. Reeves

Gabe, Oh Gab'l! wha's you at?
  Aw let dat dawg erlone!
Go in de house 'n git yo' hat
  Now while yo' mammy's gone.

"*Plant dat gyarden,*" did she say?
  I'll do no sich a thing.
Whut! dis here nigger throw away
  De fust fine day of spring?

Now, chile, you knows wha we's a-gwine
  You run en dig de bait
Whilst I fix up de hooks en line.
  Dat gyardinin' kin wait.

THE BURDEN OF LIFE

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

William Morley was dead. On Monday morning he had come down to breakfast as the hall clock was striking eight, just as he had come down each morning for the past five years. He had acknowledged the landlady's polite greeting with his usual curt nod, had eaten in silence, and had caught the uptown car at precisely eight-twenty. At nine o'clock Monday night the physician in the emergency ward at St. Luke's Hospital turned to the waiting nurse with the one word, "Dead." William Morley was dead. At seven o'clock he had come alone to the hospital, and had told the superintendent he was dying. Three hours later the undertaker had come and gone. When questioned by a reporter the physician only shook his head; and William Morley himself had not uttered one word after entering the hospital.

At six o'clock Tuesday morning a man in Denver, Colorado, sat up in bed and read a telegram. There was but one sentence, "William Morley is dead," and no signature; but fifty minutes later the man was flying eastward, fifty miles an hour. At seven-thirty the same morning a man in Austin, Texas, was stopped by a messenger boy as he was turning in at his office. He paused, his desk key in hand, and read the short sentence, "William Morley is dead." He dropped the unused key into his pocket, and hurried out of the building. Thirty-five minutes later he was on a northbound train, speeding toward New York.

At eight o'clock Saturday night a man was shown into the private office of Howall and Maillard, attorneys and counsellors at law, New York City. Mr. Howall, the senior member of the firm, met the stranger.

"I am very glad to see you, sir. You got my telegram all right?"

"Yes. I left Austin on the next train and came straight through. When did Mr. Morley die?"

"Monday night at nine o'clock. I wired you an hour later. Those were the instructions Mr. Morley gave me a week before his death. It may seem strange to you that we, his lawyers, do not know what this all means, yet that is just the case. Perhaps you can explain?"

"Yes; but there should be someone else —"

"You mean Mr. Hilson, of Denver? I wired him the same night I did you. He will arrive in New York tonight on the eleven o'clock train, and will come straight here. In the meantime, while we wait, perhaps you can throw some light on this mystery."

The man from Austin did not seem to hear the lawyer's last words. He had seated himself, and, with his chin resting on his hand, was gazing through the open window down into the brilliantly lighted street below. Yet he did not observe what lay before him; his eyes had an unseeing look, and his lips were set in a hard, straight line. As he sat there, the lawyer, noting that his words had passed unheeded, had a good chance to study him. He was still a young man, perhaps not over twenty-eight years old, yet his hair was already touched with gray, and there were lines in his face that indicated an experience of the world beyond his years. It was on the whole a strong face, yet at the same time a hard and uncompromising one. That the man had met and overcome hardships was written in every feature. Yet with this there was a sternness, an almost cruelty which indicated that, although he had had struggles eimself, there would be no pity in his heart for the misfortunes of another.

Mr. Howall coughed. The stranger started, and quickly turned his gaze back to the lawyer.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I had forgotten myself for the moment." And after a short pause he

added, half retrospectively, "So Bob Hilson has been in Denver. It's the first news I've had of him for a year."

"You must remember," reminded the attorney, "that I am entirely in the dark in this affair. I had never heard of William Morley until two weeks ago, and my first knowledge of yours and Mr. Hilson's names was Monday night when I opened my sealed instructions. Even then I only knew your names and addresses, and was instructed to send you each a stated telegram. This packet," he placed his hand on a sealed envelope on the desk beside him, "was to be opened tonight in the presence of you both. I have proceeded thus far knowing almost nothing about the affair in which I am engaged; I cannot go further without some more definite knowledge."

The man from Texas looked fixedly at the lawyer before replying.

"I can easily appreciate your position," he said, "yet I hardly feel at liberty to speak. It is a very delicate matter, and Hilson, as well as myself is concerned. Were I alone involved it would be different. However, if I may be assured of your absolute secrecy—"

"Of course," the lawyer broke in, "that is understood. I am acting as your attorney, and what you say will be considered as entirely confidential. You may be at ease on that point."

The stranger hesitated a moment, and took out his watch. Presently he looked up and nodded.

"I will do it," he said. "It's two hours till Bob Hilson is due, so my story will help pass the time. Besides, it's the kind of thing that begins to weigh on one and call for utterance. Not that I am beginning to become conscience smitten, for that is not the case. I merely feel that I have a rather unusual story which I would like to tell somebody, and you will serve better than another. What your opinion will be when I have finished I won't attempt to say. Perhaps you will feel

that you have a criminal before you; that will be wholly a matter of view. For my part I believe myself entirely justifiable in all my actions. But I will give you the story.

"William Morley, Bob Hilson, and I first met at college. We were classmates, all engaged in the same sort of work and after the first term had rooms together. Philosophy, in all its phases and aspects, formed our common meeting ground. We read and discussed the theories on life, death, immortality, religion, and kindred subjects advanced by the greatest philosophers of both ancient and modern times, and out of this heterogeneous and conflicting mass we picked those principles the practical application of which later had such great influence on our lives. During the same period we read Herbert Spencer and Robert Ingersoll, and the writings of many of the greatest modern free-thinkers. As we read we assimilated and thought for ourselves, until at the time of our graduation our opinions had reached a clearness and solidity, and had attained an individuality, of their own. That man's first duty is to himself, and the development of the individual as opposed to society were but minor points in our creed. The greater questions of life, death, religion in its various forms, and the immortality of the soul we had settled, as it seems to me, in the only logical and sensible way possible. However, I am not telling you this to convict you to atheism, although it is a belief you must come to if you ever really study the question. This is only a brief outline of the life philosophy my two friends and I had become settled on at the time of our graduation, but perhaps these few words will make clearer to you what is to follow.

"Neither of the three of us was wealthy, and that fact caused our greatest and bitterest disappointment. Had one possessed money the others would have shared it. As it was we were all forced to forego the pleasures that,

had they been ours, would have meant the best part of life to us. This lack of means became such a cross that we used to discuss the wildest plans for the gaining of wealth. But nothing ever came of our schemes, and when we left college our chances of becoming rich were as small as ever.

"The night after graduation we gathered in our common study. Each of us was dissatisfied, not one knew what he would do out in the world, and life seemed, all considered, but a sorry thing. After some discussion we decided to have a reunion at the end of five years. In the meantime we were to hold no communication with each other. Each was to carry on his own work, and if one proved successful we would all enjoy what we were pleased to call his good luck. With that agreement, and New York chosen as a meeting place, we separated.

"I went to Chicago and first tried journalism. But I didn't succeed. Day and night I toiled and with it all I could only keep up a bare existence. I grew bitter against the world in those years, and many times I was on the point of suicide. With my views on death I had no fear of the act; it was only the thought of onr reunion that kept me at the slavery.

"By extra effort and close economy I got together enough money to buy a ticket to New York, and when the day arrived it found me in that city. Morley had been there all the while, and Hilson came in the following day from Washington.

"After we had exchanged greetings and looked each other over there was little to say. The story of each was apparent without words. Plans were proposed, but one after another they were rejected. Finally Morley, who had not spoken for some time, rose and began to pace the room. Hilson and I ceased talking and waited. It was an old trick of Morley's, and it invariably meant that he had something unusual in mind. After a time he stopped and faced us.

" 'I don't know how it has been with you two,' he began, 'but I'll tell you how things have gone with me. I have made a complete failure in life, I am poorer than when I left college, and I have known no leisure, no pleasure, nothihg that makes life worth living. I would have stopped it long ago with an ounce of poison, but I waited for this reunion. I thought one of you might succeed, and in that case I knew there would be an end of hardship for the others. But you see you have both turned out much as I have. And I imagine you have both thought of the same solution, and have only deferred it for this reunion. Am I right?'

"Hilson and I nodded together. Morley went on:

" 'So we are together on that. Unless we can have some of its comforts and pleasures life means nothing to us. Death is preferable, and with our views we do not fear to die. I have a plan by which two of us can get some pleasure out of what remains of life, while the third will merely do what we shall all do otherwise. My plan is this. We shall choose by chance one from our number, who will have his life insured for fifty thousand dollars. We shall all together pay the premiums on this policy for one year, and at the end of the year the insured man will commit suicide. The two living will then divide the fifty thousand dollars equally between them. Of course you understand why a year is necessary; the company would contest payment for a suicide before the expiration of that time. What do you think of the plan?'

"I felt the blood leaving my face as I turned to Hilson. He met my eyes, and he was pale as a cloth. Then we both looked at Morley.

" 'But it would be murder,' I stammered. 'I am not afraid of suicide, but this is different. Two of us would kill the other.'

" 'No,' replied Morley, 'you are wrong; it is merely a question of the individual. The man will be absolutely

free in killing himself; he may break the compact if he desires, although I don't think any one of us would do so. As I see it this is the only possible scheme. Look it straight in the face.'

"In the next thirty seconds I did some rapid thinking. To me life wasn't worth anything without money, and I had had it demonstrated to me that I couldn't make my way in the world without a start. Besides, I had intended to commit suicide anyway, so what if I were the unlucky man? I looked up, and caught Morley's eye.

" 'I'll do it,' I said.

" 'And I, too,' echoed Hilson.

" 'It's settled then,' said Morley. 'And now for the details.'

"It would seem the irony of fate that the proposer should be the victim of his own scheme, yet such was the case. When the cards were placed I cut the ten, Hilson the five, and Morley turned the deuce.

" 'Let me congratulate you both,' he said, extending his hands with a quiet smile.

"There were almost tears in my eyes as I grasped his hand, and I heard Hilson mutter something at my side that the choke in his voice rendered unintelligible.

"We soon arranged the details. The fifty thousand dollar policy was taken out with the Prudential the next day. Together we managed to get up enough money for the first premium. Morley was to remain in New York until the expiration of a year, when he would end the compact. Hilson and I were both to leave, and were not to see him again until after his death. We were both to keep Morley's address, and to send him our parts on the premium each quarter, but our old agreement of knowing nothing of each other's whereabouts should be adhered to in regard to ourselves. Before we left Morley had arranged to have the policy transferred to Hilson and myself, and we had decided upon the

manner in which we should be notified of his death. Then I went to Austin and secured a position in an insurance office by which I managed to keep up my payments until I received your wire. You yourself gave me the first news I have had of Hilson since our parting."

The stranger paused, and consulted his watch.

"Eleven-forty," he said. "I wonder why Hilson doesn't —"

He was cut short by a rap at the door. The lawyer stirred, and at the second knock pulled himself together, like a man waking from sleep.

The office boy entered, ushering in a tall, poorly dressed, travel stained individual.

"The gentleman you expected, Mr. Howall," he announced, withdrawing to the outer room.

And as the man from Texas sprang forward to meet the friend of his college days, Mr. Howall, the attorney, reached over and took up the sealed envelope on his desk.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

The Short-Story Contest It is with some humiliation as well as with a good deal of regret that we are forced to announce the failure of the proposed Southern Inter-collegiate Short-story Contest. We wish to state frankly here that the fault was largely our own, although the work of arranging was made doubly difficult by reason of the fact that so many magazine editors were careless in replying to correspondence. We began the work late and at first did not realize the magnitude of the task. Suffice it to say now, that we know the undertaking to be a great one, notwithstanding the fact that it may be very simple to the outsider.

However, although the plan has failed utterly, we feel that our magazine at least has gained a great deal

by the prospect of such a contest. There has been undoubtedly an added stimulus to our work, not only because of the prospect of a greater prize than our own magazine can offer, but because of the feeling that we were united with others in promoting the interests of college magazines in general. Just as it is impossible to develop the best college athletic teams without the feeling of rivalry that exists between colleges, just so is it impossible to reach the highest aims of a college publication without inter-collegiate rivalry. The publication that is successful in a contest of this kind advertises the college which it represents as well as a successful athletic team or debating team.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that a scheme of this kind will be carried out in the near future. When once the college magazine has obtained for itself a wider publicity than that afforded it by local reputation, then the charge of provincialism at least will be withdrawn from the large number of charges against the college magazine as a literary production. That other drawbacks than this will be eliminated, we feel sure will follow. Once let the college editor feel that he is being judged by the standards of other college publications, and you have not only created a spur to goad him to further effort, but you have also set up a mark at which he is to aim.

The Voices of the Season

With the coming of spring, now as ever comes the old, old characteristic of inattention and drowsiness in the classroom. Now as it has always been, the dreary monotone of the lecturer falls on heedless ears, while the voices of spring are wafted gently through open windows. These voices are never loud nor boisterous, but they will not pass by unheeded. They dull our consciousness like the soft low croonings of a lullaby, and when they have gained

complete mastery of all the senses, — then they whisper to us of dancing laughing waters, of joyous full-throated melodies, of gay plumage and the green of growing things, of the luxuriant feel of waving grasses, of the earthy smell of fresh-turned fields, mingled with the delicate fragrance of budding life.

It is then that the professor labors in vain to expound his theories, while the student gazes far out of the window, attentive to nature's call. The invaluable lessons of history, the underlying principles of economic activity, the undying truths of philosophy, the absolute accuracy of Euclid or the pretty subtleties of Shakespeare, are forgotten when spring comes with its message. Its message is paramount, its power absolute.

And you, Professor, — have you steeled yourself entirely against those voices that call to us so insidiously? Does there never come to you a desire to throw those principles, facts, and figures down into the cellar and come with us to where the fields are green? Does not the season bring to you at least some dear, never-to-be-forgotten memory that causes you to pause sometimes in your work and wonder whether after all it is so vital? If we thought that spring bore no message to you, we would suggest that you deliver your lectures through a graphophone, betaking yourselves to the woods. As it is, we think we understand — we know you do.

A Word About The Magazine

It is to be regretted that the Magazine is so late in making its appearance this time, but we are informed by the guardian angel of the printing office that it was impossible to get out the Magazine earlier on account of other University work. We wish to remind contributors just here that, as the next issue will have to be out by the middle of May, all contributions must be handed in at

once. We want to make the next number the best of the year and we wish to urge our contributors to help us by handing in their contributions as early as possible. The Magazine must come out on time in May or not at all as it should be out before examinations begin.

Carolina Among The Ten

It may be of interest to readers of tne Magazine to know that the exchange editor of *Williams Literary Monthly* has made out a list of ten college magazines which he considers the best, and that *The University Magazine* is one of this number. It will be noticed in the list that follows, that our magazine tails the list in order of merit, but we are glad to be in such good company in any position whatever, considering the great number of college magazines left out.

The list, in order of merit, is as follows:

University of Virginia Magazine.
Harvard Monthly.
Yale Literary Magazine.
Smith College Monthly.
Nassau Literary Magazine.
Vassar Miscellany.
Columbia Monthly.
Randolph-Macon Monthly.
William and Mary Literary Magazine.
University Magazine of North Carolina.

Since writing the above we have received the April number of *The University of Virginia Magazine.* Its exchange editor also makes out a list of its ten best exchanges, with our magazine appearing among the number. Our hats are off to the gentlemen from Massachusetts and Virginia.

SKETCHES

WHEN THE COCK CROWED THRICE

Little Turl is Big Turl's brother. Big Turl is the man who in violation of the laws, international and otherwise, captured the Red Rooster, preliminary to the cannabalistic stunt that was to follow. Little Turl was a freshman, read his Bible every day, and went to church Sundays, spending the rest of his time making ones and writing to his mother.

Little Turl was worried. He was the conscience of the concern. Nevertheless he retired about as early as the Red Rooster. But the captive had a better night than the captor's brother. The captor's nights were all the same, neither good nor bad. He was not finicky about his eating and did not care how when or where he slept. He could not be interrupted in either. So while the transgresssors were content Innocence suffered. In fact it tossed in its little bed the whole night, now deciding to run the gauntlet of Big Turl's wrath, now hesitating.

About four o'clock the Red Rooster waked and got ready to do his duty by the dawn. His wings flapped and Little Turl's eyes opened wide; his voice rang out like the trump of judgment, and Little Turl's hair stood on end. Thrice he crowed, and again, but this time in the open air and in full freedom.

Little Turl crept back into bed with an apprehensive glance at his snoring brother. Then he added his own gentle snore to the general felicity of the occasion. —*S. R. L.*

LOCOMOTOR ATAXIS

Did you ever see "Horny Henry" walk? I beg pardon for misleading you. His locomotion is strictly not walking. He takes a step, repents, but too late to do more than produce a jerk in his gait. Combine these actions, mental and physical, in a series and you have Henry's process of locomotion, which is usually forward, his tracks to the contrary notwithstanding. As I came out of the South Building this morning, Henry thus locomoted up to within a few feet of me and put on brakes. He slapped his breeches pockets, grabbed the sides of his coat, and after a moment's meditaton found his corncob pipe stuck somewhere in his mouth. As I passed him he touched his hat apologetically and out of the depths of one of Dr. Venable's unbuttoned collars, said "white folks give poor black some fire." I gave him a match and watched him contentedly jerk himself into the South Building, followed by thin wreaths of strong smelling smoke.—*W. L. L.*

AN OLD AIR

God! How long it had been since he had seen these familiar sights. Things were not much changed here as they were everywhere else. Yes, that was her piano—her for whom he had longed for so many years with a longing that had at last broken bonds. But where was she. Of course he would not find her here after so many years. Yet he had come here.

God! What was that purring sound coming from her piano? Would he, the outcast, ever hear her play again as before?

Yes, he must be mad now. The strain had been too much for his racked brain for certainly the piano was playing the same old air of years ago—the one she used to play for him so long, long ago. The room grew hot. Beads of sweat were forming on his forehead. Mad,

mad, mad. Would his brain ever stop repeating those words? Certainly he was mad. He could even see the movements of the keys where her pretty fingers used to wander, and the petals moved too. Why could he not see her also! There would have been joy in the madness then? But this was agony — this mad dream — agony he could stand no longer. He rushed out into the wintry night.

A few minutes later an old man came into the room and shut off the current. The piano stopped playing. He, too, was fond of his daughter's playing. This substitute was the one pleasure left him.

Next morning the papers told of an unknown man whose body was found in the river. The body was never claimed.—*W. C. Coughenour.*

A LONG FELT WANT

Closely clipped hair has become quite a fad at the University. One may see a dozen or more of these smooth heads in one walk across the campus. Some heads are ugly with the hair cut after this fashion, and some are frightfully ugly. Of the first class there are many, of the *latter* the most startling example is the head of our friend Keiger. Once this head was easily distinguished by its wealth of long and intensely red hair; now it is ever so red but far less beautiful. Keiger was on debate in the Di Saturday night and when he walked out on the floor he was applauded. Before he could begin his speech, Mr. Spicer, who is of recent mountain extracttion, was on his feet.

"Mr. President, I appeal for point of personal privilege."

"Mr. Spicer may state his point."

"I ask that the president instruct Mr. Keiger to put something on his head."

The society grew uproarious. After a while Keiger went on with his talk, but he was rather embarrassed and had little to say. Then someone else got up and

addressed the chair on a point of personal privilege. When asked to state his point he put the finishing touches to Keiger's mortification.

"I ask that something be put *in* Mr. Keiger's head." Keiger concluded his speech at that point.—*O. J. Coffin.*

BEHIND THE SCENES

I have a friend who debates. But before he debates, much to my displeasure he loses his mind, locks himself up and works like a maniac. He is going to debate again soon and I am now suffering the tortures of his prelude of constant work. Last night at eleven o'clock I came to my room and found no one present to entertain me. I ran up stairs, thinking that I would have a pleasant moment's chat with my friend the debater.

Now his door is peculiarly constructed and I have a correspondingly peculiar way of opening it. As usual I turned the knob and kicked the bottom of the door violently. But it opened not, and I kicked and rattled it furiously. There was no response from within. I apologized to the door and listened. "The fare from Durham to Greensboro is twenty-one cents. Now, how in the name of the cradle of our liberties—". But I took pity on him and left him alone with his grief.

DID HENRY JUNIOR TAKE A BATH?

Henry Jr. came to my room last Sunday, blacked my shoes, and entertained me and my friends. You know Henry Jr. If you don't know him, you know the older edition, Henry the Bell-Ringer. Henry Jr. has little that is his own, save a cunning good-natured grin, about as big one way as it is the other. His brain void certainly comes to him as a heirloom. But, though as elemental as a human being can well be, he has acquired a shrewdness which would be uncanny in him if it did not become him so ludicrously. Now last Sunday his simplicity betrayed me into the hands of his shrewdness, and the fellows laughed. It was something like this:

"Henry," I said, "if you would bathe you would get more shoes to black."

"I baze. Yas suh, I baze," he began dully, and then went on with increasing excitement and eloquence, as his imagination opened up the splendors of a new subject, "I sho' did baze one time. Las' year. I goes down to the pool in the gym one time—no it 'uz out at de pond. I tuk soap—free grea' big cakes soap—they 'uz a grea' big pot. An' I tuk and put all dat soap in dat pot—tell it 'uz jes' like a soap-pot wid grease in it. 'En I tuk 'un rubbed it all over me, an' de sun dried it up-an' jes' soon's sun 'ud dry it up, I rub mo' on. 'En jump right in de water, you know, an' I jes baze! Yas, suh, I jes' baze tell dem tree cakes o' soap, dey all gone. Yas suh, tree cakes, da's jes' zactly how many."

"Look here, Henry! Right straight into my eyes!"

Henry Jr. tried several times to look me in the eye, but unsuccessfully. I became more and more stern until I was quite terrible for a little nigger to look at. Finally I got his eyes fastened.

"Now, Henry, did you know I could look right into a nigger's head and tell when he is lying?"

Here he showed the whites of his eyes and looked restless.

"Tell me how many—"

"Free!" he declared with an effort.

"How many nigger's do you suppose I have killed merely by looking at them?"

Henry Jr. showed the rest of his white eyes. He was totally disconcerted. I had him now.

"Bout a dozen," he grumbled, greatly troubled.

"Right! And unless you tell me exactly how much soap you used you will be the unlucky thirteenth."

Henry Jr. cannot remain long in the same mood. He was chuckling now, and rolling from side to side. Then he became semi-serious and a gleam of cunning came into his eyes.

"Dey wuz some soap, wo'nt dey?"

"Yes," I admitted cautiously.

"I haint never tuk no wash, nohow. I don't reckon dey wuz any soap."

Then he had me, and the boys knew how to appreciate it. He shines their shoes at my expense next Sunday.

A STUDY IN PSYCHOLOGY

At the debate last Friday night there was one person peculiarly affected by the speeches. He sat directly in front of me and I could study him closely. During the first three speeches he was carelessly bored. He played with the paper programs, and at intervals gently yawned. He did not seriously regret being present, but he regarded the debate flippantly. However, when the fourth debater began his speech, my study riveted his attention on the speaker and listened intently. I thought to myself, he has at last found something to his taste.

The speaker spoke on and still he listened intently, head bent forward. Just as the speaker reached the middle of his peroration, just as his speech was reaching its climax, and just as the whole audience sat perfectly intent, my study leaned over to his companion next him and said, "Let me pull your nose," suiting his action to his words. His mental processes were beyond me and I gave him up.

BUD PROCTOR

Three ministers were standing on the street discussing the death of Bud Proctor.

"Horrid death," said one.

"A wretched life," said the second.

"An immortal soul gone to hell," said the third, as he kicked a little yellow dog that sniffed at his trouser leg.

Poor Bud was lying at the undertaker's, a bundle of dirty, bloody rags, ground to pulp beneath the Southern Palm Limited.

No one saw the wretched outcast when he was struck by the huge engine. No one ever knew how came him on the track; not even the engineer knew. Only the angels saw the man going along the track, when he heard the shrill whistle of the giant steel monster as it came rushing on. None but a drunken man would have stepped on the track, and lifted very tenderly a little yellow dog, whose foot was caught fast in the switch, and pitched it gently upon the embankment.

They found Bud an hour later. A little yellow dog was licking his face and hands.—*B. T. G.*

EXCHANGES

There have been pleas for more freedom of expression in the college magazines; there have been pleas for exchange departments which really criticise and discriminate; and there have been pleas for magazines with green covers and red letter stories. And after the pleas have been pleaded what have we? Same magazines in same covers, containing the same sort of stories, weighty matter and more pleas. We are pleading our pleas in vain.

Everything written is to instruct or entertain, especially the latter. Most of us think that we can get sufficient instruction from the Encyclopaedia Brittanica and other "handbooks of indispensable information." So we do not read anything in the magazine line that does not claim and hold our interest. If the college magazine writers would quit "shooting off their mouths" and tell directly and naturally some experience of their own or of some one whom they can clearly vivify, then college magazines would be read even as much as McClure's and Munsey's. We must excite interest whether we are writing the Simple Life or Tip Top Weekly.

Let the railroads run on; let the eloping maidens kiss their fiancees unmolested; let us let the railroads and maidens alone unless the run over or away with *us*. I want to hear about the time *you* were climbing up a tree to get an unfruitful egg out of a last year's crow nest, and if the limb had broken, and you had fallen from a hundred foot height on a correctly shaped rock, you would have broken your neck, provided you had not become an angel or a leather-winged bat and sailed away on the ethereal blue. If we are writing our magazines for our alumni, why discontinue our college bulletins; if we are writing primarily to interest, tell the truth, lie, sacrifice art, do anything to excite keen interest.

The Georgetown College Journal, for instance, which in my opinion ranks high among the various college magazines, has one short, sad story, one mighty solution or statement of the mercantile problem (a problem which only a "a captain of industry," or some other Wall Street officer would dare look in the face only on a dark night), six airy, passable poems, one real article of interest, and twenty other pages which are to be taken more or less seriously, I suppose, by students of athletic statistics, banquet speeches and other allied subjects. The "Essay on the Demerit System" is literature. At least it is interestingly original and accomplishes its purpose, if you will take my word for its purpose.

The Southern Collegian is a good reliable magazine. When I read and read and begin to feel bad, I turn to it and know that I will find something to help me out. It may be a parody on "Break, Break, Break," or a eulogy of General Lee; but it is always there. This time it was the latter. But to criticize the speech is not my purpose. I simply congratulate the editor of the magazine on being able to print it in honor of him who in troublous times did so much for the cause of education in the south, especially for Washington and Lee University.

The Mercerian for March is so compact, so exact in detail, so well rounded that it affects me strangely. It is a good magazine, but it has a full, well-rounded air, that blows you off to one side by centrifugal force, as it were. You involuntarily stand off to one side and regard it as you would a bulgy drummer who has just eaten a big dinner and is sitting in a large comfortable chair, smoking a "Prince George" cigar, preparatory to telling a long boring story of how he completely bluffed a one-legged Chinaman out of his laundry bill. I believe that you know what I am driving at. *The Mercerian* is overfed and overdressed. It needs a left-handed, one-eyed tailor, and a lazy, dirty cook, who uses a skillet instead of a gas range, with baking, broiling, and scorching

compartments. It needs to get off its dignity, shake the creases out of its trouser legs, and open up with a good joke and a loud laugh.

The March magazines are as good as they were any March before. But if we would all separately and clandestinely agree, to loosen up on our dignity a little in April, we would fool ourselves and turn out some college magazines that would give the business managers something to do besides sit in their chairs and dream of cover designs and color schemes. They have already used too many cover designs gotten up by sweetheart art students. I want to see college magazines read and cease to be immovable fixtures on cobwebby Y. M. C. A. reading tables.

BOOK REVIEW

Studies in Victor Hugo's Dramatic Characters, by James D. Bruner, Ph.D., Professor of Romance Languages in the University of North Carolina; 169 pp., the Athenaeum Press Series, Ginn & Co., Publishers, Boston, 1908.

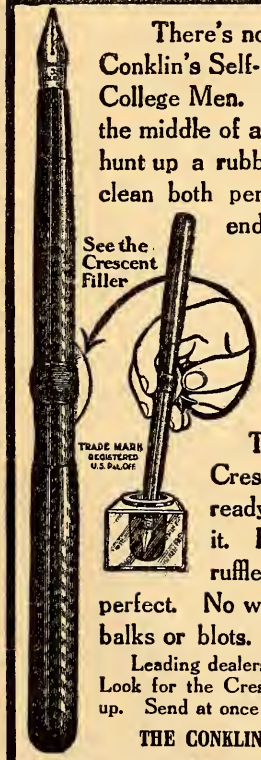
The student of inductive criticism will find in Dr. Druner's recent work the absolute fidelity to facts, the uneering accuracy of conclusions drawn from these facts, and the clear, concise statement of opinion, that mark a competent critic the world over. In the opening paragraph of his book Dr. Bruner sets forth the canons of interpretation to be observed in the inductive study of dramatic character. "First," says the author, "there must be organic unity. . . . In the second place, the interpretation must be exhaustive, introducing all the details of the evidence, whether direct or indirect." Throughout the entire volume the author follows these canons, supplementing them with abundant illustrations drawn from familiar representatives of both ancient and modern literature. Moreover, in his interpretation of Victor Hugo's characters, Dr. Bruner is not contented with merely pointing out the predominant trait of a certain character. He approaches the character from many sides, balancing the less obvious traits with the more prominent ones, thus securing the unity of impression that one sees on beholding the whole of an object.

However, the student of inductive criticism is not alone in his enjoyment of this work. The casual reader—the man who reads merely for the pleasure of impression, will find here a helpful guide to his reading. While the criticism is accurate and exhaustive, it is far from being technical, and is free from laborious quotations of various opinions by conflicting authorities. There is no

quibbling over details, no threshing out of rival arguments, none of the objectionable controversies and wranglings that are so characteristic of a great many critical works. The book is written for the layman as well as for the student, and its chief merit lies in the success that characterizes the result of its two-fold effort. It supplies a need in the library of the student of dramatic character; it is a pleasing addition to the book lover's collection.

W. E. Yelverton.

THE BEST PEN FOR COLLEGE MEN



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The University Magazine

MAY, 1908

Old Series, Vol. 38 No. 6 New Series, Vol. 25

A BIT OF NEWS FROM THE PAST*

BY C. ALPHONSO SMITH, PH.D., LL.D., PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE AND DEAN OF THE GRADUATE DEPARTMENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

There are three separate but inter-related movements in the life of the South to-day, each of which is distinctly broadening and nationalizing in its tendency. There is the industrial movement, the educational movement, and the historical movement. Of the industrial and educational movements much has been said and written; but the newly awakened interest in the history of the South among Southern people themselves has not yet received adequate recognition. As the proposed monument to Sir Walter Raleigh, which has been assigned me as my sub-topic, is but a part of the larger historical movement, it is of this movement in its relation to North Carolina that I purpose briefly to speak. To one who has not kept in touch with the higher forms of public opinion in North Carolina during the last eight years, there are elements of peculiar inter-

*An address delivered before the North Carolina Society of New York at their annual banquet held in the Hotel Astor, New York, February 27, 1908.

est in this growing tendency to conserve the past and to re-interpret its lessons in terms of wider and more vital import. That the years from 1900 to the the present time have been years of real achievement in historical activity a brief survey will demonstrate. If I mention no individual names in this survey it is because the mention of one would make necessary the mention of a score.

I

Historical Activity in North Carolina since 1900.

In December, 1900, the North Carolina Society of the Daughters of the Revolution determined to erect a suitable monument to the patriotic women who organized the famous Edenton Tea Party of October 25, 1774. To this end they began the issue of *The North Carolina Booklet*, a periodical devoted to great events in North Carolina history. Publications of this kind have not been proverbially long-lived in the Old North State, but *The Booklet* is now in its seventh volume and has never missed a number. It has not only brought to the treasury of the Society a sum sufficient to erect the contemplated monument but has been a distinct force in unifying and stimulating historical activity. To the credit of the members of the Society it should be said that they have delayed the erection of their memorial until they could find the original list of those who actually participated in the Tea Party. It is not without interest that the list has at last been secured chiefly from the columns of *The Morning Chronicle and London Advertiser*, of January 16, 1775.

Another important contribution to the historical movement was made by the North Carolina Society of Colonial Dames of America. On May 2, 1907, this Society unveiled in Wilmington a handsome monument, the result of years of patriotic agitation, to the memory of Cornelius Harnett and his compeers of the Lower Cape

Fear. Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Boston, visited Harnett in 1773 and called him "the Samuel Adams of North Carolina." This monument derives a special significance from being the only memorial yet erected in the State to a native Revolutionary patriot who was not a soldier.

The greatest zeal, however, in the erection of Revolutionary monuments has been shown by the Guilford Battle Ground Company. Twenty-seven memorials have already been erected. Twenty of these are costly monuuments, ten of which have been erected since 1900. This battle ground is now an object lesson in practical patriotism. It shows what a body of determined men can do to redeem a waste-place, to convert its receding traditions into living examples, and to save to posterity a fund of heroic memories which in a few years would have been forever beyond recall. The National government owes a duty to that battle field not only because of the patriotic men who fought there but because of the equally patriotic men who have since wrought there.

But no single event has meant so much for the preservation of our Revolutionary history as the publication in twenty-six volumes of our *Colonial and State Records.* This work was completed only a few months ago at a cost to the State of about fifty thousand dollars. It is matter for congratulation that these volumes are skillfully compiled and well printed, but it is of far greater significance that there is no longer heard a word of criticism of the State for such an expenditure. It is an evidence that public opinion in North Carolina sanctions every well directed effort to preserve for the future the legacy of the past. This is a triumph of no mean import. When citizens of a republic are willing to tax themselves to save the good names of their ancestors and to utilize for their own warning or example the institutional experiments of an earlier age, democracy repels one of the accusations most frequently and most confidently brought against it.

I need hardly remind you that the colleges in North Carolina have been potent factors in stimulating the new interest in our history. They are not making a fetich of State history, but in their historical societies, in their special publications, and in their departmental libraries every phase of the new movement may be traced. The University of North Carolina has set apart in the new library building a large room for the storing of *North Caroliniana.* The sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, which the generous donor has promised to double in a few years, is expended annually by the University in the purchase of every sort of publication that may help the student to understand the continuity of our history and to relate its events more closely to the larger movements of the time. I am sure that I speak for every higher institution of learning in the State when I say that this study of the past and present is not carried on in a narrow or provincial spirit. Its purpose is not sectional or even controversial. Investigations are made not for argument's sake but for truth's sake. There are, of course, exceptions here and there, but college students are essentially fair-minded and democratic. They are quick to detect the note of provincialism and as prompt to rebuke it.

If further illustration is needed of the widespread change in our attitude toward the past, it may be found in the work of the State Literary and Historical Association. The Association was organized in 1900. Its career, therefore, covers the exact period under review. The main purpose of the Association has been to cooperate with the legislature in directing and systematizing the preservation of historical material. At the second meeting of the Association a motion was made that penny collections be taken in the schools to erect a monument to Sir Walter Raleigh. Though other similar proposals—notably the erection of monuments to Calvin H. Wiley and Charles D. McIver—have interfered with the

immediate success of the movement, there is now in the treasury more than a thousand dollars for the Raleigh monument, most of it being received from the schools in contributions ranging from a few cents to a few dollars.

The State Literary and Historical Association believes, however, that it can best serve the cause of history by devoting its energies, at least for the present, to more urgent historical needs. It is trying to so educate public opinion that the outlay for a monument to Raleigh, or to any other hero who has served the State, will not seem a form of charity but an enlightened means of self-preservation. As a part, therefore, of its educational work the Association helped to establish an annual North Carolina Day in the public schools for the purpose of moulding historical sentiment. On this day interesting pamphlets, devoted to some important event or character or period in our history, are sent to every public school in the State, and the pnpils celebrate the day by appropriate exercises.

The Association also petitioned the legislature for a Hall of History at the State capital, and this room, set apart only five years ago, has already proved of inestimable value to the student of our colonial and Revolutionary history. Largely thlough its aid the best school history of the State yet written was made possible, and every year the contents of the Hall of History are inspected by more than a hundred thousand visitors.

At the request also of the State Literary and Historical Association the legislature has made final provision for erecting in 1911, in the Statuary Hall of Washington City, a monument to Zebulon Baird Vance. But the greatest achievement of the Association was the appointment by the legislature, in 1903, of an Historical Commission. The Commission has now a paid secretary and is authorized to expend annually five thousand dollars in collecting and transcribing the original sources of North Carolina history, and in erecting memorials to commemo-

rate famous places in the State. The motto of the Commission is an inspiring one. It is taken from the English historian Stubbs: "The roots of the present lie deep in the past and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present came to be what it is." The appointment of this Commission is the most important step that the State has taken in the preservation of its history since the generous appropriation for the *Colonial and State Records.*

II

Spirit and Purpose of the New Movement.

Such, Mr. Toastmaster, is a brief summary of the new historical movement in North Carolina. Much remains to be done but the spirit and purpose of the new movement augur well for the future. North Carolina has at least avoided one of the mistakes that have so often invalidated the results of historical activity. She has not allowed herself to be put on the defensive in the new movement. The activities of which I have spoken are the organized expression of a determination not so much to vindicate the past—it needs no vindication—as to conserve the past that it may speak for itself. Many, if not most, of the historical controversies that have marred the peace of communities and States have owed their origin to the failure to preserve important documents. This neglect of historical material is not confined to any one State or section. It is an American rather than an English trait. Mr. Fiske remarks that when the colonists left England they seem also to have left behind the historical instinct.

North Carolina has made noteworthy progress since 1900 in regaining the historical instinct. She has begun to realize that a State is judged at the bar of posterity not by the record that it has made but by the record that it has preserved. She is thus laying

the foundation for a rational rather than an irrational State pride. The truest union of these States, after all, is a union based on a consciousness not merely of the greatness and promise of the whole but of the contributory greatness and promise of the parts. State pride, when it does not degenerate into State vanity, or voice itself in exultant provincialism, is a cohesive power that no union of free States can afford to ignore. That State pride is more in evidence in the South than in the North or West needs no demonstration. That it has at times manifested itself in forms of crude individualism will be as readily conceded. But it is nevertheless an asset of real worth in estimating at any time the sum total of the National feeling. He is an unsafe counselor who seeks to undermine or to depreciate State pride. It needs neither censure nor ridicule but the guidance and enrichment that come from a dispassionate study of the past.

III

Two Needs.

Out of such a study of the past I look hopefully for the emergence of two results, or rather for the remedy of two defects. First, it is not enough that the history of North Carolina should be known only to North Carolinians. The historical movement of which I have spoken would not, in my judgment, realize its full promise even if it could by some necromantic power give at once to every North Carolinian a thorough knowledge of the history of his State. There is a growing feeling, a feeling voiced by numerous spoken and written complaints, that our history is not known by those in high places, that certain unquestioned events and distinctive contributions are completely ignored in the accepted textbooks of American history. These complaints are not without foundation. But the remedy is not to be sought in more or better histories of North Carolina.

The history of a State, however well written, finds few readers outside of the State itself. No State in the Union has ever yet brought about a wide diffusion or popularization of its history by the method of the historical textbook.

The interest in biography, however, is circumscribed by neither State nor National boundaries. It is a universal interest; and if the history of North Carolina is ever to be widely known and justly appraised beyond our own borders, it must be, in part at least, through interesting biographies of representative men. A State stands or falls by the men that she has produced. And yet, though North Carolina can claim a Cornelius Harnett, a William R. Davie, a Nathaniel Macon, an Archibald D. Murphey, a William A. Graham, a Thomas Ruffin, a Calvin H. Wiley, and a Zebulon Baird Vance, the name of a North Carolinian can not be found in the American Statesmen Series, the American Men of Energy Series, the American Crises Biographies, or in any other series of historic lives. The omission is not due to the fact that these works are published in the North. It is due to the fact that the lives of these men have either never been written or been written inadequately. The omission is an indictment not of our past but of our present. Each of the men whom I have mentioned stood for something distinctive. They wrought at vital things. They represented in the truest sense both their people and their period. They dreamed great things and they achieved great things, and the State is better today because they lived. The history of North Carolina could be so woven about and so illustrated by the ives of these men as to compel the attention and enchain the interest of thousands of readers who care nothing about formal textbooks of history. Even one popular biography of an historic character of our State, who mpersonated the best ideas and ideals of his time, would go far toward remedying the defect complained of

and would at the same time be a distinct encouragement to every worker in the new movement.

There is one other aspect of this question, Mr. Toastmaster, that needs iteration especially at this time. As the domain of our history is extended the demand becomes more insistent not only for biographers who can interpret it in terms of personality but for poets who can interpret it in terms of the imagination. The story of Paul Revere, for example, is more widely known than any incident in the history of North Carolina or of New York,—not because it deserves to be, but because Longfellow has lifted its details into the realm of literature. To say

> "The fate of a Nation was riding that night"

is an exaggeration, though a pardonable one; but the National interpretation thus given the incident, in terms of poetry, has made the story a part of the patriotic inheritance of every schoolboy in the land. Emerson's lines,

> "Here once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round tne world",

are not borne out by history; but they have done more for the skirmish at Concord than all the histories yet written.

An old biographer of Nathanael Greene has quaintly remarked: "It will probably happen, in future times, that the States that have produced the ablest writers will enjoy the reputation of having produced the ablest statesmen, generals, and orators." The times thus prophesied have long since come. "Massachusetts, my native State," said a United States congressman* recently in a published address, "has furnished the Nation with most of her heroes; not because North Carolina and the other States of the Old Thirteen had no heroes, but because Massachusetts had the poets."

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*The Honorable Henry Sherman Boutell.

The early history of North Carolina is peculiarly rich in scenes and events that make their appeal primarily to the poet rather than to the scientific historian. And yet, in our entire history, there is not an incident, there not a character or achievement that has been brought home to the National consciousness through the ministry of poetry. This defect cannot, of course, be remedied by formal action or studied resolution. But the need of poetry as an ally of history can at least be pointed out. The supremacy of the poet as a universal interpreter can be reasserted. The truth can be emphasized and should be emphasized that while the historian may galvanize the past, it is the poet who vitalizes it.

In conclusion, let the forces that make for history and the forces that make for literature work in harmony. Both are interpreters, both are builders. If they stand steadfast for the truth as God gives them to see the truth, the day will yet come in North Carolina when the gold that is mined by the historian shall be minted by the poet. With his image and superscription it will pass as current coin, unchallenged by time and undefaced by use. With the advent of that day the history of the old commonwealth whose sons we are will no longer lie ungarnered and uninterpreted. It will have become a living part of a Nation's song and story.

CHRISTI MUNDI

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

She fled on through the rain-swept streets,
  Her loosened garments wet and torn,
The dark hair hid her shoulders' gleam,
  Her hard, hot eyes flashed burning scorn.

I followed close upon her steps,
  Silent and swift as the eagle flies;
I caught her where the lights were dim,
  My hot-pressed kisses stopped her cries.

She fought against my panting heart
  As tigers fight before they die,
Till when she drooped upon my breast,
  Drooped, and yielded with a sigh.

* * * *

He who raised the Magdalene,
  And smiled into her weeping eyes,
Feeling the great God-heart cry out
  Against that man-made sacrifice,
Spoke then no word of him who forced
  Woman beneath such shame to bow—
But those who stood anear saw flame
  A God's great wrath from that high brow.

PUSS IN THE CORNER

S. Rae Logan

J. P. Wriggsley, Senior, Freak, and a few other things, arrived on the "Hill" September '96 a few days late. Of course his four best friends seized upon him right away and carried him over to their old rendzvons in the South Building to jolly him as had been their wont for the past three years. In spite of his oddities and general air of irresponsibility they entertained a secret respect for him. His way in making money at cards and otherwise was certainly winning, but no more so than the way he spent it. Consequently his friends could not take him too lightly. The P in his name stood for Prince when he was disbursing, Pierpont when he was cornering the coin.

Pug took him in hand first. "Stand up and give an account of yourself. What did you find to do in your little town?"

"Nothing at all, boys," J. P. replied. "Everything was so dead it couldn't wiggle."

"But was it too dead to organize?" put in Bully, winking at the others.

J. P. darted a suspicious glance at his questioner before answering.

"Well," he began. reassured that they were not dragging him, "I found a little to do on the side in that line. First we got a pretty decent brass band together, then a glee club. With all this material it occurred to us that as public-spirited citizens we ought to do some advertising for our town, and get a little life into it. The result was a small Salvation Army equipped with all necessary paraphernalia, which became a source of considerable pride to our townsmen. But I soon discovered that our Salvation creature was commiting depredations

upon the saloons. So to remedy the matter I pointed out to the saloon men the advantage of cooperation and organization. They saw the point and the Saloon League was soon presenting a firm front to the enemy. Now that was the only pretty piece of work I did, not excepting the Musical Sociecy and the Bachelor's Experience Club. The returns! Just picture a grateful fancy drink artist on every corner lying in wait for you!"

J. P. had never made any pretensions to eloquence, but he had a happy knack at suggestion when he touched on a great theme. If the boys had intended to drag him at first, certainly there was no longer any sign of such a spirit. The picture conjured up in their imagination was irresistible, and they responded nobly with the fullest sympathy. Sammy Sanders and Rolfe lighted up and lay back in their chairs luxuriously, while Bully, who had preceded them and was half through with his cigar, gazed dreamly up through his feet with half-closed eyes, across the table at the Prince, and murmured,

"Go on!"

The Prince puffed away at a Turkish cigarette for a few moments in deep meditation.

"Then there were the rats!" he proclaimed sententiously.

"Where?" exclaimed Bully impatiently. "In the drinks?"

"Oh, no, everywhere. I learned something about them too. I know rats, and somehow, boys—"

Here J. P. leaned over toward them with an air of mystery.

"—Somehow rats will suggest cats to me. Great possibilities there! I'm working on it now. Think I'll have it out soon, and then you'll be proud of me, boys. Of course I'll let you in".

"But for the present," he said rising and throwing out his chest impressively, "for the present, mark my words: The genius of modern industrialism is organization. The business man's church is the combine and trust; his creed, corner, monoply; his priest, the broker; his prophet, the promoter."

After getting this peroration off his mind, J. P. showed clearly that he was through talking for a while. So the boys let up on him about the genius of organization, and concurred in some one's suggestion that all should go over to the Chapel and hear J. P. get off some of his musical vagaries.

"Suits me," he agreed.

Soon he was playing Beethoven and Wagner with an interspersion of Greig's Peer Gynt adaptations. Then he banged into Nevin's Love Song.

"That's fine when you've got a man like me a hold of the keys," he commented. "But all these fellows are more or less crazy. Now here's what I call a well-balanced genius," and he played right into MacDowell's chords and dischords, beginning with the easiest of the sea pieces and working on into an unbearable din.

His hearers withdrew into a corner and proceeded to carry on an indignation meeting.

"The old boy's a queer one, isn't he?" said Rolfe. "Always got some organizing project in his head."

"I'll bet you he is thinking out the details of some scheme of organization right now, in which rats and cats are concerned," Sammy ventured.

Suddenly J. P. whirled around on his stool in the middle of the piece and shouted:

"I've got it all right!"

"He's got em," interpreted Pug.

I've got the rats—"

"Yes", rupplied Sammy Sanders sympathetically. "We know it—in your roof garden."

"I've got the rats on my side," continued J. P., ignoring the interruptions.

"Charmed 'em with his music," suggested Rolfe. "Sir Orpheus in the role of the Pied Piper. I admit you had me kinder dazed."

"Now shut up and I'll tell you my scheme."

The boys looked at each other appreciatively. J. P. was going to make a speech.

"You see me standing before you broke but possessed of a great idea. Listen! Last Summer, being interested in the best rat trap on the market, I organized a crusade against rats. The whole country used my trap and poison as well. But by the middle of the summer there were about as many rats as ever, while many cats, some dogs, children, chickens etc. had been poisoned accidentally. We saw our mistake and introduced cats and cats, with the result that our country was free of the pests by the last of August, while the communities from which the cats had been taken were fairly overrun. Which all goes to prove that the old fashioned way is the best, that traps and poison cannot compete with cats when it comes to a rat-killing."

"Rats increase and multiply with lightning rapidity. In the County of Orange there are at least 800,000 female rats and mice, and enough males to go around. A female will produce an average of six little ones every thirty days. Multiply 800,000 by 6 and you will have the number of females in a month if but few are destroyed. Product 4,800,000. Repeat the process for second month. 4,800,000 × 6 = 28,800,000. Third month 172,800,000. Fourth month, 1,036,800,000. Add a corresponding out-put of males and we have 2,075,600,000 rodents! Enough to eat every man, waman and child in Orange County for breakfast."

"What will these poor people need for protection? Cats! Where will they get them? From us. Where did we get them? From the people. What will we pay?

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty. What will they pay? Fifty, dollar, two dollars, five dollars, ten dollars, according to lenght of smellers and pedigree. There! Cooperation and organization, kitty wants a corner, are you game?"

In a moment the four were shaking with him at once.

"J. P., old boy, I beg your pardon," said Bully. "I thought you freakish and impracticable, but you are not. You are just a magnificently mad, crazy, raving maniac with more sense before breakfast than the old Pierfont has before he says 'now I lay me'. You've got more sense than I have!" And that is what they all really thought.

Thursday morning the following ad. appeared in *The Tar Heel*:

Mew! Me-o-u-w-w! Cats! Bought! From 10 to 40 cents. Little and Big. Agts. wanted! Old and Reliable House. Located near Post Office, Chapel Hill.

Amalgamated Cat Combine, Limited,

J. P. Wriggsley, Mgr.

The same ad. was inserted in the Durham and Pittsboro papers, and in the Chapel Hill News, while posters to the same effect glared from every rock-wall, fence, tree, and barn within five miles of Chapel Hill.

Then the fun began. Friday night J. P.'s books revealed the following facts:

10 cats had been received gratis with the compliments of owners.

15 turned over by prankish students.

20 purchased at an average of 15 cents.

45 total for first day.

12 lusty young niggers as agents to secure cats, without precise instructions as to methods.

3 corrals constructed to hold the cats.

Caterwauls and catcalls rendered the region hideous, like the ghosts which did squeak and squeal through the night. Pussies were the subject of discussions every-

where, morning, noon, and night. To J. P. they became both hobby-horse and nightmare. He was soon walking, smelling, and purring like a cat. Occasionally a woman half-distraught, with red eyes and weepy nose, would flounce into his office.

"You have stolen my Kitty, my little millie-willie Pussy! I will have you understand that—that—you're no gentleman and—and I want my deary sweety Kitty."

"You surprise me, Madam," J. P. would purr. "You shall see for yourself that I know nothing about the dainty darling. Just step in here, please."

With these gentle purrings J. P. would glide gracefully and conciliatingly to the door opening into the receiving room.

" Are these like your cat, Madam?"

The sniffling lady found herself in a den of hungry, wild-eyed frightened cats, ready to devour her. With a shriek she would dance back through the door-way and declare that she had never seen such cats. J. P. knew how to settle them.

But everything was not so readily adjusted. The expense was terrific for college boys to bear, and the stockholders began to grow doubtful.

"Now fellows," J. P. would say, "no use of being organized unless we enjoy the cardinal virtues of organization—coöperation and economy. Let's all do our part and save all unnecessary expense. We are going to be rich!"

"The devil we are!" exclaimed Rolfe. "You mean bankrupt. How are we going to feed these cats? Counting the kittens we have two thousand now, and nothing but slaughter-house refuse and dogs to feed them on. And if we are going to buy any more, where is the coin coming from? I reckon we'll organize a U. S. mint? And how are we going to discourage the competition of merchants with their traps and poisons?"

The situation looked serious but J. P. grinned broadly.

"We put a wagon on tomorrow collecting waste foods in Durham and in Chapel Hill also. Besides, porridge is cheap. Our cats fared well today on that big fat, sleepy, yellow dog they call Ben, belonging to Commons Hall. The Lord will provide."

"As for the merchants we propose to merge them in our interests. Their benefit from the combine is the privilege of handling our cats on commission as soon as the tide sets the other way."

"As for the coin, ye of little faith, hear!"

Pulling three yellow envelopes out of his pocket he opened them and read them in succession.

We will take all the black pelts from cats you can furnish us, if properly prepared, at $1.00 each; other colors ranging from $0.50.

American Fur Co.

"And here—"

Send us one doz. dressed animals per day, labeled 'possum—$0.10 per pound,

Chicago Meat Trust.

"And again—"

We want all you can sell us at $0.60 per head.

Schlossburger & Co.,
Mnfr. of Musical Instruments.

"What carcasses the Chicago Meat Trust will not use we shall feed. You will see this Ad in the New York, Philadelphia, and Boston papers tomorrow:

Feline fanciers! Cats of high degree, all sorts and sizes. Furnished Postpaid for a consideration. Closing Out— Write

J. P. Wrigsley, Mgr.
Chapel Hill, N. C.

"Now what do you say? Down on your knees, doubters! Or, rather, get busy. Sort all the cats to-

morrow, keeping your eye open especially for pedigrees—pedigreed maltese preferred. We will have twenty five dollars a piece for the best. Take good care of the brooders. Hire a competent butcher who will hold his tongue, and put him to work tomorrow on the black cats. Above all, whoop up the business."

Cats were then coming in from the outer world at the rate of thirty a day and from the inner world at the rate of forty a day. They bred well in confinement and under J. P.'s expert supervision. But to increase the trade the price was raised fifty per cent. This was on Oct. 5. The combine had existed about six weeks, and had grown to such proportions as to overshadow every other industry in three counties. It was a nine days wonder. The people had backed it as they would a circus, but it had not dawned upon them that they were the show. But truly they had killed the goose of the golden eggs.

A great cloud was slowly gathering over the country. It had the form of a great hungry rat, and in its whiskers and piled upon, and around, it were other forms, multitudinous, thousands upon thousands, and they were little rats and mice. Once well started they had increased by geometric progression which seemed to have no limit. They were worse than grasshoppers and locusts. Farmers were dismayed. Horace Williams philosophized exhaustively over the situation and told his logic class that it was a static evil rather than organic, and that, in his opinion, it ought to be dealt with organically: consequently he thought cats alone would completely eradicate it.

"For," he said, "it is in the nature of a cat to catch a rat." Echo repeated, and his disciples took up the echo. But Mr Williams was proud of J. P. and is reported as saying that the University had at last developed a man.

Adam Kluttz was of the same opinion and said so. He said it was all right for the rodents to gnaw his

merchandise, but now that they had got to nibbling at his profits he thought somebody ought to do something. Raper was convinced that the question was purely economic, and asserted confidently that unless the cat combine was exploited and disrupted it would be disastrous to Southern emigration.

It was a simple matter for J. P. to see that such utterances should be given publicity. These authorties were quoted fully in the *Chapel Hill News* and other large papers, together with J. P.'s public-spirited statement that he was ready to sacrifice his business on the altar of patriotism and do what he could to stay the plague and panic.

"I will sell my cats at public auction Dec. 1, 2, and 3 at Chapel Hill and give a liberal per cent. to those particular churches in the town which have been especially active in relieving the universal distress," he had said.

No auction sale was ever advertised so well as this one. It was advertised editorially by every paper in the state. *The Industrious News* lauded J. P. Wriggsley to the skies as an industrial genius, *The News and Preserver* condemned him severely for what it rather inaccurately termed his wild-cat speculation, and hoped the churches would have too much righteousness and self-respect to accept the tainted money. They all rechristened him by common consent, but they differed when it came to the name. The two suggestions most favorably received were the addition of the initial M and the addition of the initial R. However they all agreed that he had the cats beyond a doubt and could supply the people; that 15 cents per gallon was not so bad for Standard Oil, and that a good cat was worth good money to a man who needed one.

Still the rats increased. Cribs of corn disappeared almost in a night. The rodents grew bold and attacked other animals. When their herbivorous stomachs were

empty for lack of food, they became carnivorous, attacking children, sheep, poodles, and even each other. Mr. Williams found difficulty and danger in feeding his pigs, as the rats not only ate the feed out of their mouths, capping their meal on corn, with a nice pig, but even occasionally set upon Mr. Williams himself. At such times he admitted that "business enterprise and democracy leading to organizations and trusts might be overdone, and perhaps the State really did have the right to interfere with corporate management." All the cattle and horses in the country were bob-tailed; for the rats unscrupulously appropriated the long tail hair for nests. It was nothing unusual for the milk-maid to see a cow get up to be milked, and shake a half-dozen little rats out of each ear where their mothers had nested during the night. Tales of suffering and bad temper and of all manner of prodigies were recounted on all sides. These were all published exclusively by *The News and Disturber*, the editor having arranged with other papers for a monopoly on this sort of news.

Finally the climax came. It was the day after the Legislature passed the two cent rate. Two columns of *The News and Disturber*, with heavy black lines indicative of mourning, were headed with these words in gigantic black letters:

DEVIL DEVOURED BY RATS

AN ATTACK ON THE EDITOR FEARED

The other headings on the front page were in red with the same size of type:

BALL AND CHAIN FOR RAILROADS

EXTERMINATION FOR CAT TRUST. ERADICATIVE MEASURES ADOPTED BY LEGISLATURE. DOWN WITH PREDATORY WEALTH. FORWARD WITH STATE'S RIGHTS

It was like the trump of destiny reverberating throughout the State and making Iniquity quake in its number tens.

Mr. J. P. Wriggsley laughed. Then he paled. Then he laughed again. It looked like bad weather for him, and he intended to enjoy it, one way or another. All this big free advertising would make him and his friends rich or it would annihilate them. He had played with the fire, but he had not planned such a conflagration.

That was Nov. 31. Tomorrow was to be the first day of the auction. People were already pouring into the town, driving or riding ludicrous bobtailed, manelcss horses; or walking, with their rat-sticks grasped grimly in their hands.

Next day at twelve o'clock, after two hours of crying, the auctioneer had not sold a cat. Though the weather was cold, the atmosphere seemed oppressive. Pug, Bully, Rolfe, and Sammy Sanders were sweating and worried. The dense crowds were restless, and surged in clumps of dark faced men this way and that. J. P. alone appeared unconcerned as he stood on a platform in front of the great corral west of the Post Office, conversing with his partners. The thouands of cats confined in the corral shared the uneasiness of the people and glared with hungry hot eyes upon the scene.

As the college bell began to ring for 12:30 there was a definite movement in the crowd nearest the platform. A shower of dead rats thrown by the crowd struck the officials of the Cat Combine and staggered them. At the same time the report of a number of guns sounded from the upper end of the corral, and the front gate was opened wide in spite of the efforts of the police. Several men were perched on top of the high corral fence at the rear of the corral calmly firing charge after charge of fine shot into the demoralized flock of cats, which, finding the gate open, suddenly sprang with fearful cries out in to the street. The people gave way on both sides

and a stream of bounding, mad cats tumbled down the street and spread in the woods and fields beyond.

The corner was broken.

J. P. stood looking on with a curious smile, holding Bully and Rolfe by the collar to prevent their risking their lives trying to close the gate.

"There it goes, boys," he said. "We had Fortune corralled, but see how it turns its back on us. But don't mind it; the genius of modern industrialism is not dead, even if the cat business is."

THE FLOWER OF ROMANCE

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

"No," said Randall, gloomily, "there's no romance in this prosaic age of ours. I have lived in New York ten years now, and nothing unusual has happened to me yet; it's all drab, and dull, and normal. A romantic adventure in New York today is as impossible as that proverbial camel-needle story."

It was after dinner—about eight o'clock in the evening—and Randall and I were strolling down one of the fashionable residence streets of New York City. The stately dwellings on either side stood out clear and beautiful under the glare of the arc lights. The street was quiet, and, except for a few idle strollers like ourselves, almost deserted.

I was silent for a space after my friend had made his cynical statement. A scheme had entered my mind, a wild, daring scheme that made my step quicken and my heart beat with faster thumps. It was a foolish idea, an idea for a boy, yet my pulse quickened at thought of the adventures it might bring. In a moment my mind was made up, and I turned to my friend.

"You say there are no adventures to be found in New York," I said, stopping him. "Now, I am ready to disprove your words. On either side of this street there are rich mansions, and neither of us know their owners. I will wager you twenty-five dollars that I can enter one of these homes, send up a fictitious card, and appear at your rooms before twelve o'clock tonight with a true story that even you will admit is an adventure."

"I am to be judge?"

"Yes."

"I'll take your wager," Randall said. "I only hope, though, you won't be turned over to the police."

"Don't worry," I rejoined. "I'll be with you again before midnight."

I turned up a marble walk. Before me rose a large building with wide verandas and Grecian pillars in front. Lights burned on either side of the steps, and a bright incandescent lamp threw around the entrance a white glare. I stepped to the door and pressed the electric button. A moment later I was admitted into the hall, and a silent servant took my hat and coat. Then I was shown into a richly furnished drawing-room, and the servant presented a silver card-tray. I felt for my card case, and took out a blank card. Pen in hand I paused a moment. What should the name be? Then I wrote Philip R. Stanton, and gave the card to the waiting servant. After he had gone I remembered with a start where I had heard that name before. It was that of a man whom I had seen dead by his own hand in a low gambling den in California. I recalled with a shudder how I had seen him lying on the dirty floor, almost his entire head shot away, with half drunken men cursing and gambling over his stiff form. At that moment the servant re-entered the room.

"Miss Wilmot will see Mr. Stanton in a moment," he announced, and quietly withdrew.

What could it mean? Had Miss Wilmot, whoever she may be, known the real Stanton? Then what should I do? These questions and a hundred other like ones flashed through my mind while I waited the lady's appearance. I thought of slipping away, but pride forbade that; how Randall would jeer should I return to him empty handed! No, I would see the adventure to the end, play my part with a bold mien, and trust the outcome to fate.

I heard a quick step and the swish of skirts in the hall. The door opened and a woman hurried in. She was small, dark, and exquisitely beautiful. I rose as she entered, and a moment later she was in my arms,

laughing and sobbing on my breast. I held her where she lay, and gazed down upon her dark head, wondering what it all meant.

"Oh, Philip, it has been so long, so long!" she was saying. "I thought you would never come back, and I felt that my heart would break. Did you really think that I was angry? Didn't you know that I wonld forgive you, Philip?"

For the first time she looked into my face, and I stiffened, waiting for the inevitable recognition. But not so; there was no doubt in the beautiful eves raised to mine. There was only happiness, and a little perplexity.

"Ah, you, too, have suffered, Philip," she said softly. "You have changed so much that I hardly know you. But why do you look so troubled; do you doubt my forgiveness? Surely, Philip, you do not doubt my forgiveness?"

I released her, and stepped back a pace.

"Miss Wilmot——" I began, hesitatingly.

She turned pale at my cold tone, and pressed her hand to her heart.

"Miss Wilmot," she repeated in a low voice. I used to be Isabel, Philip."

"But you do not understand. I——"

With a quick movement she was by me again, her hands on my shoulder, her eyes gazing searchingly into mine.

"Oh, Philip," she cried, with a pitiful catch in her voice, "why do you look at me so strangely? You have not ceased to love me, Philip; oh, surely you have not ceased to love me!"

I looked into her face, and I forgot what I was doing, that I was a gentleman, my honor, everything but those dark, passionate eyes.

"No," I cried, fervently, "no, I shall never cease to love you, Isabel. God knows I shall never cease to love you!"

"I knew that you would be true, Philip," she murmured, with her head again on my breast, I knew you would always be true."

We sat down on a divan. Her head was against my shoulder and my arm was about her waist. The perfume from her hair entered my nostrils and intoxicated me like some enchanted liquor, brewed by fairies and sirens.

She gave a happy, contented little sigh.

"It has been so long," she said, "so long. Why did you stay so long, Philip, when you knew that I loved you, and that I was waiting for you to come back and be forgiven ?"

For one brief moment I was on the verge of confession. Then I drew her closer to me, and in the abandon of the moment my one thought was of passionate desire.

"At first, after the quarrel," I answered, making no defense in my soul for the lie, "it was pride; and then I could not come. I was in Africa and the natives had captured me. How long they held me God alone knows. My days and my nights I was thinking of you, and planning to escape. But they guarded me closely, and it seemed ages before I finally got away. Then I came straight to you, dear."

When I had finished her lips were on mine, and her arms were clasped tight about my neck. The perfume of her hair and breath intoxicated me, and her beauty dazzled my eyes.

"Oh, you poor, poor boy! And I thought you were cruel and hard-hearted! Can you ever forgive me, Philip? Sometimes I prayed for your return, dear, and sometimes I thought that my heart would break. But always there was the hope, for I knew you would come back to me some day."

For reply I only drew her nearer, and in my heart was a mad desire to seize her in my arms, and carry her far, far away where she would be only mine and the world could not come between us.

Hours passed, and at length I rose to go. She accompanied me to the hall and threw herself into my arms for a last embrace.

"You will come back to-morrow, will you not, Philip?" she asked, with a smile that presupposed the answer.

I looked down into her happy face, and my heart cried out to me to come. Then there flashed through my mind the picture of the man lying dead in the gambling den in the far west, and I saw my duty as it was.

"Yes," I said, "I will come." But I knew in my heart that I would not, and that I could never come again.

I held her to me one last moment at the door, then I went out and turned down the walk to the street.

When I entered Randall's room it was a quarter of twelve. My friend, comfortably wrapped in a dressing gown, was seated in a large arm-chair before the fire, waiting for me. I dropped into a chair, and gazed dejectedly into the leaping flames.

"Well," said he, after a short silence, "how goes the story?"

I felt in my pocket for my purse. and took from it twenty-five dollars.

"There is no story," I answered, handing him the money.

ANTOINETTE

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

From the hour I heard your voice
There came for me no other choice,
Antoinette,
Than to fall on knees before you,
To worship and adore you,
Antoinette.

There were roses in your hair,
And the star-light gleaming there
Fell o'er your face divinely fair,
Antoinette;
Your laughing eyes again I see
Turned in smiling glance to me,
And my heart cries out to thee,
Antoinette.

As the wave with ceaseless roar
Foams over all to reach the shore,
Antoinette,
So my heart beats ever true,
And my love dares all for you,
Antoinette.

THE BIRTH OF A BROTHER

O. J. Coffin

A friend loveth always; but a brother is born for adversity.—Proverb.

One need not be eighty to grow reminiscent, and since this is my story I shall not lay the blame of its occurrence upon some innocent person. It began because I was too sentimental and it ended because I encountered reality.

Madge's eyes were soft, dark brown, and confiding; her hair was a glowing, golden brown of the same shade as her eyes. Madge's hands were small, and charged with electricity; her plump arms were cunningly dimpled at the elbows. She knew all this and could show her charms to best advantage when she cared—which was quite often, as she was not a brilliant conversationalist—one could infer much from Madge's pose and silence. I have ever been fond of a good listener; I soon succumbed to Madge's silence.

My encounter with reality followed a series of dreams that were formed, or, being formed, not more than two summers ago, when Madge was seventeen and I was a Yale sophomore. Age sat lightly on Madge's brown head, but I had just begun to feel myself a man and to recognize feminine charms with a view to acquisition in the near future. Madge had been flirting for—well say some years, since no one knows when she first began. The position in which I found myself about the first of July was no unusual one. I loved a girl who knew that she was bewitching; and I fancied that she loved me. Out of this fancy grows my story.

It was on a pleasant July morning that I first began to gather my data, and then to draw a conclusion scientifically. I arose early and ate a hearty breakfast. The

fact of the hearty breakfast shows my peace of mind. After breakfast I went out on the lawn with Geo. Barr McCutcheon's *Nedra*, but I did not read long.

"That man doesn't know anything about a loveable woman," I said. "He ought to know Madge."

Then there came to me a vision of her as I had seen her the night before. I had called and she had been unusually gracious. I had sat beside her in a hammock and worshiped her for what I thought was half an hour, when her father told me "to trot along home and come back tomorrow night." I trotted, but before I left I snatched or rather stole a kiss; and did not wait to see if she were angry. When I had passed out the gate I realized that I had not told her what I had intended. This morning I told myself that I would call again in the evening.

"She loves me and I'll claim her tonight," I thought,—"She let me hold her hand last night. She'll say yes, now. She must." I arose from the grass, threw my book on the porch, and started for a walk, but it was no use. I was happy and had to have company, so I went up town in search of some one to talk to.

When I entered the one drug store our small town afforded I found Sam Taylor, Tom Gibbs and two or three more of the boys at the fountain.

"Come up and have a dope;" invited Sam; and the boys made way for me. After we had drunk we began to plan how to pass off the morning. Someone proposed that Gibbs should catch some ball with me, since there was to be a game in town that afternoon and the boys thought a Yale man ought to be a good pitcher.

Gibbs and I agreed to perform for the crowd's amusement so we left our coats in the drug store, got a ball, mit, and glove, and went into a vacant lot back of the store. The exhibition was not very thrilling. I am not a pitcher, nor is Gibbs a great catcher. The crowd was augmented by some half dozen kids, and these soon got to chaffing and jollying one another. I heard my name

mentioned once or twice, but I gave it no heed. My back was to the boys who were lounging around one of the large trees which filled the lot so I could not see what was going on.

I went on with my pitching and had begun to increase my speed when I heard my name repeated, coupled this time with that of Madge. I did not think strange of this, for everyone knew that I was fond of Madge, so I took no further notice of the crowd until one of the kids, a youngster of twelve, called out:

"Say, Bob, did you do it?"

"Do what?" I did not turn, but merely glanced over my shoulder.

"Kiss Madge goodnight when you left her last night?"

My arm dropped with a throw half completed, and the ball rolled out of my fingers some few steps toward Gibbs. I went over to the group with the intention of boxing the kids ears for his impertinence.

"You boys know that I don't mind my share of teasing, but I don't see why you should bring a girl's name in. Where did you get that lie, kid, or are you only joking?"

"Ask Sam Taylor. He says he saw you kiss her when you left last night."

It was known that Sam, too, had been foolish about Madge, and there was a laugh from the crowd. I felt myself redden. I knew that I was no imposing spectacle, for I am only five feet six, and weigh about one hundred and twenty; but I went over to Taylor and asked him what he meant. Sam was leaning against the tree, and drawled lazily, "Saw you, Buddie. How'd you think I knew you kissed her?"

"Well then, you are a spy, as well as a liar."

"Go slow there!" Sam got up indifferent no longer, "you know that I don't take that, Bob."

"Go to blazes!" I returned promptly and struck for his face, but my blow was warded off, and I was knocked clear off my feet and deposited in a bunch. I managed

to get up and come at him again, but met with the same treatment. This time I did not get up until helped to my feet. I had to quit the field. Taylor was fifty pounds heavier than I, and it was useless for me to try to force the fighting. I left him grinning good naturedly, the crowd jeering and twitting me.

"He needn't be so touchy about his girl" I heard some one say, "If he hasn't kissed her it's his own fault."

I walked on. I could do nothing else. One eye was swelled shut and my nose was broken. My spirits were low, but the thought of Madge comforted me. "The cowards," I muttered, "I'll fix them yet. I wonder if Sam Taylor did see me? what if he did, I'd have to do the same."

The drug clerk bathed my eye, and put some adhesive plaster on my nose, grinning the while, for he had been told what was the matter.

"Go slow, Bob," he said. "Just because you have been to college you can't come back home and call a man a liar, and expect him to take it."

"But he is a liar, and you know it," I said decidedly.

"Gently, Bob. How could I know. Now if you'll take my advice you'll go home and forget this,—or better apologize to Taylor."

"You take Taylor and your advice, and chase along to hell with them." I was furious, and I went home and remained there until eight o'clock that evening. With the cool and quiet of the evening my spirits rose again.

I'll go up and see Madge. She won't understand, but I'll claim her tonight, and if I hear any more talk from Taylor I'll hurt him next time."

"When I walked into the drug store at 8:15 Taylor was sitting in one of the window's laughing loudly with two of his friends. As their glances were from time to time directed at me, I surmised that they were talking about the whipping he had given me. I saw that Taylor was drinking, and he appeared to be in a good humor,

so I said nothing until I got ready to leave. Then I walked over to where he was sitting and with an effort said calmly:

"You got the best of it this afternoon, but if you make any more remarks of like nature you'll repent it."

"Come out here a minute, Bob," he demanded, and went out on the street in front of the store. I followed, and when I was near him he asked, "Why did you call me a liar, this afternoon. You know that you did kiss her. I hated to hit you, but no man can call me a liar and get off at that."

"Sam," I remarked hotly, "even if I did kiss the girl you had no business to tell it. If anyone else could do do the same to her you might be justified, but you know that she's not that kind." It was not so dark, but that I conld see a look of unbelief pass over Sam's face.

"Damn you! Don't you look like that! You know the girl's all right."

"Well, you had better run along to see her, Bob. I hope you won't change your mind about her, but what would you say if I told you that I had kissed her?"

"I'd say that you had lied, and that you knew it"—I was furious again:

"All right, Bob, I don't intend to fight you again on her account; and I'll be hanged if I don't believe you'd fight me again. The funny part is that you know that I can lick you. I wish you'd call that business square and shake on it."

"I can't do it"——— and I walked the few remaining blocks to the residence of Madge's father, full of a blind rage against myself and all the world except Madge.

She was waiting for me on the front steps, arrayed in summer white, with her hair caught back demurely from her pretty brow and eyes; all her dimples were out, and she smiled welcomingly as I came up.

"Come in, Bob," and she led the way to a hammock in a corner of the porch, beside which was a low, small

rocker. She reclined at ease, and I sat with devout eyes drinking in her beauty in the bright moonlight.

It was a night for pretty girls and devoted admirers—one of those rare July nights when it is comfortably cool, and the moon shines full and white to the discomfiture of the street lights. Rays of white light played on Madge's golden brown head; light soft and tender was caught in her eyes—held and intensified there. Her hand lay temptingly close to mine, playing with a fringe of the hammock.

I felt strangely in harmony with my surroundings in spite of my disfiured face. The light in Madge's eyes, though a reflection of the moon's, was held there for me I felt, and I'm not sure now but what the little witch knew that she was making the moon lend her its charms. Was it all for the bedazzlement of my one good eye? I didn't know then, I don't know now.

I was recalled from a dream by Madge herself, "Bob, that chair is just your size, you look *so* cute and small in it." Like every small person I dislike intensely allusions to my size, but I had learned to dissemble—perhaps from Madge—so I sighed audibly and began to tell Madge of my love for her. It was a hard job; and it wasn't. Words formed in my brain as rapidly as kaleidoscopic views, but when I undertook to carry them through my mouth my tongue went lame, and I stammered profusely. All I could say was:

"Madge—you know that—I love you. Do you think that you could give me the least bit of hope? There's nothing that I would'nt try for you. There's little that I could not do and become if you were only by me. I'm incomplete without you. I— I— Well Madge I'm just a fool about you; that's all." I had captured her hand without a great struggle, and I pressed it to my lips.

"Bob," she said smiling, "you've been fighting again, you little beast."

"I fell off my wheel," I explained. Then desperately, "Madge, I've had enough of this. Is'nt your heart affected in the least? Are you made of stone?"

"Bob,"—flutteringly while I pressed her hand more tightly,—"I believe—I believe—that I've been affected that way of late." How did I contain myself? I don't know but I'm glad that I did so. For the first time in my life I was gloriously happy and I felt that all I could do in a lifetime would be too little to offer this dear girl, but at the same time I was proud of myself, although I realized my unworthiness. Then Madge went on, "Bob you have always been my confidant. I've trusted you always."

"Tell me who it is, Madge," I whispered. "I know that he is unworthy, but you know that you can trust me."

"She must have heard my heart beating, but she withdrew her hand and arranged her hair at the back. Then she nestled her hand confidingly in mine and continued:

"Yes, Bob, I know that I can trust you. You're such a dear boy; but I'm ashamed to tell you who it is. I can't do it for blushing."

"Tell me, I whispered rising and bending over her until my lips touched her shining hair. Tell me, dear, I'm sure that you'll never regret it."

Madge covered her face with her hands, "I'm so ashamed. I can't tell you but it's— It's—" and the name that I caught through her finger's, against which my lips were pressed, was "Sam Taylor."

"Did I feel hurt? Well not so much as one might think. Of course I was knocked silly for a while; and as I hurried back to the drug store, (and not in search of a dope this time), I kept repeating, "Sam Taylor, Oh Hell, Sam Taylor." When I got back to the drug store Sam was there to greet me.

"Have a good time Bob? Hope you have made good," and there wasn't a trace of malice or envy in his voice. It might be attributed to the liquor he was drinking, but I didn't think so then, and I don't think so now.

"Sam," I demanded, "Will you give a chance to do what you asked me to do before night,—to shake hands and call all square?"

"Right you are, Bob. I thought you'd feel better over it, and see that I meant no harm." We shook hands— "How did you find Madge?"

"Damn Madge! Have you got any thing to drink?"

He had it—six quarts of it. That night he put me to bed in his own room, watched over me all night; and when I told him the next morning what I have told you, he re-echoed my sentiment in regard to Madge.

GUSTAVIT

J. B. Reeves

He followed the Old Glory flag—
  Saw the smoke of the battle enshroud her;
He learned there the song of the lead,
  He found out the smell of the powder.

In warring he did himself proud,
  But wooing he did himself prouder;
He did more than see, hear, and smell—
  He found out the taste of the powder.

THE SADNESS OF LAUGHTER

W. L. Long

In the spring of nineteen hundred and three I stumped Pasquotank county, North Carolina, for representative in the next General Assembly. I based my campaign upon the squirrel law issue and after a close fight at the polls beat my opponent, who was pleading the bull-bat cause, by a majority of seventy three votes. But before entering upon my civic responsibilities, now considerably aggravated, I needed a month's rest to collect my faculties and increase my stomach to the standard politician size. I pocketed more or less greenbacks and struck the main line for Hot Springs, Arkansas. I smoked cigars, drank beer, and bathed for two weeks in that tourist-infected town. Then I embarked for Duckport, an insignificant steam-boat landing on the Arkansas side of the Mississippi river.

I arrived just before dinner, staket a two weeks claim on one of the three rooms in the hotel, of which Mrs. MacLaren was sole proprietress, owner, and operator. I ate a dinner of fried, stewed, broiled, and baked cat-fish, and followed it with a dessert of corn pones and New Orleans Sugar House Drippings, all the while obtaining information, general and specific, from the comfortable Mrs. MacLaren.

"Yes, there are two other residences in the town," said she.

"Have the families always lived here? Are they the lineal decendents of the original Spaniards or Franco-Italians to whom this teritory was granted by King Ferdinand, the fourth, of Spain?" I asked her sincerely.

"Well, it aint exactly that way" said she "One of the families may be what you say it is, for they are regular

Creoles and was here when I moved here from Birmingham three years ago. But the other family ain't no family at all. It's a man named Jonas Creech, who came here about two years ago, and built him a yellow house and has been here ever since. He don't ever have anything to do with anybody, and stays by himself looking sad-like."

I had finished dinner when Mrs. MacLaren finished her recital of social conditions in Duckport. I lit a cigar in the true political way and strolled out to enjoy Duckport society. Could Jonas Creech, Duckport's silent one, be the Jonas Creech who had been at college with me. *He* had the loudest laugh on him that I had ever heard or have ever heard since. And it was as easily provoked as a mad bull, and had the sound of a smothered mule's bray slurred off into a sick hen's cackle. Anyway *he* had gone to South America as a civil engineer and was now far from these man-forsaken parts. Satisfied with my deductions I walked on toward the yellow house perched on a high bluff overlooking the river.

And there cocked up in a chair on the porch with nis feet on the railing was old "Happy Jonah" of college laughter fame; and to cap the climax, to illustrate his absolute fall from grace and ideals, he was contemplatively chewing tobacco. I took off my coat, hat, and vest, rolled up my shirt sleeves, spit in my palms, and waded into the greatest hand-shaking fray that I ever engaged in. The hour after my election as representatative to the General Assembly from Pasquotank, was only a mild prelude of a few chords compared to it. I shook hin and he shook me until our hands turned cold, our eyes turned red, and my stiff collar turned down. We were happy to renew our acquaintance which we had suspended some several many years before I became "the gentleman from Pasquotank."

I drew up a chair, threw away my political cigar, and took a layman's chew of tobacco. Being a speaker now by proffession I gained the floor and related the chronicle of my career, illustrating and enlivening every point with wit, homor, and jokes, and finally concluding with one of Zeb Vance's favorites. But "Happy Jonah" retained a specific and painful gravity throughout and when I climaxed with the Vance special only spit a big quid over into the Mississippi some few yards ahead.

"Jonah," asked I quietly and resignedly, "Have you swallowed a salted whale and had all your abundant and audible appreciation of jokes dried, salted, pickled and stored away in a grain elevator? Tell me about it."

"Happy Jonah," now "my sad friend Cdeech," took down his feet, hee-hawked loudly and spit carefully. I leaned back comfortably.

"It was like this," he began. "As you know I learned to speak Latin, read French and describe the catenary more or less exactly by calling in a reserve smattering of infinity, as set forth and exemplified by the sparrow who tried to drink dry the Pacific and didn't finish before the sun rose in an awfully warm place down beneath him." I knew of old Jonah's hee-hawk and fondness for long sentences. So I felt better for him.

"Well," he continued. "I got a C. E., and almost *eo instante* my mother and father died leaving me, an only child, possessed of about ten thousand dollars and no near relations to divide with or take care of. So I took my C. E., my cash, and my inherent love of jokes, and went to South America to build railroads for the Peru, Argentina, and Chile Railway Company. One day my gang and I were running a line on the western slope of some one of the several mountains in the Andes range. In digging a hole one of the linesman turned up a thirty ounce nugget of gold. We staked claims all over that vicinity and in a few month's time sold out our interest for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each.

"I took mine in traveller's checks and sought the U. S. Once there I put one hundred thousand in a four per cent Government bond enterprise, turned twenty five thousand over to a broker whom I knew and trusted, and set out on a hunt for a surfeit of laughter with the other twenty five thousand available.

"As you know, it is the incongruous, the unusual, the strikingly novel arrangement of words that tickles me into 'that species of ingrowing noise' — as the college genius termed my audible manner of expressing enjoyment. And so I hit a bee line and went as straigt to a Texas ranch as a crow could fly. I buckled on to a cowboy, puncher, or greaser, whatever you may chance to term one of those incongruous combiners of natural words. For his expenses and a concurrent lay-out of one hundred a month he agreed to be my boon companion and laughter server for three years.

"The first two or three months I romped in Elysian fields with aching sides. But in three months he, my side-splitting greaser, ran out of colloquial words and came out the back side of his dictionary of pleasing phrases and original ideas. He started all over again and went from prelude to appendix four times during our first year of close relationship. By the end of that year I had become melancholy, gloomy, sadly morose. My cow-boy could no more raise a dimple in my cheek than he could lasso a toad frog's whiskers. He had played his game and come to the end of his tether; but he had fixed me. George Cohan could not have brought a sickly grin to my grim countenance; and Polk Miller, with the assistance of his negro minstrels, could not have made my gold tooth show. I was cured of risibles forever.

"I had always been a man of my word and I hated to go back on my cow-boy who had roped me in for three years; but I could stand it no longer. I paid him for

three full years, and gave him a silver-mounted saddle, plus an everlasting adieu.

"From that day until the day I first landed in Duckport two years ago, I was a fugitive from vaudeville, minstrel troupes, joke-telling drummers, and all other enemies of true and complacent meditation. But here in this little town I have found a haven of refuge, and, by the whiskers of the full moon, don't desecrate this one hallowed spot on earth by a repetition of your stump-speech jokes. I am glad to see you again but I want you to be peacefully meditative, and only mildly communicative."

We both spat copiously and contemplatively into the Mississippi. After an hour of peaceful meditation, I removed my shoes and stuck my white socked feet over the porch railing to be cooled by the river breezes.

"Jonas," said I, "for this purpose, for these hours of peaceful and undisturbed meditation on my civic duties as Representative iu the General Assembly of North Carolina, I came to these parts."

Silensly he, who was once "Happy Jonah," spat in the Missippi, and calmly calculated how many solutions his quid would enter before it was finally carried by the great gulf stream to the Arctic seas, where it would cause sickness in the whale family unless they too use "Dixie's Delight, the queen of all chewing tobaccos."

THE MISTRESS

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

How now, what's this? Your girl has come to say
That you must needs see me before I start
Upon my morning ride. And tears again!
What said I last when you came whimpering
And fawning at my feet? You want to go
Away? By Christ! I'll teach you how to want
To beg a crust before my door ere I
Am done with you, you miserable jade.
Have I not clothed you in the finest silks,
Fed you at my own ducal board; and this
Is all my thanks! What were you when I found
You first? A drudge, an ill-reputed drudge
With that. Your virtue — bah! You prate to me
Of virtue; you!
Now wipe those tears; I'll have
No more of this. Oh, what! You heard my words?
This whip would spoil the beauty of those white
Shoulders of yours. You will not cease? It seems
I must teach you that when I give commands
They are commands, not mere requests. Oho!
You cringe beneath the lash; no need to scream,
For I am master here.
Enough of this;
I shall return within the hour. See that
By then you have removed those tear stains from
Your face, and mind you greet me with a smile
When next I enter here. 'T were well for you
To learn that which you owe to me ere I
Be forced to use the whip again. You'd best
Look to those marks upon your shoulders, too;
In faith, they are not overpleasing to
The sight.
Almost an hour you've kept me from
My ride. My word, if this occurs again
You'll not fail to remember well the day!

THE WORTH OF A LIFE

D. Phillips

John Williams, of all men, was the last to be swayed by sentiment or emotion. A scientist by preference and an engineer by training, he was about the coolest person imaginable. To him sentiment was weak, and the man who allowed his emotions to dictate to his intellect but one degree better than a brute. His ideal was service, the greatest good to the greatest number. The man who did the greatest amount of good, in a purely concrete sense, materially, financially, was the man of greatest utility to the modern business world. He tolerated painters, musicians, artists, but saw in them none of the elements of what should be true and lasting greatness. Life in the abstract was a matter of doing good. A life in the concrete depended for its right to exist upon the amount of good done. It was a strict creed, but he lived up to it.

He was, in fact, an extremist on the matter. In a cold blooded sort of way he analysed lives into three classes, and accordingly put everybody into one of the three. His first class, those whose lives amount to something, those who are doing something, was rather small. To this class did he attribute all the achievement of our world, and said that society owed to them the best protection possible. Class number two consisted of those whose lives are neutral, who "just exist—eat, breathe and sleep," as he put it. This was the largest of the three classes. All not included in the first two, he grouped into number three, those whose lives are a detriment to society and the world. Fortunately, this class was not large, as he advocated the extermination of all such parasites.

By profession he was a mining engineer, or more exactly, a mining superintendent, his specialty being coal mining. Just at this time he was superintendent of a newly opened Mexican coal mine, busy with the organization of the plant, the care and policing of the village, for in Mexico the mine superintendent is mayor, police judge, chief of police, doctor, and scavenger — and the cultivation of a spirit of confidence among the miners. He was the only white man on the work except his assistant and a chemist, both of whom were weak, rather wishy-washy persons of his second class. His was the guiding spirit of the community, and on him depended the entire activity of the village. The men were coming to trust him, but showed neither respect nor admiration for his associates. In his usual self analysis he could but realize that most emphatically he belonged to his first class, and that his life and welfare meant more to the people dependent upon him than any other one factor.

Pablo Gonzalez was one of his third class. Pab was supposed to be a day laborer in the mine, but in reality was drunkard, thief, jailbird, and altogether the most completely disreputable character in the whole community. He would work half the time, in order to gamble and drink the other half. He had neither sense nor courage to be a "bad" man, but at all sorts of petty vices, thievery, gambling, lying, he was supreme. To him could be traced all the infrequent labor troubles, such rare demands as for shorter hours, better wages, or better equipment. He hated Williams with the hatred of a coward for a brave man, the hatred of a liar for the man who knows he is lying, and says so. His physical courage was was not such as to lead him to attack Williams publicly, but he worked against him in the village in every way possible to a dirty scoundrel. Williams knew this, and it added to his already contemptuous hatred of the Mexican. Had he been asked, he would have replied:

"Kill him; the world in general and this village in particular would be better off without him."

It was with this feeling that one morning, as Williams was making his usual trip through the mine, he came on Pablo in one of the galleries, in the very act of taking a drink of mescal, that deadly Mexican liquor that so completely inflames all the worst passions of a man, and makes him a perfect brute, devoid of any physical fear, and possessed with superhuman strength. He was even then half drunk, just beginning to feel the first effects of the drink. As he saw Williams he raised the bottle in defiance, shook it, and then returned it to his lips, keeping his eye on the superintendent all the while. The latter sprang forward to knock the bottle out of his hand, but paused before he struck. "What's the use of making a row? Pab's so near drunk that I would have to thrash him to keep him from hurting me," thought he, and did not strike. The Mexican was evidently surprised, and did not relax the defensive posture he had at once assumed.

Lowering his hand, Williams said sternly: "Pablo, you know that is against the rules. Do that again and I will fire you."

The Mexican looked at him sullenly. "I wanted a drink," he mumbled.

"You had no business drinking here, and you know it," exclaimed the angered superintendent. "You are too drunk to handle powder. Get out of here."

"I want to work, I'm not drunk, I can work better this way," the man's spirits rose when he saw that only talk was to pass between them. In his heart he was a little contemptuous of the man before him. Had Williams knocked him down, he would have felt more anger, but mixed with it would have been some little respect. "I can work all right."

"Dont you dare to handle powder today, Pablo, but leave this gallery in a hurry—go sober up. Now leave.

And if I ever catch you drinking again I'll fire you sure."

Williams waited for Pablo to get out of sigh down the gallery before he proceeded on his round. He was thoroughly angry with the man, almost regretted not having thrashed him soundly, and as he went on, was muttering something under his breath about "useless, worse than useless, we would be better off without him and his kind."

Half an hour later he was almost deafened by an explosion, and a second later a wave of air threw him to the ground. He was up in an instant, running for the incline. He knew only too well the awful gas explosion, was too familiar with the spread of the poisinous fumes and the liklihood of a repetition. He could not guess how it had started, but he knew it was severe from its effect upon himself, and he feared the worst. All thru the gallery and corridors he heard voices calling, rapid steps, and as he passed each room he called out to the man to hurry to the shaft. The mine had only one level, some three hundred feet down, and none of the drifts were long. There were some hundred and fifty men in the mine and as he worked only one shift all were under ground.

Arrived at the station, he found it stuffed to suffocation. It was the first accident of the mine, and the men were absolutely panic stricken. All were moaning, praying, calling to the Virgin and all the saints in the church calendar to save them, to save them, to save them. Here and there a boy was sobbing, noises ran up the scale from a groan to the thin squeal of broken terror, and ended in a gasp. There was no thought save for self, no idea save that of fresh air, the sun, the sun, fresh air, life for self at cost of life to everybody else. It was a mob of beasts fighting for life, a mob that neither knew nor cared for friends or foes, father, son, brother. Those nearest the shaft bars clung fran-

tically to hold their position, to be the first to enter the life giving cage. Those further back crushed forward, till the whole chamber was a life-mad humanity, so tightly packed that even to draw breath was a task.

Williams saw the hopelessness of making his way thru the mass. His voice could carry to but a dozen at most, they would pay no attention. It was a case for desperate means. He clawed his way to the shoulders of those nearest him and began to make his way over the heads and shoulders of the mass. He knew that he must reach the signal cord before the cage got down, else there wold be a rush, the cage would be jammed too full, and there would be more trouble. So closely packed were the men that it was easy to crawl over them, and so frantic were they with fear that he had little trouble in making his way with some speed. He reached the shaft in time, grasped the bell rope, and signalled to stop the cage. Then he secured a foot hold on the shaft trap, and shouted till those nearest him began to notice. They began in turn to hush those further back till after a few moments the place was hushed save for the agonized gasping of those tightest pressed. It was here that the long sought for confidence showed itself.

His tone wae sharp, his words few and to the point.

"Fall back there, the cage shall not come down till you give room. Back, I say, or the cage does not come."

Those nearest tried to shove back, but as well might they have pushed at the walls of the chamber. Williams saw the trouble. Again his voice rang out.

"You there at the galleries, fall back. You are last, and must give those in front room, so that after them you may be saved. Fall back, or the cage does not come."

The note in his voice told them he meant it, and slowly, so slowly it seemed hours, the mass loosened. Those in the galleries fell back when they found that

the gas was not at them. Those in the chamber moved out to the exits of the galleries, those at the bars moved last and least, but Williams forced them back till there was a space of six feet between the sill of the timbers and the nearest miner. Then taking his stand at the bars, he called out.

"If more than one man at a time tries to enter the cage, I will send it up. Stand back till I call you. As you get off the cage at top, give your number to the Assistant." Then he signalled for the cage to come on down.

As it came in sight, a shudder ran thru the men, and for one instant it seemed they would break for it. No one started tho, and Williams breathed a long sigh of relief. Then, one by one, he called the names of the nearest ten men. They entered the cage, and he signalled it up. Fourteen times he did this, ten men to the trip. There were only eight for the last trip, on which Williams himself went up,

At the top he was told that one hundred and forty nine men had gown down in the morning and that only one hundred and forty-eight had come out. The missing man was Pablo Gonzalez.

And just there John Williams forgot his three classes of men, forgot that Pablo Gonzalez was a detriment to society, forgot that Pablo Gonzalez would have been better dead and the community to have had him dead. He forgot all that. He remembered that a human life was in danger there three hundred feet under ground; a human life entrusted to his care. John Williams turned to the men gathered at the shaft mouth and said to them very plainly, "Pablo Gonzalez did not get out. I want four men to go with me after him."

Not a single soul moved an inch. They all liked Pablo, he was one of them—but go back after him? No!

Williams looked at them a moment in the most absolute scorn and contempt. Then he pointed his finger at four in front. "I want you, Petro, and you, Francisco, and you, Juan, and you, Martin. You know the mine, you know me. Come."

All four of the men named looked at each other, at the ground, at the sky, anywhere but at the Superintendant, but none of them moved. It was a case of pure fear.

Again a rather bitter smile passed over Williams' face.

"Cowards, all of you. One hundred and fifty cowards! Not a man among you! Pablo is your friend, and you are afraid, *afraid* to help me save him. You cowards."

Then he turned and walked toward the shaft. "The usual signals, Frank," he called to his assistant, who was engineer, "and if I don't come up in ten minutes, you or Selden had best come down to see what's up."

As he entered the cage, one man sprang forward to his side. It was the day foreman, a man whom he had raised from a water carrier to the best paid native in the mine. "I'll go, Superintendant, not for Pablo, but for you."

"Thank you, Yreneo," said Williams, turning and holding out his hand, not as master to servant, but as man to man. "All right, Frank."

His eyes on the clock, one hand on his throttle, the other on his clutch, Frank waited the longest seven minutes of his life, then, very feebly, the bell rang for the ascent, and the cage fairly flew up the incline. As it came into view, the bodies of Williams and the native were seen to be in a heap on the floor. That of Yreneo was on top, covering that of Williams, whom he had evidently dragged to the cage, fainting after ringing the bell. They were taken off, and both were seen to be alive. After some minutes, the Superintendent opened his eyes, sat up feebly, and gasped, "Gas bad,

did me before we got to gallery where it started. We'll wait a little and try again. There isn't much chance, but he may be alive."

Half an hour later, the two made another attempt. Yreneo insisted on going back, indeed nobody else would. The sight of those two limp bodies lifted off the cage had been too much for the rest of the natives, and not one of them would have gone in for love or money, particularly not for the bare chance of saving the life of Pablo Gonzalez.

Williams gave the same instructions as before, adding, however, that if he was not back in ten minutes, they had best wait at least an hour before trying it. Then he dropped out of sight, the last glimpse of him being that of his hand as he waved it to his assistant.

Ten minutes passed. Twenty. Forty. One hour. After one hour and fifteen minutes, Franklin and Selden went down to look for him. Ten feet from the cage, they found the bodies of Pablo Gonzalex Yreneo Yzquivel and John Williams.

Williams was lying face downward, his hands still clasping the arms of Pablo. Yreneo was lying on his side, his cheek resting on one of Pablo's feet, while the other foot was extended along him in front of his chest. All three were quite dead.

Thus died John Williams, theorist as to the worth of a life.

REMEMBRANCE

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

Oh, the warm, red blood of your brow, dark crowned,
  And the deep, warm glow of your midnight eyes;
Desire of the soul, hearts meeting abound,
  And the shimmering light of sunset skies.

Flowers blooming, and fragrant, and blown,
  The quest of the world at your heaving breast,
Your white arms circling love's one throne,
  And the wine of the heart at our lips close
    pressed.

Blushing beauty of the half-blown rose,
  Passionate mingling of summer's rich bloom—
Dead and cold as drifting snows,
  And the pale, nodding lilies over your tomb.

ARTEMISA ABSINTHIUM

B. Troy Groome

"Come on, Jack, just one more drink for old time's sake," said Bill Lowe, as the crowd of young men were passing the saloon on their way home from the theatre.

"No, I promised mother never to touch another drop," replied Jack Bristowe; but Bill was a fellow who never took no for an answer, so he caught Jack by the arm and led him into the saloon, followed by the laughter of the other fellows as they came on in. The door swung together behind them, shutting off the men from the view of the passers-by on the street.

Jack Bristowe was the son of a teacher of high repute, and, consequently he was well educated. His father and mother were both dead, and he had neither brother nor sister. He was alone in the world without fortune, but he had a clear head and a fine physique, so he was not so badly off after all.

Like many another young man, Jack decided to leave the simple little country town where he was reared, and to try his fortunes in the metropolis. He promised his mother on her death bed never to touch alcohol again. Jack had been a hard drinker in his college days.

Upon his arrival in the city, on account of his clear intellect and his handsome features, together with his youth, Jack easily secured a position with a large insurance company. These same qualities, before mentioned, also placed him at once in the best society—financially speaking—but obviously wealthy society is not alway the best for a young man.

Jack had lived up to his vow not to drink, though frequently tempted. Upon the evening just mentioned he fell in with some of his college chums, and the boys pro-

ceeded to take in the city. When Bill Lowe suggested a drink, habit and appetite were stronger than judgment, and Jack went into the saloon.

One toast followed another till midnight, and when they left the saloon and started home Jack was the soberest one in the crowd. He had drunk nothing but absinthe; but he knew that absinthe gets in its work all at once, so he separated from the rest and started on a short cut up an alley to his room. Half way up the alley he stumbled and fell.

Jack lay upon the ground half dazed; it seemed to him that he was there but a few seconds. Things were not going on well with him. The absinthe had taken effect in his system. His mind began to wander, and before he knew it he was in his own bed. He slept soundly.

Next morning was Easter Sunday. Jack arose bright and early. It was a beautiful day, and he decided to go to church. He was still enjoying his morning cigar however, when the maid knocked at the door and gave him a delicately perfumed note, which read as follows:

> My Dear Mr. Bristowe:
>
> Will you go with me for a ride this morning? I feel so lonely and I'm sure your lively spirits will cheer me up. May I call for you at ten?
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Margaret Forsythe.
>
> Easter Morning.

A note from Margaret Forsythe! The beautiful young society queen, the only daughter of Col. Forsythe, a retired banker! would he go? Decidedly, yes.

Jack had known Margaret some time, they both moved in the same social circle, and people expected a romance. They had taken to each other from the start, and were warm friends. Neither however had hinted that there was anything more than friendship between them.

A note of acceptance was sent back by the messenger boy and Jack began to get in readiness for the trip, mus-

ing to himself the while. "That beautiful girl over whom half the youth of the city are wild, why has she asked me to ride with her?" Jack knew he was handsome,—some said, "The finest looking man in the city"—but he was poor, and Margaret was wealthy. Her mother was a Spanish lady of fine old Castilian family, and Margaret inherited her wealth of black hair, beautiful eyes, and proud disdain of that haughty race; but she had asked Jack to go riding with her and that was enough for him.

At ten Jack heard an automobile coming up the street. It stopped in front of the building where he roomed. The door bell rang and in a few minutes the maid informed Jack that a lady wished to see him. He walked into the parlor and there was Margaret, if possible more beautiful than ever. She arose smiling and advanced to meet him, with both her hands held out to him. He took them in his own, and when he smiled into her eyes she dropped her gaze to the floor, and traced the flowers on the rug with the toe of her dainty boot.

"Are you ready to go?" said she.

"Yes, let's not lose a minute of this beautiful day," he replied, "let's start at once."

In a few minutes they were whizzing out past the suburbs of the city. Margaret was an excellent driver, and she took the broad turnpike road which led to the river fifteen miles away.

They reached the river an hour later, and getting out of the machine they started for a stroll up the shady banks. Wild flowers were growing here in abundance. Margaret picked a bunch of violets and pinned them on Jack's coat, saying as she did so:

"Violets are the emblem of fidelity. You must be faithful, always."

"I would be faithful to you,always," said Jack. She dropped her head a little but did not reply.

"Margaret," continued Jack, "tell me if there's a chance for me. I want you for my own." Her eyes met

his for a second only—there was no need for her to reply. Beautifully, her eyes said yes.

"Sweetheart," said Jack, an hour later, "let's go to Florence, and spend the winter under soft Italian skies, where every breeze is a sigh, and every night a Fairyland."

"Won't we be happy, Jack?" she replied, and then she smiled a mischievous smile. Jack caught the glint of green in her eyes. He was tired, very tired, so he lay down and fell asleep. Margaret took his head in her lap, and played with his hair, running her pretty fingers through it, and singing softly to him the while.

"Land in sight!" cried out the captain of the ocean liner, as the proud ship with the two lovers on board neared the Italian shores. Jack and Margaret were standing fore on the starboard quarter of the ship, and they saw the white line of the Levenian coast as it arose out of the water like a string of foam. Gradually it crept higher and higher as the ship came on, until finally there just ahead of them was the beautiful coast of Italy. They dropped anchor in the harbor.

"Florence at last!" said Jack,

"Ah! how beautiful it all is." was all Margaret could say.

They landed and went to a hotel. It was only three o'clock in the afternoon, so Jack suggested a walk.

"Yes," said Margaret, "let's do go for a walk and see some of this exquisite old town, this place that steals people's hearts away from them— Florence, the home of lovers. Oh! love, we'll be so happy." There was a glint of green in her eyes as she said this. They strolled out in the park.

What a fine place for Jack and Margaret. Everything was slow and easy. The langurous climate made lovers love the more.

The sky was blue, ah! so very, very blue. Clouds as soft as fleece drifted over the city. Birds were singing

sweetly, and the flowers—but who can describe the flowers of Florence?

All good things must end in our mortal life, and this first afternoon in Florence was no exception to the rule, so at sundown Margaret and Jack strolled back to the hotel arm in arm.

Nine o'clock found them in the private parlor of the hotel. This parlor was upon the second floor, and what a parlor it was — very large and the ceiling was high. Curtains from the very best looms of Venice, were hung at the four windows. The furniture was mahogany, very massive, hand carved, almost oriental in style. There were no rugs upon the walnut floor, but a few leopard skins took their place. In the corner of this cozy saloon between two windows was a large Turkish ottoman, as soft as eiderdown, a very comfortable place indeed for the lovers to sit, and look out across the Lagoon where the gondoliers were lazily driving their strange craft hither and thither.

Jack and Margaret had been here about an hour silently listening to the call of the night birds, and watching the boatmen on the water. There was no light in the room except the moon's rays. The lights far out across the lake twinkled like tiny stars. How beautiful they looked. The perfume of the flowers filled the air, and there was soft music somewhere in the distance. Jack tightened his arm about Margaret; she nestled close up to him. She smiled, and there was a trace of green in her eyes. He kissed her upon her eyes till she closed them. Jack closed his also, and they both fell asleep.

When Jack opened his eyes it was broad day. He was lying on his back on the ottoman, and he was very tired. Margaret was not in the room. Jack heard her coming, however, and lay still. She came in with a bottle of wine and two glasses in her hand

"I've found a bottle of rare old Rossini, Jack. Don't you want a glass? You'll feel stronger if you drink some," she said.

"Thank you," he replied, "I was just about to look for some, myself. Its so sweet of you to get it for me."

"Lie still and I'll bring it to you," she said.

Jack watched her uncork the bottle, and pour both glasses full. Then she came over, and sat beside him on the ottoman.

"Do you love me, Jack?" she asked.

"Yes, sweetheart," he replied.

"Jack," she continued, "Do you love me more than anything else in the world? more than honor, more than fame, aye! even more than life itself?"

"Yes," said Jack in a low tone, after thinking a moment.

"Well, we shall see if you do. It lies with you to be with me whenever you will. Prove that you love me more than life, by coming back again," she said, rising and smiling down into his eyes mischievously. And there was that little appearence of green in her eyes as before.

She held her glass over Jack's head, and let a few drops of the sparkling wine fall on his face.

* * * * *

Jack awoke with a start. It was raining in his face, and the alley was cold, and wet, and lonely. Jack was wretched, and miserable, and tired, so very, very tired. Slowly he went to his room. He was exhausted in body and mind. The absinthe had done its work.

"Ah! wormwood, wormwood!"

THE VALLEY OF DISILLUSION

L.

To the east and to the south rise high Mountains, and rugged Cliffs break sheer to the west and to the north. Between, like a great empty casket, forms the Valley. A dark, still Stream is flung along its length, naked and cold as a corpse. It comes from nothing out of the Cliffs to the north, and it vanishes into nothing beneath the Mountains to the south. The water of the Stream in the light of the day shows red as new-spilt blood, and in the mouth it is bitter as the gall of uushed tears. No wind ever stirs in the valley, no green thing shows among its mobile sands; the still Stream has known but two companions through the passing years, and the names of these two are Desolation and Silence.

I came to the Valley in late evening, when the Stream's red was changing to sinister black. There was a great weariness at my heart, and I only desired to rest and to forget. I knelt by the Stream and drank, and its bitterness seemed sweet to the bitterness of my soul. Then I turncd away, and walked in the dry sands of the Valley. Others had been there before me, many others, for their foot-prints told the story of their wandering. Now they were all gone, whither I could not say. Presently I came by a Great Stone in the Valley, and I knelt beside it to pray. And as I prayed the moon rose over the Mountains to the east, white as the throat of a wanton. I raised my hands to its pale beauty, and my words choked in my throat. The silence quivered with my sobbing, and the great Cliffs hurled back my cries, doubling and redoubling the shuddering echoes.

After many hours I felt Her touch upon my shoulder, and I turned to look upon Her face. She stood before

me clothed in clinging white, tall and straight. But there was a great sorrow in Her face, and Her eyes were dark and swollen, as of one who had wept many nights. When She spoke Her voice was infinitely sad, with the sadness of all the ages, untempered by the sacrifice of a Christ:

"I have waited for many days, for I knew you wonld come at last. My message is not great, and after all it may not lessen the heart-ache, the inner weariness you have known so long; I can only assnre you that the suffering is unavailing. I am called the Lady of Disillusion; men come to me at the end, when religion, faith, hope, love, all have failed. I cannot give you a new faith, I can only resolve the doubt, I can only show you the Truth. You ask me why you were granted this life and I cannot answer your question. You ask me what shall come afterward, and I tell you, otNhing. There is no explanation; there is only an end, and the end is Death. Rise and go your way, as others have gone before you, and remember only that there is Nothing. Yet this you must know; religion is a by-word and a mockery in the mouths of the nations, and only those who have entered the valley have the Truth."

I arose and turned to the south, as the foot-prints of numberless others had turned before me. Going out of the Valley I did not see the Mountains, and I know not now if they were there. I only know that the old doubt and despair was gone from my heart, and I stood firm in the knowlebge of Nothing. And the certainty of eternal helplessness brought with it an over-mastering peace.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill

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EDITORIAL

From the Editor We suppose, according to the natural order of things, that an apology is due the readers of the MAGAZINE for the many shortcomings of its board, yet at the same time we feel that an apology is not in order. And we feel this because we know that those who are interested in the MAGAZINE have been in sympathy with us from the start. They have realized that a board of editors cannot make a magazine — that a magazine must consist of what is handed in. The problem of selection has, in most cases, been a very simple matter indeed. The real problem has been whether some articles are worth the cost of printing. This is the problem that causes the college editor to tear his hair and wonder if his readers will be so stupid or so careless as to overlook the least obvious deficiences of a

production. It is rarely a question of grammatical incorrectness. It is almost always the commonplace that we have to fight, and usually we have to yield. A man conceives an idea for a story. Sometimes the idea itself is worth less; but more often it is good. He then proceeds to cover up the idea, veil, swath it, smother it, in a perfect avalanche of commonplaces. Such a man would be kind to a homeless, friendless dog, but he will unfeelingly and murderously slay the best plot or situation in a short story ever thought out by the brain of man.

Is it any wonder then that the editor hails anything with delight that is out of the ordinary? Let it be anything — socialistic, atheistic, vulgar, impossible, provided it is "different". The editor swoops down upon it with a sickening fear that it will get away before the printers can set it up. We realize that this leads to extremes, that often we defeat our ends, but if we can win a tithe of victory over the commonplace we feel that we have our justification.

And we feel that those who have been interested in our publication have been in sympathy with our difficulties. They have been frank in their criticisms, but there has been very little knocking. They have had their fill of commonplaces, and their kick comes mainly when the commonplace triumphs. It is because of this sympathy that we refrain from making an apology for the results of our work. We only ask that our readers understand our difficulties, and when they have done that, no apology will be needed.

A Credit Under the title "What Determines," a poem was published in the April number of THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE which we understand was written in almost the same form by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The board of editors was not at that time conscious of the plagiarism, and we do not believe that the man to whom the article is credited in the MAGAZINE is guilty of conscious plagiarism. We wish to thank those who brought the matter to our attention, and we take this our earliest opportunity to acknowledge the error.

The College Year To the college man the year begins in September and ends in May. There is a space between — a blessed space — which he calls vacation, but that does not help to make up a year. It is in September that the college man makes his resolutions, promises his best girl that never will he break the least one of them, packs his trunk with the assistance of a fond mother and launches forth in a new year. Everything is ahead of him then. He goes swimmingly along until the football season has passed, but there is still time to grind. He grinds and passes his fall exams. His resolutions do not matter so much because he dreams that his girl will be too happy at Christmas time to care. She forgives him then and he is too busy to make more resolutions.

Tne second half comes and he puts off his work as before. But — woe to him — he has forgotten that Spring is bound to come, and with it mumps, measles, spring fever, and all the ills of body and mind that the flesh and the spirit are heir to. Examinations are almost upon him before he realizes that he is behind — that it is hard to work in the Spring, that he has five months' work instead of four, that the professor whom he has booted so hard and so successfully all the year is tired of being worked for a sucker and turns against him. His girl has detected an inclination toward carelessness on his part and hints that Johnny Sparrowgrass, who is a counter-jumper in the millinery department, can be charming when he likes. How his sins of omission and

commission do come back upon him in this hour of trouble! The golden days have slipped by so easily while the umpire called "strike!" down at the park, the graphophone buzzed alluringly down at Doc's, and the moving picture machine clicked out the most astonishing ballet dances and dimpling smiles. Oh! these things come back now to you who grind and swear until the small hours. You can't understand why you ever liked an old squeaky graphophone, or chorus girls who were mere shadows on a piece of canvas. And how in the world could you sit up half the night and talk baseball with Stubby. "Carolina lost and that was all there was to it," you mutter savagely, and kick yourself for ever having had any college spirit.

Hence the deserted campus, the twinkle of light early in the marning, the damp towel around an aching brow, the bottled dope, and all the other accessories of a night of boning. The Seniors are standing in anxious groups around the Alumni Building, and every day brings news of a fallen brother. Catalogues are searched anxiously for a loophole out of that Senior science — everything is fear. Our sins have found us out. Some Freshmen breaks the stillness of the night with, "O Lord, how long." You writhe and turn in your bed, but it is no use. Sleep will not come. May the Lord have mercy on us all!

EXCHANGES

To satisfy my insistent superior and to enable my fellow exchange editors to say with unction that the magazine is well rounded, I am now in capacity of exchange editor "sewing the last button on Gabe's shirt." There are thirteen hundred and three different ways of sewing this last button on, and I am in great doubt as to which way is the best. I might join the host of innumerables and state with blots in my ink, how my heart is torn asunder, rent in twain, and set palpitating backwards, by the pain caused at parting with my old exchanges. I might say that no exchange editor ever read a magazine and plead with the new regime of next year to be more diligent. And indeed this course at first blush has many qualities to commend itself. It is always in order to advise the unknown future generations to act nobly, aim high, to do any of those thing which we love to talk about when sentimental or oratorical. But I can not pursue this course, for I am quite sure that I would be unjustly accusing many an exchange editor, who has spent his college year perusing timely articles on such subject as "was Silas Marner fiction?" or "Is confession sweet to a high minded soul, which has never even contemplated wrongdoing?" No I can not plead with the future generations of the wielders of the critical pen.

I must criticise something adversely or favorably. I must lie back in an easy chair and admire the cover of the "Monongahela Ripper" and criticise its color scheme and artistic construction. I must say in guarded terms and devious circumlocutions that sky-blue and brick-dust yellow do not blend aesthetically and that the profile of the embossed woman's head is so beautiful that I want to see a full face view and be assured that her other eye is neither glass nor crossed. Then I must

put on a dressing gown, turn the shaded lamp down lower, light a cigarette, pipe, or do something soothing, in order to contemplativly peruse the wealth of fiction, verse, and solid material between its covers—unless by this time the covers have fallen off. I must say that "The Hero of the Mountain" is a thrilling portrayal of the daring bravery of the mountain lad who single-handed put out his camp-fire and saved countless acres of mountain forest from becoming an ashy waste. Next I must say that the "Spring Song" is above the average run of poetry and further that we drink with pleasure fragrant elixir of early spring. Then I must with many apologies and doubtings pronounce the "Defence of Democracy" well written but unnecessary and a trifle or two out of place. But in the same breath I must say the departments of the magazine are well edited and that on the whole the "Monongahela Ripper" is an exceedingly well balanced magazine.

And lo! my criticism is done. I have been sincere and constructive and have tried to be fair. What more is asked of me? It was not necessary for me to endeavor to depart from the ordinary or to study out with precision what makes college magazines good or bad. To read the title of a story and then say whether I liked the story or not is surely enough to ask of me, who have some hundred or two magazines monthly coming rushing, piling up upon me, who is so weary with criticism, especially constructive criticism.

Exchange editors of the future, I believe you or nobody else is ever going to be helpful in a criticism made because of the necessity of holding your job, but, if you read this, as you will not do, do not enter upon the performance of your duties with any high ideals of criticism, with any purpose of being original and helpful. Fall in line, say articles are "timely" and magazines are as well balanced as millimeter scales, and always retaliate on those magazines, which tell the truth about yours. Above all else steer clear of the myth of con-

structive criticism and always welcome the usual entertaining exchanges. Be courteous, be kind, never condemn, always praise. Claim sincerity an laborous study as the ground work on which you build your superficial criticism. But above all else never read the magazines which you intend to discuss. If you read an article, story, or poem, you immediately become prejudiced in favor of or against it; and fair judgment is not compatible with prejudice.

But really there are many college magazines worth reading and there are many exchange departments, which mean something besides idle gas. Find these, study them, and model youself after their fashion. As an antidote for my cynicism the University of Virginia Magazine is always adequate. It is the best college magazine I have come in contact with; and I commend it to editors-in-chief as a model, to exchange editors as a standard for criticism.

A poem, the sentiment of which Iike, and I am done.

THE OTHER MAN

Not many folks fool with the Golden Rule
  In these days of hustle and hurry,
But every man rustles for No. 1,
  And lets the other man worry.

You've got to rush if you keep in the push,
  And you haven't time for lifting
Another man from the mud and slime
  Where he happens to be drifting

But just suppose you were in his clothes:
  Wouldn't you feel obligated
If some other man you had traveled with
  Had not hurried on, but waited?

So let's not forget that old rule yet;
  Keep on giving and receiving—
Just put yourself in the other man's place
  And we'll make this life worth living!

—*P. in Williams Jewel Student.*

RESOLUTIONS

WITH REGARD TO THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR J. W. GORE ADOPTED BY THE FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

The committee appointed by the faculty at its last meeting, April 15, 1908, to take suitable action on the death of Joshua Walker Gore, Professor of Physics and Dean of the School of Applied Sciences in the University of North Carolina, would submit the following resolutions:

First. In the death of Professor Gore the State loses a citizen whose influence upon its industrial life may be seen in the careers of many men who are today leaders in the scientific development of the South and who found their first inspiration in his teaching.

Second. The University of North Carolina had no more faithful teacher or efficient officer than the man whose death it now mourns and who for twenty-six years labored unceasingly for its welfare. His sympathy with his students, his devotion to the highest ideals of his department, his practical insight into the more technical details of organization and administration make it difficult to fill his place and impossible to forget his service.

Third. As a friend and colleague the Faculty would put on record their cherished memory of the Christian gentleman whose genial disposition lightened the weight of many a common task, whose unwearying kindness of heart found expression in a constant regard for the happiness of others, and whose unalterable sense of duty will remain as an abiding example to those who shall come after him.

Fourth. It is the desire of the Faculty that an engrossed copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Gore with the assurance of a tender sympathy and of a com-

mon loss; and that copies be mailed for publication to the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Charlotte Observer*, the *Raleigh News and Observer*, the *Biblical Recorder*, the *University Magazine*, the *Tar Heel*, and the *Chapel Hill News*.

C. ALPHONSO SMITH,
EBEN ALEXANDER,
WALTER D. TOY,
Committee.